DON'T HESITATE
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COMIC SUPPLEMENT OF THE
BOSTON AMERICAN.
JANUARY 29th 1905

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THE KATZENJAMMER KIDS IN SCHOOL

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THE LOVE OF LULU AND LEANDER

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1. LULU: "Oh, Charley, you are just in time. I am going to play my harp this afternoon for the poor little children up in the hospital. Come, go with us and recite some of those Riley poems you know so well."
CHARLEY ONTHESPOT: "I'll be delighted, Lulu."
LEANDER (aside): "Confound that button."

2. CHARLEY: "I will carry the harp, Lulu."
LEANDER (fiercely): "That you will NOT! That privilege is mine (Aside) That's the time I asserted myself all right."
LULU: "Don't be cross, Leander. Certainly it is your privilege."

3. CHARLEY: "I like Winter all right, but the walking is fearful."
LULU: "Well, we haven't far to go. Oh, dear me, just look at that awful pool of slush. I can never wade through that."
LEANDER (aside): "Gee, I wish I had allowed Onthespot to carry this harp. I'm nearly dead."

4. CHARLEY: "There is no other way but to carry you across, Lulu. Ah, there you are. Oh, I'm all right. I have high overshoes on."
LEANDER (frantically): "Stop it! Put her down! That is MY privilege, too."
LULU: "Leander, don't be foolish. You can't carry me and that heavy harp too. Be careful, Leander."

5. CHARLEY: "There you are, Lulu, dry shod"——
LULU: "Oh, Leander! LEANDER! I told you to be careful. Oh, my poor harp is ruined! RUINED! Look! He has pushed his foot right through the strings."

6. LULU: "Don't say a word to me. I nearly don't love you any more. Your jealousy is always leading you into trouble. Oh, my poor, poor harp! Utterly ruined! And just think of those poor little children, how disappointed they will be. Yes, keep back of me so I don't see you. Yes, back home, Charley."

FOXY GRANDPA

THE BOYS INITIATE HIM INTO A SECRET CLUB OF THEIR OWN, AND HE BECOMES A VERY ACTIVE MEMBER

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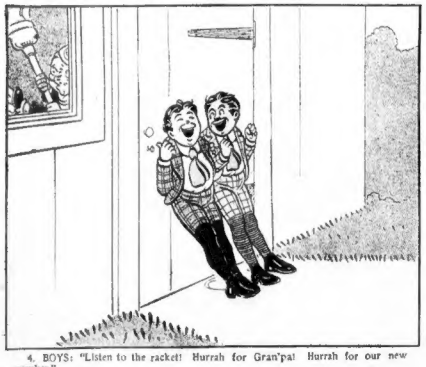
1. BOYS: "Goodness, Billy is frisky this morning. Now would be a good time to initiate Gran'pa into our secret society."

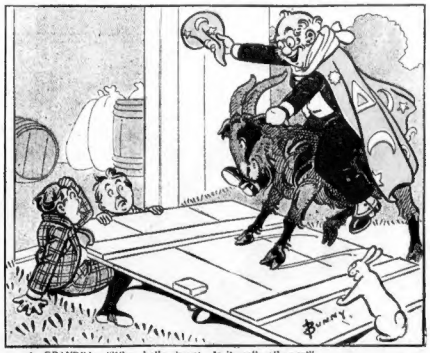
2. BOYS: "To-day, Gran'pa dear, we will initiate you into the High and Mighty Muckaloomus."

3. BOYS: "This way, Gran'pa, to the mystic chamber into the presence of the grand keeper of the lodge. You may then take off the bandage."



4. BOYS: "Listen to the racket! Hurrah for Gran'pa! Hurrah for our new member."

5. BOYS: "Hold on, Gran'pa. We are all through."



6. GRANDPA: "Why, hello, boys! Is it really all over?"

HAPPY HOOLIGAN AND MONTMORENCY DINE WITH SIR WILLIAM JINKS

Gloomy Gus is Not Invited

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AND HER NAME WAS MAUD!

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(To be Continued Next Sunday)

JIMMY—HE RUNS TO POST A LETTER

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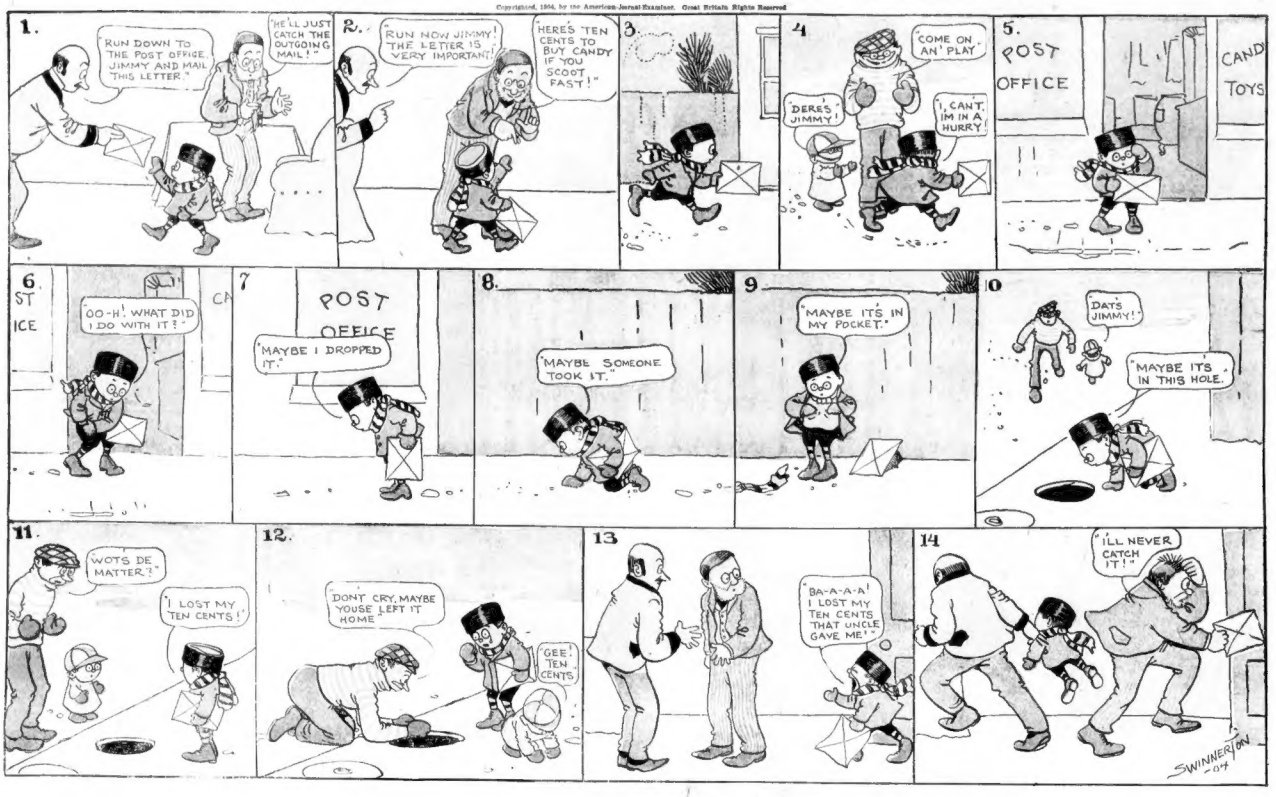

UNCLE TAKES DEAR LITTLE KATY OUT FOR A WALK

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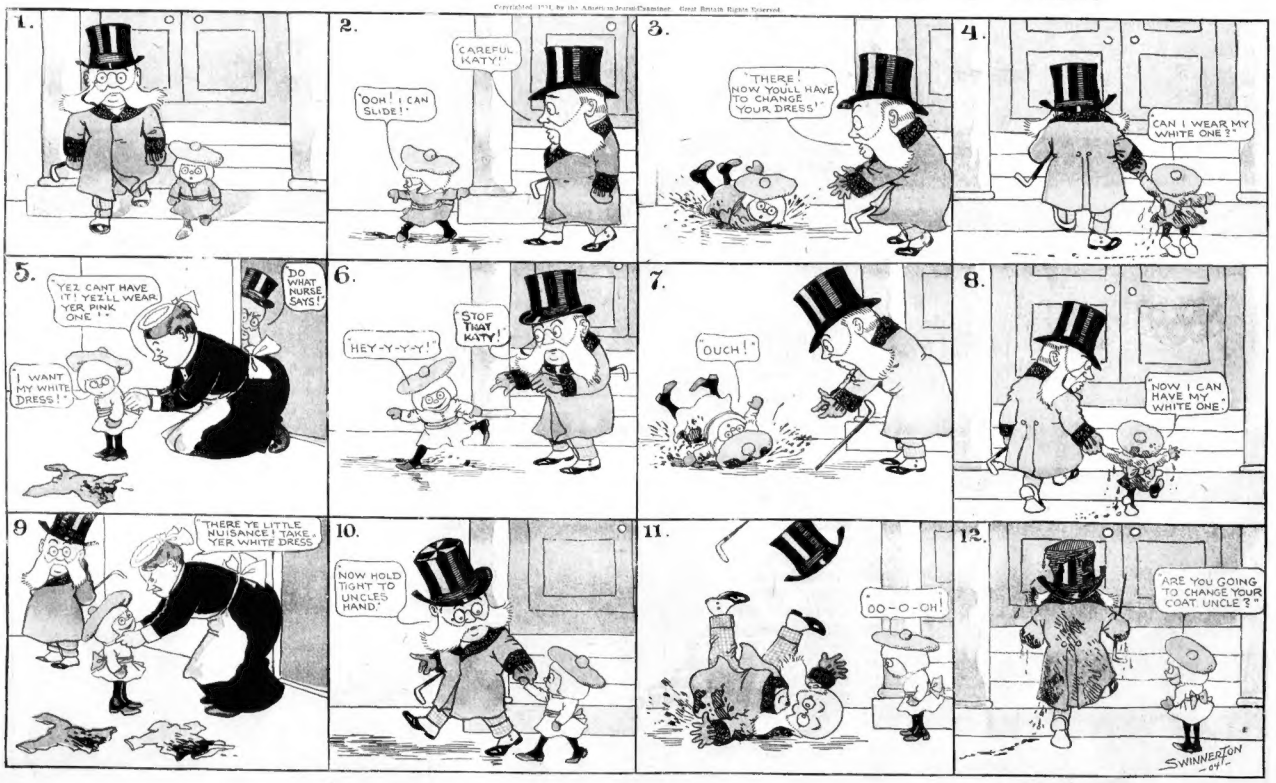

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① Field Marshal Oyama.
② Gen. Oku

Gen Nogi and Staff Planting the Batteries that Shelled 203 Metre Hill.

Photos by Brown Brothers Dec. 1904.

On the Battle Fields With Japan's Great Generals

Field Marshal Oyama and his Staff on a Hill watching Gen Kuroki's Infantry storm a Russian Intrenchment.

① Oyama, ② Kuroki, and ③ Nodzu watching Kuropatkin's Cavalry.

First Snap Shots of Oyama, Oku, Kuroki and Nogi, and Their Staffs at the Front at Liao-Yang and Port Arthur

Gen. Kuroki's Artillery Staff Getting Distance and Range of a Russian Masked Battery.

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How I Watch the Wicked Posters

By City Marshal Stebbins of Springfield Mass. Who Allows No Guilty Corset Picture to Escape.

The Naughty Bill Boards of "Spotless Town"

BY CITY MARSHAL GEORGE M. STEBBINS.

ABOUT two years ago a city ordinance was passed that no theatre should post a bill that had not been approved by the City Marshal.

The law was so broad that I could have excluded everything from the boards. But I took it to mean that anything that could have a bad effect on the public morals was what ought to be suppressed.

This ordinance had been passed because a show had just been to town that was called "Why Women Sin." This suggestive title was plastered all over the city. It glared at our wives and daughters wherever they went. It was to stop this sort of thing that the law was passed, and I made up my mind to carry out the full intent of the law.

I set out to cut out everything of a suggestive title, every suggestive placard and suggestive poster.

I know that a lot of the theatre posters are no worse than what might be seen in any ballroom, but that doesn't make any difference—bad is bad wherever you see it.

I wont let my wife go to a ball in some of the ballroom costumes I have seen.

I told the bill posters that anything of this sort must be covered up—bare arms, shoulders, legs and anything objectionable must be covered up with pasters.

And I see that this is done, too.

Last Fall I saw that a great many posters were being put up that were bad in another way. They showed scenes of violence, like the old dime novels—fights and pistol shooting. I called the attention of some of the Aldermen to this and they passed another ordinance, forbidding such posters.

When theatrical men come to town with trunkloads of such bills I look over their samples and tell them the violent scenes must be cut out.

One poster showed a barroom fight, I had this covered up with pasters. It left nothing but an upper story scene, that wouldn't do any harm.

I have given orders that knives, pistols, blood on hands and all that sort of thing must be cut out or covered up.

I'm not through with this poster business yet.

No sir-ee. I've got an eye on some other things.

There are a lot of bad beer posters and cigarette placards that are as bad or worse than anything the theatres put up.

Then there are some patent medicine posters that ought not to be allowed. One shows a lot of little children in their nighties. That is awful bad. It must be stopped. It is too suggestive.

I don't propose to have the air of a Bohemian club spread all through our nice, clean city by bad posters and suggestive signs at every turn.

Another thing that I was shocked by is a book in our city library that I was reading the other day called "The Sea Wolf." There was more profanity, brutal fights and such things than in any book I ever read before.

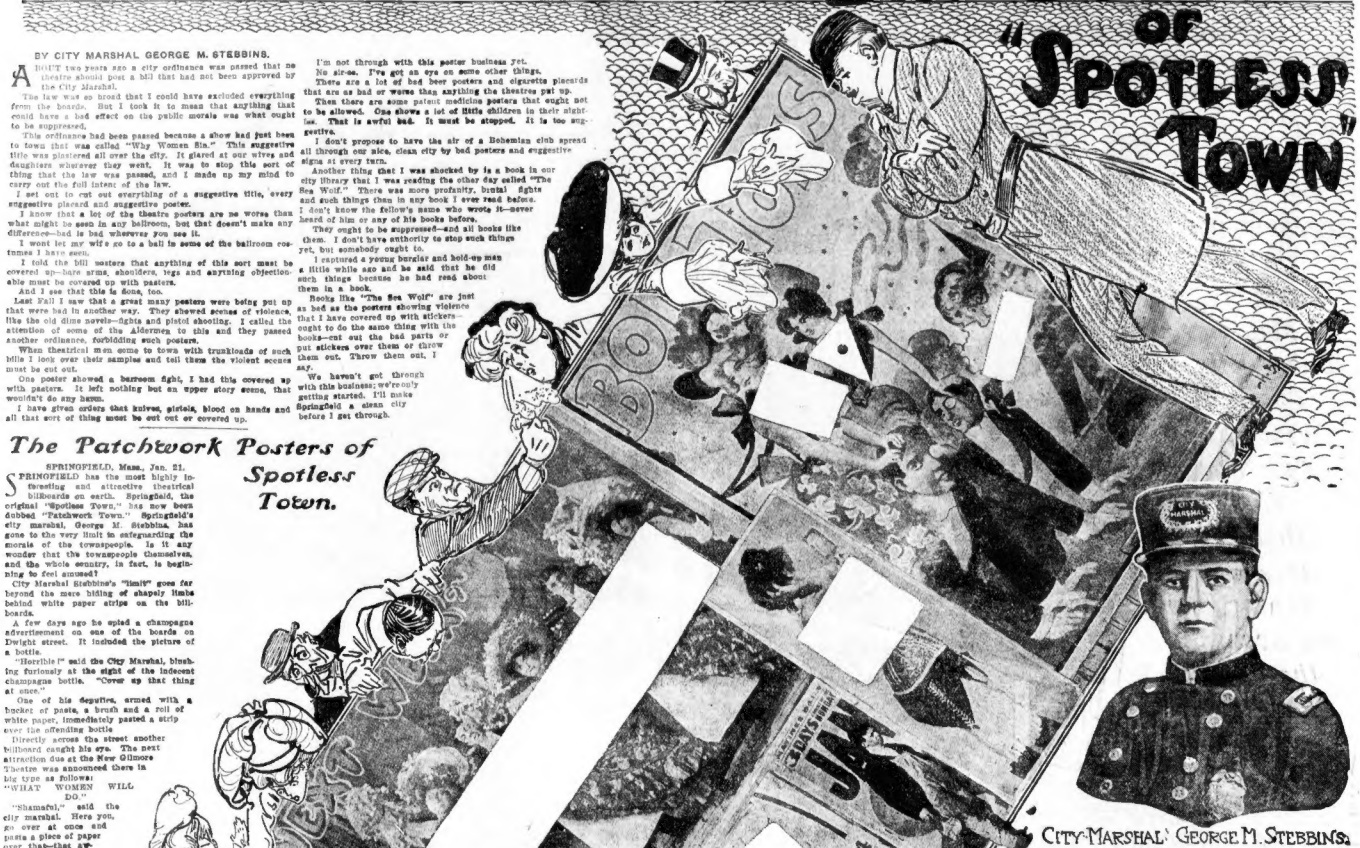
I don't know the fellow's name who wrote it—never heard of him or any of his books before.

They ought to be suppressed—and all books like them. I don't have authority to stop such things yet, but somebody ought to.

I captured a young burglar and hold-up man a little while ago and he said that he did such things because he had read about them in a book.

Books like "The Sea Wolf" are just as bad as the posters showing violence that I have covered up with stickers—ought to do the same thing with the books—cut out the bad parts or put stickers over them or throw them out. Throw them out, I say.

We haven't got through with this business; we're only getting started. I'll make Springfield a clean city before I get through.


SHOES
SHOES
SHOES

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WHY THE CZAR TREMBLES IN HORROR

The Volleys of Musketry and the Screams of the Surging Mob Under His Palace Windows Tell Him That History Is Again Repeating the Scenes of the French Revolution.

WHEN THE TERRIBLE, RAVENOUS, MURDEROUS FRENCH SANS-CULOTTE MOB BRCKE INTO THE TUILIERES TO FACE THEIR KING AND QUEEN.
(From a contemporary print by Bonillon.)

WHILE Nicholas, the Czar of all the Russias, perhaps the most miserable man on the face of the earth to-day, hides in his palace, trembling at each volley of musketry that scares his ear drums, and the low, sure swelling, hoarse, angry mutterings of the revolutionists outside—he looks in terror at a painting by Verestchagin on the wall of his private study, a replica of which he has always hung in most all of his palaces, wherever he might be in his dominions.

It is called "The French Revolution. The rising tumult of the old French mob has reached the ears of King Louis XVI. Stepping to the palace window the King says:

"Is this a revolt?"

"No, Sire, this is not a revolt. It is a revolution."

History repeats itself. In 1791 the French King, Louis No. 16, the successor of Louis No. 15, who said before he died, "After me the Deluge," was a prisoner in his Tuileries. In 1905, one hundred and fourteen years later the Czar of Russia is a prisoner in one of his palatial strongholds, too.

He shudders, and well he may, for fear of that ferocious, tigerish creature, Mme. Defarge, whom Dickens so terrifically described as a type, now become historic of the French revolution, and so threatening to Russia!

His English nurse used to harrow him with the description, and try to impel him to realize nobility of exemple, and broaden and strengthen his views as he grew older.

He was always a little bit afraid—even in the nursery.

His own native tutors didn't care to have him read this kind of revolutionary literature.

He has since, however, read, absorbed and perhaps digested most of it—and he cowers underneath the consequences.

It is a known fact that he marked, then, perhaps erased afterwards his favorite chapter in Dickens during his tutelage of English; and happening also to be a most fearful chapter in the history of the French Revolution, he does not wish to read it any more. He has a painful dread and distrust of anarchical women. It amounts almost to an intense personal monomania.

"There were many women at that time upon whom the time laid a dreadfully disfiguring hand; but, there was not one among them more to be dreaded than this ruthless woman, now taking her way along the streets.

THE CZAR'S DREAD OF A WOMAN AVENGER.

"Of a strong and fearless character, of shrewd sense and readiness, of great determination, of that kind of beauty which not only seems to impart to its possessor firmness and animosity, but to strike into others an instinctive recognition of those qualities; the troubled time would have heaved upon her, under any circumstances. But, imbued from her childhood with a brooding sense of wrong, and an inveterate hatred of class, *opportunity had developed her into a Bgress.* She was absolutely without pity. If she had ever had any virtue in her it had gone out of her.

"It was nothing to her that an innocent man was to die for the sins of his forefathers; she saw, not him, but them. It was nothing to her that his wife was to be made a widow and his daughter an orphan; that was insufficient punishment because they were her natural enemies and her prey, and such had no right to live.

"To appeal to her was made hopeless by her having no sense of pity, even for herself.

"If she had been laid low in the streets, in any of the many encounters in which she had been engaged, she would not have pitied herself; nor, if she had been ordered to the axe to-morrow, would she have gone to it with any softer feeling than a fierce desire to change places with the man who sent her there.

"Such a heart Madame Defarge carried under her rough robe. Carelessly worn, it was a becoming robe enough, in a certain weird way, and her dark hair looked rich under her coarse red cap.

"Lying hidden in her bosom was a loaded pistol. Lying hidden at her waist, was a sharpened dagger. Thus accoutred, and walking with the confident tread of such a character, and with the supple freedom of a woman who had habitually walked in her girlhood, bare-footed and bare-legged, on the brown sea sand, Madame Defarge took her way along the streets."

In his sleep the great white Czar has often dreamed of her. He is restless that such a Harpy of unhappiness may rise up in Russia.

THE MADNESS OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION WHICH HE FEARS.

So much be confided to his cousin, the present Prince of Wales, years ago when they were being brought up to be kings.

When now he hears the volleys of musketry and the screams of the surging mobs which have beset him everywhere—even when he has tried to seek rest in the quiet of his bed—he hears the agonized cries of the unfortunates of the French Revolution. He has made such a deep study of its possible horrors! Again! He is trembling almost to death that in the fury of the present there may be most terrific variations of the past——

Oh, those awful, awful noyades, those terrible wholesale drownings in flat-bottomed barges, till the sport of drowning aristocrats like rats in a pot of water got drearisome.

"So why waste a float sinking it with them? What was the use of wasting the flat boat?" they said when satiation set in.

"Fling them out; fling them out with their hands tied; pour a continual hail of lead over all the space, till the last struggler of them sunk!" Unsound sleepers of Nantes, and the sea villages thereabouts heard the musketry amid the night winds. This haunts the Czar's sleep. And women crosier than that. Dumb, out of suffering were in that gabarre; that float whom the now, as pale awolen corpses, the victims Red Nightcaps were stripping naked; who tumble confusedly seaward along the begged in their agony, that their amecks stream; the tide rolling them back; clouds might not be stripped from them. And of raven darken the river; wolves prowl young children were thrown in, their on the shoal places."

And there were children at the breast—

make them suffer.

"Cruel is the panther of the woods," says Carlyle. "The she-bear bereaved of her whelps; but there is in man a hatred

am sick of blood. I vomit it. We are butchering human beings as if beasts." But that was toward the end of the beginning, not the end.

As the prayers of the populace of the Louis XVI. day beat upon a foolish ear, so they are beating to-day on the eardrums of the Great White Czar. "Oh, great God, I don't know what to do!"

When the populace got mad with one frenzy after another in their triumph heads were cut off in those days until at Nantes,

THE GIRONDISTS ON THEIR WAY TO THE SCAFFOLD.

Then there were day Noyades. Women oh, children, and women by the hundreds! to quote history, the terrible sank down and men were tied together, feet and feet, locked together in a line, would take you probably do not—your steps, calculated to dance steps and conversational sound waves we should probably hear scraps of conversation like this in the ballroom:

"Will you dance this half-mile with me?"

"I'd much prefer to sit it out and talk a hundred miles or so in the conservatory."

Supposing you are an energetic dancer, you cover, roughly, four miles through an average programme. Assuming there be twenty-two dances, including a set of lancers; a polka, a barn dance and nineteen waltzes, and you dance them all—which you probably do not—your steps, calculated to dance steps and conversational sound waves we should probably hear scraps of you from the City Hall, New York City, to East Fifty-fourth street.

To explain, let us assume that each dance lasts on an average five minutes. The three steps to each measure will be found to cover about two feet to an average dancer, and will take a second to execute, according to the speed of the waltz time you keep this up for, say, ten seasons, then most in vogue.

Two feet a second would put to 120 a minute, or 7,200 an hour. In the three that you danced 480 miles when a young hours which you, as an energetic dancer, will be on the whirl, you will cover 21,000 feet, or a little over four miles.

If you attend twelve dances in the Wiseason you will at this rate dance forty-eight miles, or nearly the distance from New York to Trenton, N. J.

Supposing your dancing days to range from the ages of eighteen to thirty-five, and you will be able to tell your grandchildren you were in your old age

Nicholas shudders now when he things of the fusillades of the French Revolutions destroyed their children. A land of music was stationed near, and at the fall of every

MARIE ANTOINETTE ON HER WAY TO THE GUILLOTINE.

mean to Russia, and to Him as Czar, and head had to strike up its Ca ira—that terrible death march.

In these fusillades even little children And that band of music that was being were mowed down among all the rest, according to the pleasure of the rioters in power and all innocents were massacred with the guilty, as the case might be, in this maddest riot the world has ever known since the foundation of Christendom.

And the Czar trembles again at this history, which may be prophecy for him.

At Arras one man dashed his sword into the blood flowing from the guillotine and exclaimed, "How I like it!" Mothers by his orders had to stand while the guillotine played while the Czar's subjects were being slaughtered by the Cossacks! Will the notes of that musical dirge ever get out of his mind again if he lives—miraculously—or does not go mad? No wonder that he cowers and cringes and trembles into himself.

"Give us bread!" cried out the ragged, starving populace of Paris and the Sans-Culottes of France before the King's palace.

"Why, give them cake!" said Marie Antoinette, and neither she nor he, who was a good enough soul in his way, quite understood until their heads were chopped off.

And the fierce, terrible women of the type of Madame De Farge watched the guillotine with their human victims in them like so many cattle go by while they knitted, and each stitch meant a drop of blood for another head, being—Could—chopped off on the scaffold, no matter whether it was a Girondist, Mme. Roland, Charlotte Corday, a Scarlet Woman of the Kings, Madame de Lamballe, the Princess Elizabeth or the King, or Queen, nor the King's children for that matter. It was a hideous Bloody Carnival of Death when the oppressed and downtrodden turned like bit

The Many Miles We Dance and Talk.

a wave of vibrations running to that length. Supposing you remark to your partner: "Will you have an ice?" You will have given forth about 100 cubic feet of sound waves, measuring each wave and adding their total together. If she replies, "Thank you, I should very much like one," she will have talked 225 cubic feet.

Her remark will give forth seven vibrations in succession, which, multiplied by twenty-five, or the number of feet her voice will carry, places to her credit a remark measuring 175 feet.

Together you will have talked 275 feet 000 feet, or over two miles in any direction, were

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"I Am the Ugliest Actress On Earth."—

PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE UNGAINLY MLLE. POLAIRE, WHO HAS BECOME A POPULAR FAD IN PARIS BECAUSE OF HER UGLINESS.

Paris, Jan. 21.

PARIS, always crazy over some new beauty, has at last gone crazy over a fright. The fright is Mademoiselle Claudine Polaire, now appearing in "Le Friquet," a dramatization of Gyp's novel by the celebrated Willy, author of the sensational Claudine books.

"I am the ugliest actress on earth!" cries Polaire triumphantly. "I have the eyes of an animal, the mouth of a fish, the waist of a sylph and the foot of an elephant. Is it not so? Is it not true? Compare me to whom you please, ugly as I am, and, pardieu! you will find no one uglier."

This boast from a woman, and an actress at that, is the talk of Paris. Mlle. Polaire is the first of her sex to make market of her ugliness.

When the theatrical world of Paris first went to see her they said to one another, "How do you suppose she ever dared to go before the footlights with that face? Think of the nose on earth!" she echoed, with a diabolical laugh.

The impertinence of Mlle. Polaire became the talk of Paris.

"Go to see her; she's the ugliest actress on earth!" cried one to another.

"Come and see me; I am the ugliest actress who at first refused to engage her. "I shall pack the theatre. I have not beauty, but I have the other extreme—which is just as good."

And, sure enough, they came. The Gymnase is crowded, packed to the doors nightly. Never did even the beautiful Cavalieri, the most beautiful actress in Paris, have the success of Polaire.

"You will see," she said to the managers "She is distinctive," they cry, and they explain that the fascination of the horrible is even more potent than the fascination of the beautiful.

The loveliest actresses in Paris find themselves deserted for Polaire the hideous, Polaire the horrible, Polaire the "Dragon Fly," as they have nicknamed her. She is the strangest looking creature imaginable, with short, tawny hair, a brown, mottled skin, big hips, and a waist so small that she often wears a dog collar for a girdle.

Most Peculiar Confessions by Mlle. Polaire.

"I was at first admired for my impudence—my courage in seeking dramatic fame with such a face," said Mademoiselle Polaire, screwing up her eyes until they became mere slits, and spreading out her mouth from ear to ear in the way that she has made famous. "Now all Paris has learned to love me for my very ugliness. Voila!"

"But," I asked, "whatever possessed you to expect sucess?"

"My mirror! I told me at least that I should be unusual—extraordinary—unique. The very fact that I had none of the things which are commonly counted as essentials gave me courage. 'Make the most of your beauty,' is the first rule taught in the dramatic schools. 'Parbleu,' I said to myself, 'evidently this road to success was not made for me. I must make a road of my own. Let me think, let me study, let me analyze myself.'

"I looked about me at the stage crowded with beauties. I saw that many of them with exquisite eyes, adorable lips, wonderful hair, were still in the lower ranks. This gave me courage. One shone forth acclaimed by all Paris—La Cavalieri—a beauty from the crown of her head to the tip of her toes."

"Didn't she discourage you?"

"I trembled," exclaimed Polaire with another grin, "I will confess, as I contrasted myself with her.

"I began at the top—her hair is wonderful, the sort that poets speak of as a mantle, the kind that makes you think of Lady Godiva and other heroines adored by romanticists. It's a mass of curls and waves, through which float glints of red and gold—oh, one can't fail to be poetic when one talks of Cavalieri's hair! Now mine—saprisi!"

Polaire ran her long thin fingers through her short, tawny locks and pulled a stray one down over her flat nose.

"My hair in those days," she went on, "was long and thin, straggly and straight. I shook it out and smothered a sob—my last deference to beauty. I reached for the scissors. 'No competition in the matter of charms,' I cried, and from that moment my success began.

"Ah," I interrupted, "you decided then to be ugly?"

"I decided then that I was ugly, irredeemably, absolutely, entirely ugly—as ugly from the crown of my head to the soles of my feet as Cavalieri was beautiful.

"I contemplated her calmly. Her eyes of a deep, dark, tender, liquid, perfect blue, big and of exquisite shape; her complexion like the down of a peach, pink and cream, her exquisite features, her broad, smooth forehead, her pearly teeth, her rosy lips, her Grecian nose—I acknowledged them, every one, and applied to them the proper adjectives."

"You can appreciate beauty then," I asked. "Some people have thought"—

"Appreciate it!" cried Polaire. "How can any woman on earth show her appreciation of beauty more fully than by deciding not to compete with it in any way? How can any woman show her recognition more fully than by vaunting her ugliness.

"I had eccentricities that I might have overcome. Instead I accentuated them. If I had a curve that was good I made every effort to obliterate it."

"You began by cutting your hair off," I prompted.

"Yes," said Polaire, "with long hair one may hide many defects, even if it be thin and straggly. One may braid in other hair, but short hair is relentless.

"I observed that my forehead was rather a good shape, so I combed my hair over it down to my eyebrows, accentuating the flatness on top, destroying all nobility.

"There is a certain side view of my face that is hideous. You will observe that in "Le Friquet." I present that view frequently to the audience.

"My waist I lace as tightly as I possibly can, because it is naturally out of all proportion with my hips, which I make bigger with fluffy skirts.

"But my legs are my strong point. With my large, flat feet they make a tremendous hit. I don't know what I would do without my legs. See, I never wear heels, so that my feet look twice as large and make my legs look twice as bad. And when I wear short skirts I have them cut at the back to show the most awkward part of my legs. Then my legs are the least little bit crooked—oh, nature has done much for me!

"But I have also done much for nature. For instance, I twist my legs a little more. You see, it's easy not wearing any heels. Then, over my thin, thin arms, that are much too long, I wear my sleeves just as tight as I possibly can. Of course, that makes the blood run to my hands, and they become red—red, and the bones stand out so that—well, so that my hands are famous."

Mlle. Polaire laughed gleefully and contorted her face just as she does her legs.

"Then" (and now Polaire's eyes twinkled at this point!), "you know how every woman in Paris is set on having a broad chest? Look at mine! In "Le Friquet" I have a chance to wear a habit, perfectly plain. Oh, how I rejoice in that—how it accentuates my tiny waist, my fat chest, my big hips!

"And then I have a hideous chin—look at it—pointed, you know, and too long. Every defect that could possibly be brought out is faithfully and unerringly accentuated with my high collar.

One of her most hideous smiles came over the face of Mlle. Polaire. It was, as she explained, called up by her gratitude to some rude companions who had first opened her eyes.

"It was at 'La Cigale,'" she said, "where I had just made my debut as a cafe concert singer. Parbleu! I was unhappy! Every night I endeavored with all my might to make myself as pretty as my companions. I crimped my hair, I powdered my face, I spent every cent I made, about fifty francs a month,

Old "Jarndyce vs. Jarndyce" Comes Into Court AGAIN!

The Famous Old Lawsuit Made Ridiculous in Dickens's 'Bleak House' Comes to Life Once More.

THAT oldest and most famous of law suits which Dickens described in his "Bleak House" as the case of "Jarndyce vs. Jarndyce," and supposed to have been long since buried forever, has come to life again. The venerable David Jennings, of Montreal, has just obtained permission of the British Chancery Court to reopen the contest for the Jennings fortune of $150,000,000, and the suit now promises to drag its interminable length through another century.

William Jennings, or Jenness, the British iron worker, who died intestate in this country 104 years ago, left a fortune of $150,000,000. This fortune, which seemed much larger in those days when millionaires were few, proved a curse to every relative of the old man.

Jennings had scores of relatives in England and America, most of them like himself well on the way to prosperity, but one and all joined in the fight for the great estate until their last cent had been spent in fruitless litigation.

Year after year the contest dragged along before the Chancery Court. As one generation of claimants were removed by time, bankruptcy or suicide, fresh ones sprang up and took their places. Barristers, whose first work had been to assist some elder lawyer in the case, lived, grew grayheaded and died all on the same case.

In Charles Dickens's time it was going along merrily, and called forth the "Jarndyce vs. Jarndyce" satire from his pen.

Meanwhile the original $10,000,000 left by Jennings, most of which was in gilt-edged stocks, had grown to an increasing, until, at the time that the struggle for its possession was supposed to be finally closed, the Chancery Court's return estimated the fortune at the amazing sum of $150,000,000, which amount David Jennings, who is in possession of a perfect mass of evidence to prove his claim thereto, has come to this country to "lift," as Sir Thomas Lipton would say.

It was just about thirty years ago that the Jennings suit ended, the court deciding that the contested millions should remain in Chancery while Earl Howe, who, by the way, is a direct descendant of Sir William Howe, who commanded the British forces in the American Revolution, was left in possession of the rich Jennings property, which his lordship's aristocratic family might be said to have "plumped" immediately after William Jennings's death.

The estate includes Gopsall Hall, in Leicestershire, the roomy residence where Earl Howe recently entertained the King; Acton Place, Acton Hall, the so-called "Penn estates," and a house in aristocratic Curzon street, London. This decision having been reached by the Chancery Court, every one supposed that the famous case had been settled for always.

For some time, however, there has been a significant activity among the Jennings claimants in this country whose hopes were dashed temporarily by the Chancery Court's decision in Earl Howe's favor. Not long ago one of them announced the discovery of documents throwing an entirely new light upon the case, and there have been other indications that the famous legal contest, upon which it is estimated that over $500,000 has been spent, would soon have to be opened again.

Then came the appearance on the scene of David Jennings, the Canadian claimant, an elderly man who has spent several years already in collecting documents to prove himself William Jennings's lineal heir, and whose claim is thought so well of by certain Montreal capitalists that they are backing him financially in the attempt which he proposes to make to get the Jennings acres and guineas away from Earl Howe.

Soon after his arrival in England Jennings invaded the public record office, wherein the records of births, marriages and deaths since time out of mind are kept, and there for several weeks he has spent day after day in poring over the musty volumes in the search for further evidence on which to base his claim. He has refused obstinately to have anything to do with professional "searchers."

Whether the man who means to oust Earl Howe has discovered anything at the record office likely to assist him in doing so he declined to state when questioned the other day, but it is significant that his solicitors now say that they hope to get him a hearing before the Chancery Court before July.

First, however, all the evidence upon which the claim is based—and this means thousands upon thousands of folios of closely written matter—must be read and discussed before a legal luminary called the Master in Chancery, who must decide whether the case is one that ought to occupy the attention of one or two of His Majesty's Judges for a time that might exceed that of the first Jennings suit itself.

Hard work and sleepless nights appear to have left their mark on the old man, and when he was seen by the writer he was by no means inclined to straighten himself out to talk.

"I am disgusted," he commenced, "with the way the English newspapers have distorted the facts of my case. They have tried to make fun out of what is a very serious matter, both to me and to Earl Howe. The Earl does not take it so flippantly; I can assure you he understands the gravity of the situation.

"I am receiving shoals of letters daily from all parts of the world, many of them resting their claims on manifestly imaginary foundations. There are claimants from New York, San Francisco, Buffalo, Toronto, New Mexico, Melbourne, Adelaide, Burnah, Port Said, Paris, St. Petersburg and even Moscow."

"All claiming to be descendants of the celebrated William Jennings?"

"Yes, but I can, after years of hard work, trace the pedigree of only six out of a possible 300, and these, with two exceptions, live in America, two in San Francisco, one in Melbourne, one in New York, one in Toronto and one in Burmah."

"Are all these 300 contributing toward the cost of the present litigation?"

"Oh, dear, no; they are sending in claims, anticipating a windfall."

"Who is finding the money, then?"

"That is a subject I cannot discuss at present."

Here Mr. Jennings pulled himself up and appeared somewhat angry.

"William Jennings dying intestate, leaving no sons, how have you succeeded to the name of Jennings?"

"A Jennings married into the female and so the name was restored," was the quick reply.

"Do you really expect to win your case?"

"I ought to if there is justice in England."

"You are rather sceptical as to the result?"

"The Court of Chancery is an institution which the lawyers themselves have never been able to understand."

"If you succeed to all this wealth, what do you propose to do with it?"

"I am not so much interested in the money as I am in establishing the claims of my family and ancestors. I am an old man, and money can be of no great value to me."

Meanwhile, according to Mr. Jennings, Earl Howe is "laying low." The Canadian has communicated with His Lordship, suggesting an interview, by which litigation might be avoided, but the earl has not replied. As a matter of fact, Lord Howe has been threatened with eviction so many times before that he is probably getting a bit callous.

His Lordship, by the way, is rather a picturesque figure. He is one of the youngest of English peers, and is treasurer to King Edward's household, as well as lord in waiting. But perhaps the earl is best known as a musician. He plays the organ with real brilliancy, and has a magnificent instrument at Gopsall Hall, his famous principal seat.

William Jennings was an aristocrat as well as a man of great wealth. His father had been an aide-de-camp to the great Duke of Marlborough, and he himself had William III. for a godfather, and, as a boy, had been page to King George. But he was renowned most of all for his riches, a fortune of $10,000,000 such as his being counted a mighty one in those pre-Rockefeller days.

Jennings had inherited part of his fortune, but he more than quadrupled his original heritage by fortunate speculation. He had a perfect genius for making investments—for instance, his shares in the Exchequer Tontine, for which he paid $500 each, brought him in $15,000 apiece for many years.

Strangely enough, it was the most trifling sort of an accident which led to Jennings's dying without a will, and as a consequence to one of the most lengthy and expensive lawsuits in history. Only a few days before his death the old fellow, then ninety-seven, went down to his solicitors' office for the specific purpose of drawing up his last testament. When he came to sign it, however, he discovered that he had left his spectacles at home, so he put the will in his pocket and went off, saying that he would drop in again soon and close the matter up. A day or two afterward he was dead, and when his clothes were searched the "testament," worthless in law, was found in his pocket.

Up to the time of Jennings's death few people had begun to realize how wealthy he was. It was discovered that he had had property in almost every one of the existing funds, and it had been his habit to leave the dividends on most of his stock to accumulate year after year. He seems to have had money on all sides of him. In an iron chest, which he used to keep under his bed, they found bank notes worth $100,000 and $20,000 more in the shape of newly coined golden guineas.

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—"I Have the Eye of an Animal, the Mouth of a Fish, the Waist of a Fairy Sylph, and the Foot of an Ogre."—*Says Mlle. Polaire, the Newest Parisian Craze.*

PHOTO BY RUETLINGER, PARIS

MORE PORTRAITS OF POLAIRE AND THE FAMOUS BEAUTY, MLLE. CAVELIERE, SHE CONTRASTS HERSELF WITH.

on clothes. I worked and I suffered. I tried to make myself happy by turning my back upon the truth.

"Every one made fun of me, and I knew it. At last, one day, one of those mediocrety pretty women, one of those women whom every one calls pretty and who will never in the world amount to anything, said to me:

"'My, how ugly you are! Sapristi! You are as flat as a pancake, and as big around the hips as a barrel. Let me give you a piece of advice. Voila! I give it out of the kindness of my heart for nothing: Bathe every day in cologne water. It will stimulate your circulation and make you fill out. It's wonderful—cologne is—I assure you.'"

Polaire, in telling this story, imitated so that I could see Elmer standing before me the woman who had given her the advice—a little, snub-nosed, commonplace, prettyish, patronizing person.

"In those days," Polaire went on, crossing her long legs and dangling one flat, heelless shoe before me, "I was confiding and innocent. I believed that every woman wished every other woman well; so I bought cologne by the quart—and I breathed in it. The result seemed to be that I grew thinner and flatter-chested and, consequently, more unhappy.

"My unhappiness made me still uglier, thank heaven; so ugly that they didn't even want me in the back ranks of the chorus."

"Ah, all this was before you had discovered your possibilities?" I asked.

"Yes," said Polaire, "before I had learned the value of being the ugliest actress in the world. Well, I studied 'La Cavalleri' relentlessly as I have described to you. Then suddenly I jumped to my feet crying 'no!' No more of this for me. I am going to be an actress—a real actress—in the front ranks—an actress of note, who will play a great play before a great audience—and I went in search of an author, a playwright who would give me the right sort of part."

"Ah," I interrupted, "you found Willy, the redoubtable author of 'Friquet.'"

Mlle. Polaire jumped from her seat, kissed her dog—the ugliest poodle in Paris—walked awkwardly up and down the room, sent her eyebrows up into her hair and then said:

"I found first a dozen managers who laughed at me. Sapristi! they could not understand the value of extreme ugliness until it was forced upon them. At last, sure of my hideous fascinations, I sought the most popular author in Paris—Willy, the author of the Claudine books and the dramatized of 'Le Friquet,' in which I am now appearing.

"I had heard that he was making a dramatization of 'Claudine' and applied for the part. He looked me up and down and laughed.

"'I am Mademoiselle Polaire, of the Scala, of the Ambassadeurs, of the Cigale, of all th scafes.'

"He laughed again, and I held out one long thin hand at the end of one long thin arm and grinned at him. I had on a dress buttoned tightly across my chest, made full over the hips, and I wore about my waist a pretty dog collar sixteen inches around. He gasped. I showed my teeth and turned my head sideways. He laughed.

"'Let me play Claudine?' I said. 'She should be unique, not beautiful. I will make a sensation with her. Paris has a surfeit of beauties: let me try her, please!'—— Well, you know how I can say please.'"

Every one in Paris knows how Polaire can say 'please,' 'tis it be plait?' But to describe it would be impossible. She is half child, half woman; half serious, half comic. To-day all Paris knows the result of her interview with Willy. She played the part of Claudine hundreds of times triumphantly. It became the fashion to see her. The "Human Dragon Fly," they called her; the most hideous creature, but so fascinating. She became the talk of Paris, and at last the interpreter of 'Le Friquet,' her present great success.

"Are you happy?" I asked Polaire.

"I am happier than most women," she said heartily. "At least, I have no fear of getting old, for the older I get the uglier I will be, thus, until I lose my capabilities, the greater. And I have no fear of a rival for the world of women still cling to beauty.

"The advantages of an ugly woman are tremendous. In the first place all her sisters love her. Then, whatever place she makes for herself she has made with work, with talent.

"The greatest of our novelists, Balzac, has pointed out what an advantage it is to be ugly and loved. The ugly woman who has won the love of a man keeps it always. To be adored for defects is a glory that is not ephemeral. The only danger, the only menace to adoration is idealization.

"The Paris public has been accused of being fickle, but how can they possibly be fickle with me? Every year must add to my fascinations. An ugly woman, ugly to the point of fascination, has no age."

"Have you, then, no fear of growing old?"

"None whatever. When they say to me, 'You look pale today,' I rejoice. Think of the pangs of a beauty whose roses are fading! How she must suffer! The beauty doctors and masseurs would have no occupation if more women had my ambition. Oh, the ease, the joy of it, when you have got to where I am—the acme of ugliness!

"Very rarely has a pretty woman reached the front rank as an actress. Great beauty, exceptional beauty wins, per se. That is different. But the pretty woman is placid. She rarely has temperament, for temperament brings in its wake shadows, lines, mobility, all the things that destroy the pretty face. I have become a great actress because I am ugly. I am not afraid to twist, contort, to be hideous in order to wring the heart."

"Do you work hard over your parts?"

"No," said Polaire. " My method of study is my own. I read the part I am to play and then I, Polaire, fit the situations to me. I put myself, me, my hideous little self, into the situation. Never chance on lots, my personality, the personality that has brought me success.

"For instance, in 'Friquet' when I see the man I love in the arms of another woman, I weep for myself, Polaire, poor little, ugly Polaire, and—the audience weeps with me. They are sorry for poor, ugly, little Polaire.

"It is the custom of many actresses to try to fit themselves with their clothes or their wigs to the part they are going to play. My method is to fit the part to me. Individuality is the strongest card given to any human being—play it for all it is worth; but never try to subdue it."

"But don't you miss," I began somewhat timidly, "the attentions—er—the flowers and—er—jewels that the beautiful actresses of Paris receive?"

"Parbleu!" cried Polaire; "is it possible you imagine that I do not have them? For one of my hideous smiles there are men who would give me anything, any price. They come to the theatre night after night fascinated. At first they do not realize just what has happened to them. They say to one another 'Sapristi, just she ugly?' Then they find themselves gazing at me just to see how ugly I can be. They don't fall in love with me at first sight, but gradually, realizing just how ugly I am.

"My, but her squint is fascinating,' they say. 'Look at those legs, aren't they horrible? Did you ever see such a waist? Parbleu! but she's awkward!' And night after night they crowd to my dressing room, make me presents to see me smile, pay me compliments to watch my grimaces. And, let me tell you, that those who admire me will admire me always. No ephemeral love-making for me. Never will you hear any one say of Polaire: Ah, Sapristi! she has gone off so: she has faded so—that—really—well, now she's got what she was—never!'

"If, then, the good fairies were to come to you and ask your desire?"

"I would say, 'Make me ugly—ugly—as ugly as Polaire, the ugliest actress in all the world!' "

Miss Helen Keller, the Blind Genius, ALMOST Married!

A Three Cornered Romance Probably Without a Parallel in the History of the World.

MISS ANNIE M. SULLIVAN

HOW MISS KELLER READS WHAT YOUR LIPS ARE SAYING

HELEN KELLER PLAYING CHESS WITH MISS SULLIVAN

MR. JOHN ALBERT MACY

HELEN KELLER, the deaf, dumb and blind genius, is nearly engaged and soon will be almost married. She is essential to the marriage contract, which would never have been made without her. She is to assist at the wedding, and it is one of the conditions of the marriage that she shall always live in the same house with the quite married couple. She will be the most conspicuous figure at the wedding. In fact there would be no wedding without her.

Miss Keller will be, in fact, more nearly married than any young woman who has not actually made her responses and promised at the altar.

The real bride is Miss Keller's teacher, for eighteen years she has been instructor, friend and mother to the famous blind girl. They hate been thought of one thought, almost flesh of one flesh, and when the bridegroom-elect dared to propose marriage to the girl's teacher, Miss Sullivan was amused.

"I cannot marry anyone," she said.

"Why not," asked the persistent wooer.

"Because—Helen."

"But you need not be separated from Helen. Our home will be here. You may go on teaching her all your life."

There followed some personal arguments of the sort that all those who have been engaged will remember are most powerful. At their conclusion Helen Keller's teacher said hesitatingly:

"If you will ask Helen, and if she is willing, I will think about it."

The lover sought Miss Keller in her study at their home in Wrentham and made a second proposal of marriage, this time to a gentle arbitrator. Miss Keller put forth her hands and touched those of her suitor, as she always does when she is interrogated.

"What did Miss Sullivan say?" she asked with the swift hand pressures that stand to her for speech.

"She said she spoke of you," was the answer of quick fingers.

"Dear Miss Sullivan. Do you love her?"

One hard hand clasp told the story.

"Does she love you?"

Another unmistakable hand clasp.

"Then marry, of course, and I hope you will be very, very happy."

"We want you to be with us always. You will be as dear and as necessary to Miss Sullivan as you have always been. We would not marry unless your life and hers were to go on just as before."

A grateful mist covered the blind girl's eyes. The pulse in her white throat throbbed with emotion.

"Thank you, my dear friends. Now please go to Miss Sullivan and tell her that what you have told me has made me very happy and that I will be very unhappy unless she marries you."

From that moment a new interest has come into the girl's life. The rosy wing of romance had grazed her very cheek. There was a new, beautiful, mysterious element in life, of which she had read, but which had seemed until now very far away and mythical. She talked of the bridegroom.

"He is a good, great hearted man. I know it by the touch of his hands. They are hearty, generous, gentle hands, like Joseph Jefferson's hands, that you can cling to all your life, dear Miss Sullivan—hands that will never wander, that will never for a moment fail you. They are dear hands, honest hands. Oh, Miss Sullivan, it is almost as wonderful as though I were going to be a bride myself. I would have been miserable if you had not accepted him. Is there a name for the third in the marriage, Miss Sullivan?"

"She—she may be the bridesmaid."

"And after that?"

"Then she may be the companion, the very dear friend, the housemate."

"And after that, Miss Sullivan, the friend and teacher and godmother of the children?"

"Perhaps we ought not to talk about that now," came fluttertingly from Miss Sullivan's nervous hand.

Helen Keller talked a great deal in dumb fashion about trousseaus and made Miss Sullivan take her to the shops so that she might handle the soft stuffs of which bridal gowns are made. She insisted that she would, in good time, buy the bridal gown herself, and present it to the bride. After a while she had an inspiration.

With rare intuition in one who knows by instinct only the strange ways of lovers, she said one evening without the lightest touch of guile in her innocent hand:

"Dear Miss Sullivan, I have been a little housewife of late for the touch of home hands. I would like to go to Florence, Ala., to visit my family."

The day after she started to the Southern town. Arrived there, she wrote gayly: "My family are so proud of me because I can dance and keep time rhythmically without hearing the music. That and everything else I owe to you. I say to them, as I have so many times said, 'My teacher is so near to me that I can scarcely think of myself apart from her. How much of my delight in all beautiful things is lonely and how much due to her influence I can never tell. All the best of me belongs to her, there is not a talent, or an aspiration, or a joy in me that has not been awakened by her loving touch.' Think of my happiness! I am to have two teachers instead of one."

Miss Keller will soon return to the home at Dreutham, which she shares with Miss Sullivan, and will be as much absorbed in the wedding preparations as the bride herself.

It has been arranged that she shall help to select the trousseau. She will be the bridesmaid. She will sign the wedding certificate as a witness. She will help receive the guests after the wedding, and she has chosen an old slipper of her own to throw after the departing carriage. She will welcome them on their return from the bridal tour. She will herself arrange the first dinner to be given for them. Afterward she will become a third, and in many senses the first, in their household.

Miss Keller's teacher and friend of eighteen years is Miss Annie Mansfield Sullivan. Her betrothed is John Albert Macy, one of the home men in his class of 1898 at Harvard. In English and philosophy he was distinction. He was the regular editor of the Advocate, and its last editor-in-chief. He was also editor of the Lampoon. He displayed talent as an amateur actor at college, and he was a popular fraternity man. In 1900 he received the degree of M. A., and the same year he was made instructor in English at Harvard, a position he still holds. He is also miscellany editor of the Youth's Companion. He is twenty-eight years old. Miss Sullivan is ten years older.

She was born in Springfield, of humble parents. It was thought that the child was blind, and a priest secured her admittance into the Perkins Institute for the Blind. An operation saved her from total loss of sight, although she cannot see clearly today. In 1887 she was graduated from the Perkins Institute, and sent to Alabama to teach Helen Keller. Since that time they have been inseparable companions, and their friendship has transcended that of the Scriptural David and Jonathan, of the legendary Damon and Pythias.

Mr. Macy met the girl while he was a senior at Harvard. Shortly he found the teacher even more interesting than her wonderful pupil. Often he was seen bicycling with them on the smooth roads about Cambridge while Miss Keller was a student at Radcliffe. He went to St. Louis with them last Summer and assisted at the demonstrations Miss Keller publicly made of her genius of touch and the wonderful receptivity of her mind. He wrote the introduction of her book. "The Story of My Life."

Persons who saw his indefatigable attentions to the twain believed that they saw the budding of a romance for the blind girl. And it is her romance, a happier romance than that of Nydia, the blind girl in "The Last Days of Pompeii." It is not given to any one else to be so important a third, to be so nearly engaged and married as is Helen Keller.

Why Husbands Should Not Mention Old Sweethearts.

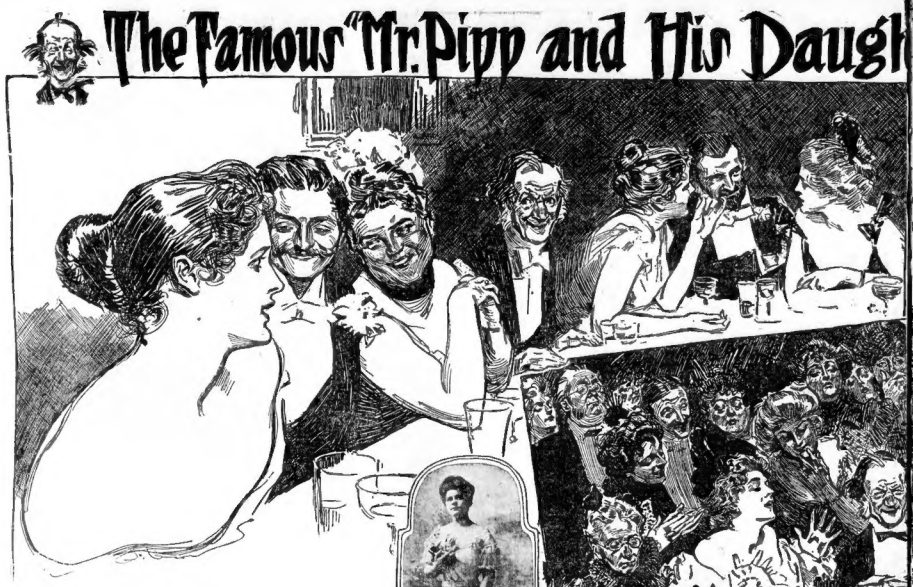
EVEN a sensible wife might take offence if her husband should now and then refer to So-and-so, "an old girl of mine." One is well aware that husbands say they don't see any harm in this, and that a wife ought not to be jealous on account of "a little thing like that." Such men should not flatter themselves that the wife is jealous on that account. She is not necessarily jealous. If she is a woman of decided opinions and sound sense she will lose respect for the man who likes to tell her about the good old times he and Arabella This and Gertrude That had in the days gone by. One should not blame her if she got disgusted with him.

Men are very thoughtless in these matters. Even a good husband will introduce that shadow of the past, "an old girl of mine," little dreaming that the subject always is the wife. It pleases his vanity to contemplate all the possible wives he might have had. At least that is how it looks to his present wife. She, poor thing, must listen to anecdotes about Alice Swift, "a girl I used to go to school with," or Edith Jones, "a girl I used to go around with sometimes." How can that possibly interest his wife?

If it pleases a husband to be forever ransacking the past to find a tender sentiment or a pleasant experience, how can a wife sympathize with such emotions? Ought she not prefer to think of him as her own and not as a possible husband for some other woman?

Can it be any pleasure to her to feel that some other woman might have had him? And is she not likely to infer that perhaps he was jilted by one or more of those "old girls," also that now he is pining for one of them, and that this pining makes him eager to talk about his sweethearts of other days?

The Famous "Mr. Pipp and His Daughters" to be Put on the Stage



"In the American Colony—On This Occasion Mr. Pipp Follows Instructions He Has Received and Appears Interested."
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First Attempt to Show the Real, Live, "GIBSON GIRL" in a Gibson Play, Written from the Most Popular Series of Charles Dana Gibson's Drawings.

Of course, the "Gibson Girl" is known the wide-world because she is pretty in a doll-faced way. Gibson girls are seen—known in pen and ink as the artist, Charles sensitive and cuttingtonus about the nostrils. Regard the Dana Gibson, has been drawing her. The three facial line in profile. In the Gibson girl you will notice has now arrived when the Gibson Girl will be introduced that eyebrows, lips and chin touch a vertical line.

to as an expected public as a real, live, moving, breathing "There's plenty of the right type. Gibson didn't invent person. We shall at last have a chance to see the accepted her."

type of "Miss America" in real skirts, bustling, prattling, HUNDREDS OF GIBSON GIRL CANDIDATES.

speaking and gracefully slipping into the characteristic How many of "the right type" offered themselves when situations and poses in which Artist Gibson has been draw- the need of their services became noised abroad in various-ing her with his matchless skill. ly estimated in the hundreds. Many of them were from

The series of Gibson drawings called "The Education the homes of the fashionable and well bred; but it has of Mr. Pipp" has been selected as the best opportunity for turned out, after all, that it was not necessary to accept bullding a play to present the Gibson Girl. And in a couple the backing of an absolute lack of previous stage train-of weeks at the Liberty Theatre, New York, Mr. Augustus ing. Both the victorious candidates have had some ex-Thomas's dramatization of "Pipp" will be seen under the perience in professional stage work.

management of Klein La Shelle and Daniel V. Arthur. Oddly enough Miss Nina Lynn, who has been selected

While the celebrated Gibson Girl is the inspiration of to play the part of the elder or brunette Miss Pipp, is an this play, Mr. Pipp himself is the hero, and the progress of English girl, and described as a strik-his education is the story which Mr. Thomas tells in "living ingly beautiful one. She was born in pictures," speech and action. When the dramatist re-London, England, and educated at Cel-ceived his commission to turn this series of pictures into a togwood College. play the late Richard Robbins sent to Joseph Jefferson the Her name is not most famous comedian on the American stage—was the Lynn, though what it is she refuses to glorious choice for the character of Mr. Pipp. say. She and a younger sister ran

COMIC OPERA FAVORITE FOR MR. PIPP. away from home six years ago to go on the stage.

When Mr. Robson died a year ago last April the task Miss Lynn's first engagement was of finding another Mr. Pipp seemed almost hopeless—until with Hawtrey in "A Bunch of the management thought of Daisy Bell. Any one who, in Violets." Her second season was di-the last twenty years of comic opera, has seen Digby Bell vided between the Percy Lone produc-crushed under the weight of the big contralto score, when tions, "The Great Ruby," done in Amer-he was Jove in his Jupiter in Offenbach's "Orpheus and ica, by Augustin Daly, and George Ed-Eurydice," or as Kaiaba in his Mikado, will agree that he wardes's production of "A Runaway and Mr. Pipp are both brothers. Girl," in which she played the part of

In seeking the living figures and faces of the Pipp Dorothy. David Belasco was presen-daughters Mr. La Shelle and Mr. Arthur at first ignored one ting Miss Leslie Carter in London in of the most cherished traditions of the stage—that the art "Zaza" at that time and he engaged of an actor is superior to nature, that to be known as Miss Lynn to play the part of Mme. consently as a competent actress in that character, that she Dufresne in the return engagement in is more childish than a child, more motherly than a mother. America.

Yet these managers at once decided that nature only could She was in "The Berry" during the provide the stage with the real Gibson Girl—and they spent time Miss Carter played that, and since more than a year in discovering these two. They were that time has been resting. guided by the following specifications furnished by Dramatist Thomas:

Miss Lynn is a whooping big girl—"Search the homes of fashionable, well-bred young six feet tall, weighing precisely 166 women of the East and West for the exact type we need. pounds. She wears her hair in a high The living ideal Miss Pipp can be found somewhere in pompadour and carries herself with the this great country, and we must not rest till we find them. grace and ease which show that she is

"It seems that any height between five feet six and an athlete, as well as possessing the five feet ten would do, but both girls must be about the freedom of movement and the grace of same height to meet the suggestion of the Gibson pictures. carriage which usually are found only

"Both should look athletic, but not masculine. Both in the typical American girl. Her bust must have distinction—that quality so noticeable in Ethel measurement is 41 inches and her waist Barrymore, for example. Don't get a 'dopey' girl, merely 24, and she is a splendid swimmer,

Miss Nina Lynn and Miss Janet Beecher, Who Will Be the Gibson Girls Playing the Parts of "Pipp's Daughters."

"He Is Much Gratified at the Attention Shown Him While In London."
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"At Monte Carlo—Mr. Pipp's Luck Has Changed. He Breaks the Bank."
Copyright by Life Publishing Co.

plays golf and tennis, rides horseback and walks immeasurable distances.

Miss Janet Beecher, who has been chosen to play the younger Miss Pipp, is hardly as much of a blonde as it would seem to those familiar with Mr. Thomas's picture that she ought to be to exactly carry out the artist's idea, but Miss Lynn is so much darker than the ordinary brunette that the contrast on the stage will be easily apparent.

Miss Beecher has not had the stage experience of Miss Lynn, for her only previous engagements have consisted of a small part in "Hearts Aflame," which play lasted but a few weeks; a minor role in "The Two Orphans" during the ten weeks' run last Spring, with its all-star cast at the New Amsterdam Theatre and a very small part with Mrs. Patrick Campbell in "The Sorceress" at the beginning of this season.

GIBSON GIRL IN THE BEECHER FAMILY.

She is a Chicago girl, a niece of Mr. O. W. Meyenburg, a prominent merchant of that city and a grandniece of Henry Ward Beecher. She was educated in Dresden and Paris, but has lived in New York for the past four years. She was educated to be an artist and has made quite a considerable reputation for artistic interior decorating and designing. She is slightly shorter and lighter than Miss Lynn. Her bust measurement is 36 and her waist 24.

The series of pictures illustrating "The Education of Mr. Pipp" contain the full complement of characters necessary to drama—pups, mamma, two pairs of lovers and a villain. And it cannot be denied that there is a well-connected story in their arrangement.

Augustin Thomas, the dramatist of "Mr. Pipp," has given to his version for the newspaper the following out-line of his work:

"I have found Mr. Gibson's drawings so carefully that I can write down and follow the story without seeing much change.

"Mr. Pipp himself, both in the drawings and in the play, is a type of the American who has been smart enough to build up a comfortable wealth-million fortune; but who, as soon as he comes within the influence of his ambitious women folk, suffers a total eclipse. He can dictate terms to the Steel Trust; but he is afraid to venture an opinion even as to the weather in the presence of his wife and daughters.

"Mrs. Pipp and the girls, Julia and Ida, want to go to Europe and to have Mr. Pipp go with them. So, of course, they go. Mrs. Pipp's prime reason for the trip is her desire to remove Julia from the attentions of one Fitzgerald, a horse trainer at Garland's Riding Academy, who has every desirable qualification except wealth and position, or, perhaps, even position, which, to Mrs. Pipp, would nothing less than a title.

"The character of the reduced Count, familiar to ad-mirers of the drawings as 'the courier,' is introduced in the

"A Few Years Later—A Christening Occurs, and Here We Leave Mr. Pipp with the Honorable Viola Maurice on One Knee and Mr. Hiram Pipp Willing on the Other. Although the Education of Mr. Pipp Is Still Incomplete, He Has Learned That He Has Not Lived in Vain."
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whose mother sits with them, think it high time he should learn how to spend it. Accordingly "a trip abroad is suggested by Mrs. Pipp and the girls," and he deliberates upon the same with magnificent gravity written in his face. You see that it is useless for him either to deliberate or misgive.

Mr. Pipp's first lesson is aboard the Atlantic liner, and it is rough weather. The girls and Mrs. Pipp insist that every moment of the voyage should be enjoyed." You see them pacing the seemingly deck, the girls supporting Mr. Pipp between them—pain shows on his feet and a look of misery on his face. But once more on solid land Mr. Pipp finds there are compensations. "He is much gratified at the attentions shown him while in London"—half a dozen young nitwits shaking his hands at once, with their faces all turned toward the statuesque Misses Pipp, who stand genteelly expectant at a little distance.

MR. PIPP LEARNS TO LOOK PLEASANT.

When the Pipp party pays respects at their Ambassador's it is irrepressible raillery it is observed "the order of precedence as heretofore observed by the Pipps holds good while the family is abroad." This means that the marriageable daughters lead the way with the massive, stern-visaged Pipp ponderous carrying them on to victory, while the now properly suppressed Pipp papa brings up the rear. In Paris at first Mr. Pipp finds himself similarly a rather useless appendage.

Slumbering in their box at the opera he so "fails to take a friendly interest in the great composers" as to flirtatiously on one knee and Mr. Hiram Pipp Willing on merit the wifely and daughterly admonitions, which result in the other. Although the education of Mr. Pipp is still unmarked improvement at a dinner in the American Colony, complete, he has learned that he has not lived in vain."

"Just Before Leaving England—Mr. Pipp Is Consulted Regarding the Happiness of His Daughters."
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"A Double Wedding—At Which Mr. Pipp Makes His Greatest Sacrifice."
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One of the "Pipp" Daughters.
Copyright by Life Publishing Co.

ne a teacher of French, instructing in the Pipp the role in the Pipp-Maurice titles and estates, is accom-are also his friends, the Duke and the Baron, poised by his friend, John Willing, the manager of the Pipp ape that these noblemen have designs on a Iron Works, of Pittsburg, and they have left America in written volume on the subject would be. He is a spare, l the Pipp fortune. parent of the gang of alleged noblemen who have been side-whiskered, little man with a strong-minded with Nantz, England, the country seat of Lady Fitz- successful in Gain $30,000 last. Incidentally, these two three Union his sins and two characteristic "Gibson" daugh-ns of the crowned set and the Pipp fam- Gibson now find their trip abroad turns the less attractive turn, who never shows him a full head and a half. It is on Fall feather in their hats for social recogni- owing to the presence in Europe of the Misses Pipp. easy to see at the very start that he has spent his life in Fitzgerald, of Garland's, who, it transpires, is "Complications requiring the suppression of the real iden- concerning a fortune, and that his ambitious daughters.

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One Day in a Smart Woman's Gowning.

By Mrs. Osborn.
Creator of Fashions for the Fashionable Women of America.

The woman who makes all the changes required by fashion has a busy, brisk day before her.

Merino and nun's veiling favorite materials for the home luncheon with one's family.

Afternoon gowns for receiving one's friends must be very elaborate.

At the dinner en famille the hostess may wear a dainty little dinner jacket if she is going to the opera after dinner, and does not want to make two evening toilettes.

The extravagant opera cloak closes the day's dressing for the smart woman.

The smartest and exquisite effects obtainable in soft old shawl effects.

A—Smart opera cloak of white chiffon, white velvet and seal-skin bands.

B—Fetching little Zouave dinner jacket of velvet over one of accordion pleated silk and lace.

C—Stunning costume of black velvet cloth and white cloth for informal reception wear at home.

D—Simple, chic morning gown of nun's veiling for luncheon at home.

E—Newest, loveliest negligee of accordion pleated chiffon trimmed with old-fashioned quillings and veiled in a long coat of richly decorated white chiffon.

F—The new, smart crepe shawl in geranium red.

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THE STRANGE CASE OF THE REV. DR. BOPE

"'Tis All Hard to Explain—Unless the EVIL ONE Has Wickedly Contrived to Put Me Into These False Situations"

—Rev. Frank W. Bope, Rector of the Fashionable St. James's Episcopal Church, of Zanesville, O.

Zanesville, O., Jan. 25.

TO the amusement of his fashionable congregation the Rev. Frank W. Bope, of St. James Episcopal Church, has stopped the trial of his $20,000 damage suit for defamation of character and will suffer, if need be, in silence. The thousands who packed the courtroom could hardly believe their ears, for the vestry and all his congregation had stood staunchly by their pastor.

The Rev. Mr. Bope refused to go on the witness stand to be cross-examined by attorneys for the prominent citizen of Zanesville who publicly declared him "a disgrace to a Christian community." But out of court he has said these remarkable things:

"It is true that Mrs. B. Evelyn Baker had love letters written by me, but they were 'literary love letters' submitted for use in a novel she was writing.

"I did accompany a veiled woman from my study to her home at a late hour of the night, but her husband had quarreled with her there and left alone, so I had no choice but to take her home myself.

"I have visited houses of ill repute, but it was because I had been maliciously summoned by telephone to minister the sacrament to a man alleged to be dying.

"It is true that I arranged to meet a young woman at Harper's Ferry, but the object of that meeting was perfectly innocent."

When asked for further details the Rev. Mr. Bope sadly shook his head and said:

"'Tis all hard to explain—unless the Evil One has wickedly contrived to put me into these false situations."

The $20,000 damage suit which Mr. Bope has virtually allowed to go by default, in refusing to submit to the risk of cross-examination was brought against W. A. Gibbs, manager of the local street railway. Mr. Gibbs and his handsome wife are of the Baptist denomination. It is said that the Rev. Mr. Bope called on Mrs. Gibbs many times and tried to induce her to join his church, the St. James Episcopal, which by reason of his eloquence and energy he had brought to a state of great popularity and prosperity.

Suddenly one day after there had been much talk of the way in which Mr. Bope was being persecuted by malicious persons, Mr. Gibbs published the following in a local newspaper:

'I have become very tired of seeing Rev. Frank W. Bope flaunting a white shirt in the eyes of the people of Zanesville and crying persecution, where, as a matter of fact, a ride on a rail out of town would be far too good for him. He is a disgrace to a Christian community and much more to any pulpit he may occupy, and is not a safe man for any one to allow to visit their homes unless they are there to watch him. This is my first and last publication in regard to the matter. Mr. Bope is well aware of my source of information, and probably realizes that I can substantiate the above claims, and he will also be assured there is one person in Zanesville that he has tried to wrong who is not afraid to tell him so and sign his name to it.

"W. A. GIBBS."

Immediately after the publication of this card Rev. Mr. Bope wrote to Bishop Boyd Vincent, of Cincinnati, asking that an ecclesiastical court be called in this city to investigate the charges made by Mr. Gibbs.

The ecclesiastical court met on the day appointed. Mr. Gibbs was notified of the coming of the court and was asked to be present to appear against Rev. Mr. Bope. Mr. Gibbs refused to attend and sent a letter to Bishop Vincent in which he said that the civil court was the place to settle the matter.

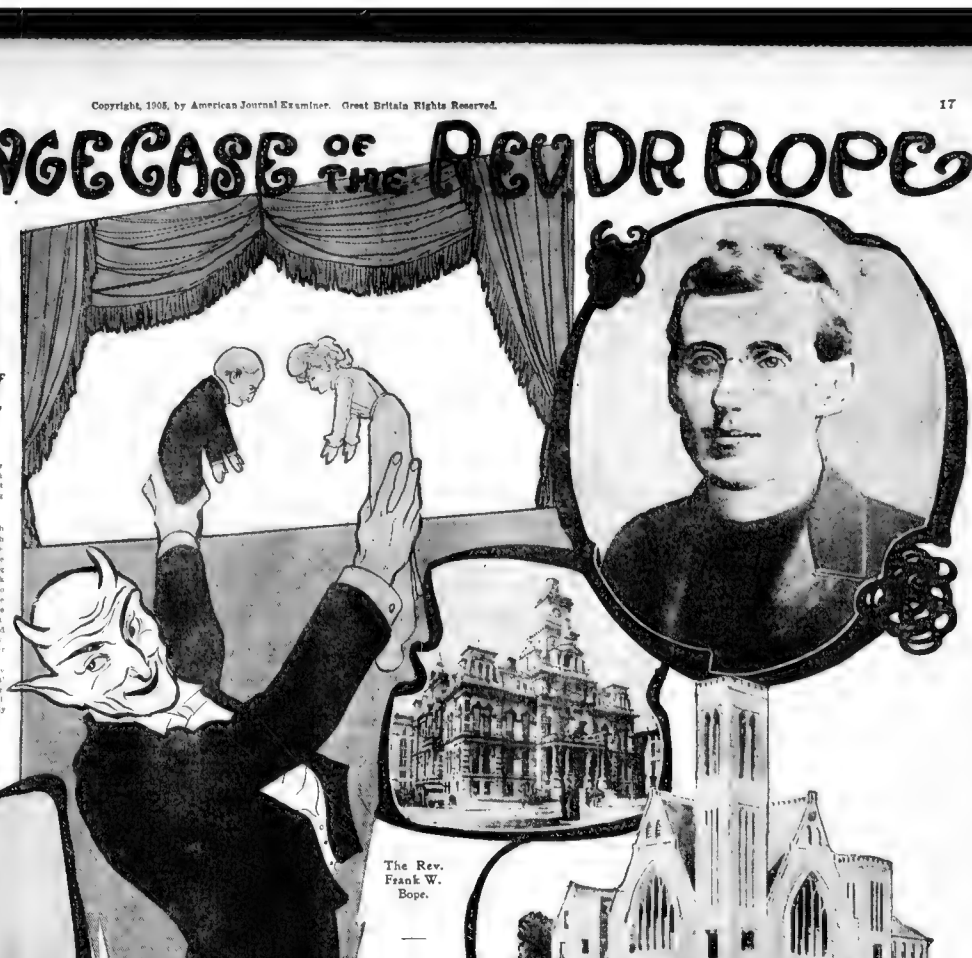
The meeting of the court here was merely a formal matter. It could do nothing else as no one would prefer charges against Rev Mr. Bope. It gave Rev. Mr. Bope a conditional indorsement and adjourned.

The next day the Rev. Mr. Bope began his suit in Common Pleas Court asking for $20,000 damages. He retained Granger & Granger as his attorneys. Mr. Gibbs at once prepared to fight the case, employing F. A. Durban to represent him.

The Literary Love Letters.

Prominently mentioned in connection with the minister and the various episodes which are supposed to have led Mr. Gibbs to publish the statement quoted above is the name of Mrs. B. Evelyn Baker, a charming musician and literary woman of New York City. Mrs. Baker has since returned to New York, but she spent a year or more in this city, prior to the time that the rector's troubles began. She was patronized by the "Four Hundred" of the city, and was soon made one of them. Her beauty, culture and attractive ways soon made her a general favorite.

At a social gathering she first met the young rector of St. James Episcopal Church, which numbers in its list of worshipers families which have been identified with the history of Zanesville for nearly a century. Their acquaintenceship said, for this reason she closed her studio and left Zanesville.



Mrs. B. Evelyn Baker, Heroine of the "Literary Love Letters."

The Rev. Frank W. Bope.

County Court House at Zanesville, Ohio, Where the Bope Case Was Heard.

St. James's Episcopal Church, Where Pastor Bope Preached—and May Never Preach Again.

Many Threatening Letters.

For weeks prior to this incident the rector had been receiving anonymous letters threatening him with death unless he left the city. Many of them was signed by "The Committee" Who and what this committee was has never been ferreted out. One of the hundreds of such letters received by the rector reads as follows:

"Now pose for all you are worth! This is the last time you will ever stand in this pulpit. Vitriol is much cheaper since the tariff was removed and it is easily applied

"A. B. C."

Another communication, which was received on May 3, 1903, says:

"We are tired of your damned officiousness; you had better get out; you are not wanted here. We will give you ten days. If you don't you will lose the apple of your eye. Remember Cudahy.

"THE COMMITTEE."

The kidnapping of the child of Cudahy, the pork packer, was meant. Mr. Bope has one child.

These threats were supplemented by acts of mischief and malice which rendered the life of the minister miserable. On several occasions his study was broken open and ransacked. St. James's Church was entered and left in disorder, and on one occasion a local issue. The following incident is related as to the thieves, who entered and pillaged. One Sunday morning in September of 1903 it was discovered that every gas jet in the church had been opened and the edifice was rapidly filling with gas. But for the timely discovery by the janitor hundreds would have perished from the deadly fumes. On another occasion the handsome pipe organ was tampered with and rendered useless for weeks.

Rumors and gossips spread all sorts of stories over the relations of the young minister and the young New York woman. Many of her former friends turned from her. She found herself socially ostracized and, it is said, left Zanesville.

For several days he lay in a nervous collapse, only partially recovering ultimately.

On the Gibbs Telephone.

Several significant situations have arisen from the similarity of the names of Gibbs, defendant in Pastor Bope's suit, and that of Mr. Bope's father-in-law, Gibbons.

Some months ago a friend of the Bopes arrived in Zanesville from a distant city and going to a telephone sought to get into communication with Rev Mr Bope at the Gibbons residence. It happened that the telephone directory contained the name of "Gibbone" and "Gibbs" on adjacent lines, and the visitor in looking for Gibbons's telephone number inadvertantly called the Gibbs number. When a voice answered at the other end of the line the visitor said:

"Hello, hello, is Rev Mr. Bope there?"

She was startled by an explosion of wrath at the other end of the line which she could not understand until she discovered, by again consulting the directory, that she had called the residence of Mr. Gibbs instead of Mr. Gibbons.

On another occasion Mr. Gibbs had ordered a large bill of household furnishings delivered at the Gibbons residence instead of at the Gibbs residence. Mrs. Gibbons, on the story goes, when she discovered the mistake, threw the goods out into the yard.

In the legal preliminaries to the trial of he Mr. Bope's suit the pastor explained that as a clergyman in charge of a large number of parishioners living in all parts of the city he had been compelled to visit many homes and come in contact with many young girls, but he denied that his relations with any of them were at any time improper.

He Had to See the Woman Home.

He declared that many of the stories circulated about him found their origin in a visit made to his study in the parish house by Mr. and Mrs. William Mounts, who were the victims of domestic infelicities. He asked them to his study and tried to effect a reconciliation, but failing in this, was compelled, as a gentlemen, to accompany Mrs. Mounts to her home late at night. Some persons saw them leave the parish house together and "a scandalous rumor resulted."

In Mr. Gibbs's answer to the damage suit he set up the plea of justification, supported largely by alleged letters showing that the Rev. Mr. Bope made an appointment to meet Miss Ida B. Smith at Harper's Ferry.

Miss Smith was a resident of Baltimore.

In the latter part of 1902 she came to Zanesville to attend her brother, who was critically ill at the home of his father-in-law, ex-Sheriff A. B. Worstall. Her brother was a member of Rev. M. Bope's church.

Within a few days after the arrival of Miss Smith in this city Mr. Smith died and Mr. Bope was called on to administer the last rites. In this way an acquaintance sprang up between him and Miss Smith.

Miss Smith was in this city only two or three weeks, but the devil assigns in his answer that some time thereafter Rev Mr. Bope made an appointment with Miss Smith to meet her in a hotel at Harper's Ferry.

Mr. Bope claims that his relations with Miss Smith were entirely proper.

Packed the Court Room.

When the damage suit was brought to trial on Friday excitement over expected sensational disclosures was intense. The County Court House was packed to its doors. Most of the day was taken up in securing a jury. In opening the case Lawyer Durban, for the defendant, declared that the Rev. Mr. Bope consented to the publication of the Gibbs statement, and said:

"We expect to show that the statements made in that card were true. We expect to show you that Bope is a disgrace to the Church and community; that he is an unsafe man to allow in a man's house, that he did try to wrong Mr. Gibbs, and, in fact, that every allegation made in the publication complained of is true."

The pastor evinced no emotion at this declaration. He was accompanied to the court by Archdeacon Edwards, who sat beside him. The crowd, among whom were many well dressed women, appeared disappointed because neither Mrs. Bope nor Mrs. Gibbs was present. It had been started positively that Mrs. Gibbs would follow it with a withdrawal of its principal grounds of defense and technical move to stay the trial.

It could mean but one thing, and that one thing the general public was not long in realizing.

It was a confession of weakness on the part of the Rev. Mr. Bope, to say the least. And what will be the end for the pastor who chooses silence? Expressions from Archdeacon Edwards and all of the vestrymen of St. James church only lend color to the prediction freely made that the Rev. Bope will never again occupy the pulpit of St. James

Archdeacon Edwards says that Bope may resign or may not, just as he pleases. It rests with him. No ecclesiastical court will sit in the case now. Dr. R. P. McCowan, a prominent vestryman and a leading member of the church, said

"Owing to the manner in which the vestrymen have stood by Rev. Bope we will leave the first move to him. We deserve praise for our share in backing up the Rev. Bope."

A. A. Webster, another vestryman, said "I don't like the looks of it."

And the pastor who was to not be cross-examined says.

"'Tis hard to explain—unless Evil One has contrived to put me into these false situations."

How "American Types" of Women Compare with Others

A RECENT comparison and study of under pressure. His women are described painters show that there is a real as having posed for a moment in the midst American type of face and it is of great deeds.

found in the portraits of women only.

It is not in form or in color, for as is at one suggested the American girl is "anybody's girl." She is the Englishman's, the German's, the Frenchman's, the Italian's or any other nation's that happens to have produced the parents of the particular study.

Our type of face, as shown in the best portraits of American women, is ours only in expression. John S. Sargent is, perhaps, the most prominent in depicting it. An expression of nervous tension can be seen in all his American women and is absent in his English and other European studies. This expression is known among artists as the "American expression." It is supposed to be caused partly by their social duties and partly by the sympathetic effect of their husband's and father's business risk.

Zorn, though a Swede by birth, has made a study of American women, and though different in nearly all other respects he has put the same expression of nervous activity in every one. Beautiful like the women of his own land, he adds an element of stronger personality for the American.

There is in evidence a capacity for an achievement, not latent, but apparently never be mistaken for an American woman.

When we compare the portraits of Sargent, Chartran and the others with those of older women, the question is inevitably suggested whether these younger women can possibly enjoy an old age like those portrayed by Whistler and Carolus Duran. The strain to which they testify is many a doubt. And if we compare the portraits of modern women with those of Stuart and Trumbull, this doubt grows stronger. There is the promise of repose in the portraits of the younger American women of a hundred years ago. Their faces, it is true, lack the vivacity which is already making the American woman the rival of the French, but they also lack the shadow of over-activity. One needs only to look at one of Trumbull's portraits to appreciate these differences. The early American woman had fewer interests and fewer duties. All the Revolutionary portraits show that she had time to rest. In some way you never associate nervous prostration with Stuart's women! No, for the women whom Romney painted in the eighteenth century. They are picturesque, sometimes even beautiful. His popular work, "The Saxon a Daughter," is full of sweetness and gentility—if one may use an old-fashion d word—but one would

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THE RACE FOR THE SOLID GOLD SLIPPER

MISS MILDRED FORMAN, NEW YORK CITY.

MRS. E. P. SMITH, OMAHA, NEB.

THE race for the solid gold slipper to be awarded to the possessor of the prettiest, smallest and most perfectly formed foot has now narrowed down to a final race between just eight contestants. Two of them are from the South, where the women are famed for their small and pretty feet; one is from the Pacific coast, three from New York, one from Illinois, one from Massachusetts, and the remaining two do their shopping in New York.

The progress made so far and that in store for the fortunate eight is not announcing their decision to [illegible]. But, as a matter of fact, [illegible] the positive and smallest and most perfectly formed [illegible] one time many would suppose. It will [illegible] form of awarding the prize [illegible] of the task would have been very easy. The [illegible] foot and the contest is just 6½ inches long, but it is [illegible] as a foot as are many others 8, 8½ and 9 inches long. The [illegible] foot takes a 2½ shoe, and is not quite as [illegible] which requires a 3½ shoe. All [illegible] and a good many others equally as imperfect [illegible] in the race. [illegible] and [illegible] until now the number of competitors has been narrowed down, as stated above, to just [illegible].

The measurements and other particulars concerning those eight feet are being checked and verified just as rapidly as [illegible] permit. It was hoped to have all of this finished in time to make known the judges' final decision today, but such is not the case. However, it is safe to presume that the contest will close finally next week, when the name of the prize winner of the solid gold slipper will be announced.

The announcement last week that the contest was about to close brought in another large list of fresh entries.

Mrs. E. P. Smith, of Omaha, Neb., a photograph of whose foot is reproduced on this page, has an exceptionally small and pretty foot. It is only a hair fraction over eight inches long, a very small foot for a woman five feet six and one quarter in new high. Mrs. Smith wears a 1¾ shoe, although she can easily step into a [illegible] No. 1.

My toes are straight and shapely, and my instep is high and arched," writes Miss Margaret Gordon, of Chicago. "Miss Gordon wears a 2B shoe, and the measurements given indicate a foot almost perfect in proportion.

Miss Mildred Forman, of New York City, is another competitor whose pretty foot has elicited a great deal of admiration. She wears a 1½ shoe on the B last, and her foot is eight and one half inches long.

Owing to the fact that possibly before to-morrow night the judges will have reached a decision in the slipper contest, it is again suggested that no more entries be sent in at this late hour, because the prospects of their being received in time to be considered are very small.

MISS MARGARET GORDON, CHICAGO, ILL.

Why You Should Never Say "Hello" Through the Telephone.

BY MRS. LINDA HULL LARNED,

AUTHOR OF "THE HOSTESS OF TO-DAY."

GOOD POINT at the telephone. There are [illegible] in general recognition. The [illegible] however, is [illegible]. With the majority of people at the moment that the receiver is lifted from its hook down. Even really well bred people have been known to do ill bred things at the telephone.

It may be the first step that counts, according to a French proverb. The lower [illegible] of one's dignity or good nature may be [illegible] by the familiar "Hello." It was introduced to the "Hallos" by the original [illegible] and has evidently naturalized, for one [illegible] now says, "Hello." But not everyone [illegible] in England they say.

Are we changing, and a few over here now [illegible] "Good morning" for "Good evening," as the proper thing. But why not "Good morning" or "Good evening" always [illegible] publicness or for social purposes [illegible] to the business world? After the [illegible] salutation the person wanted is [illegible].

The world, undoubtedly, be a code of manners for the telephone, and the first rule I would like to suggest is that which treats of tranquility.

To do this properly, then, with due [illegible] to those at the other end [illegible] Central, we should take down the receiver quietly, put it to our ear quietly and [illegible] near enough to the transmitter to be [illegible] heard at the other end, though not necessarily so close as to [illegible] the [illegible] lodged therein. Then we speak with Mrs. Jones," or, "Please give a [illegible] as patiently as possible—and here is where our purpose of [illegible] comes in for the tests the "Number." Here we encounter [illegible] the most pitiful for the other end is often [illegible] to allow to respond that we begin to [illegible] neither kind nor courteous to call Mrs. [illegible] a most unwise proceeding as there are [illegible] at both ends and occasionally in the middle.

Mrs. Jones may be receiving a caller or with a sick member of the family who needs her, so wherever the message can be sent to her it is better to do so. Or, if an answer is imperative the message can be given together with a request to be called up-giving the number and soon as Mrs. Jones may find it convenient.

Telephoning Not Child's Work.

And this there are those trying neighbors who send a message by a child for the owner of the telephone to transmit. This makes our leave one's work, whatever it may be, for several minutes, for it takes time to look up a number, then to secure connection with it, all of which is of the possible concern to the one who owns the telephone. Only life or death should make it necessary to use a neighbor for one's own affairs.

When the toll telephone is used by an outsider it is extremely bad form to expect the toll for each message. Even when visiting in a house where the telephone is paid for by the number of times it is used one should not abuse the generosity of one's hostess. The guest who uses it often should, at least, offer to pay for the cost of messages sent.

When using the toll telephone one is paid rates for asking for an immediate answer.

It is not good form for young women to [illegible] up young men or other girls just for a [illegible] visit. Unless they have some particular [illegible] to say, something that could [illegible] from the housetops, it is better for [illegible] to leave it unsaid [illegible] Ladies [illegible] to be expressed [illegible] before the [illegible] of the [illegible] would better be left until the next day.

[illegible] Jones from whatever she may be doing to [illegible] is [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

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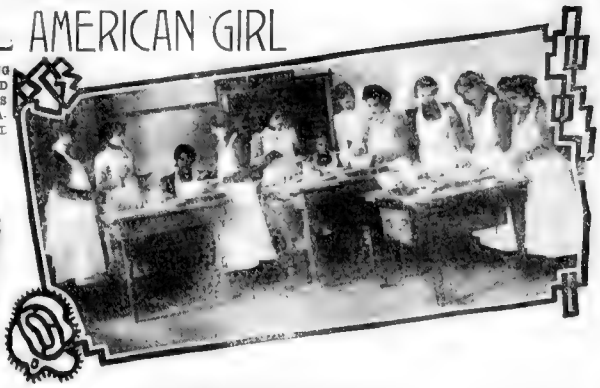
HERE IS THE REAL AMERICAN GIRL

THE TRULY ASTONISHING RESULTS OF THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT'S PLAN TO TURN LITTLE PAPOOSES INTO CULTURED YOUNG WOMEN.



A peculiar institution called the outing is in force at Carlisle, under the auspices of those with whom they associate a system which the girls each spend They help the mothers in household duties, during time of their five-year course in art and go to school with the children of the

A Class of Indian Girls Learning to Cook and Bake.

vate families, who apply at the school for families that have temporarily adopted them. Convincing proof of the efficiency of the industrial training of the five hundred girls here housewifely ways is found in the demand upon the school for the students. So extensive is it that not one-half of the applications filed can be considered!

Scattered for part of the year through the land in carefully selected country homes, the girls have ample opportunity to practice what they have learned in all its branches. It is not all work and no play at Carlisle, and all the dear delights of school days are present in full force. Chief among the occasions to the girls are the gymnastic work. The teachers at the recreations call the gymnasium work a laughing, happy land, and assert that endurance of the Indian well fit her to take her new clothes which they have often stolen in sports. Wearing the regulation suit that prevails in all gymnasiums for young women the students march, run, leap, swing bells and clubs. Basket ball is a game high in favor, and a well trained team, is always ready for a competitive trial of skill. The class of 1903 plays in champion form and is famous for its pluck and go. Its full-chested, straight-backed members would do credit to any school.

A New Arrival's First Lesson in Housekeeping.

UNDER the guidance, care and instruction of competent teachers at the Carlisle Indian School five hundred brown-skinned, rosy-cheeked Indian girls are being taught how to cook, wash, sew and to keep house. Most of them entered the college, uncouth, half-savage and attired in native dress and Government blankets, but it would be very hard to believe that to-day so complete has been the transformation.

Carlisle is rapidly breaking down all the barriers against the progress and social and educational elevation of the Indian girl. At the industrial school the dusky maidens are initiated into the mysteries of cooking, baking, laundry work, dressmaking and all the other duties incumbent upon an all-around, skilful housekeeper. In order to win a diploma from the Carlisle School a girl must not only pass the required examination in the educational department, but must be able to prepare and daintily serve a meal, cut and fit a gown, and wash, starch and iron. She must also be able to arrange a room tastefully and entertain gracefully. These daughters and granddaughters of famous chiefs and braves are fast becoming model housekeepers as well as intelligent students.

The Carlisle School holds that the object to be reached in the education of the Indian girl is to fit her to be an American woman, and this is best done by teaching and allowing her to practise the customs of civilized life.

The girls are first taught what constitutes a happy home, what a systematic home life means and the numerous duties entails for daughter, wife and mother. The first thought is the strict necessity for cleanliness. The second involves order.

The most trivial duties must be attended to with as great care as the little things. The little novice learns to sweep, dust, to scrub and wash and to keep household utensils polished and shining. She next has impressed upon her the philosophy of a place for everything and everything in its place. From parlor to kitchen may seem a retrograde movement, but not so in the eyes of the Indian maiden.

To be treated with the preparing of vegetables and the cutting of bread is a step in advance she much appreciates; but still this is nothing to the exquisite pleasure which awaits her further on when she can stir flour in a bowl, beat eggs, and cream, butter and sugar, to say nothing of manipulating the dainty scales and measuring cups. These daughters of the wilds are apt cooks, which is not so much to be wondered at, seeing their forebears invented some delicious dishes we are proud to claim as "national. Those whose ancestors commanded corn-bread and succotash, and first roasted green corn in the ear, can claim no unworthy heritage in the gastronomic line.

No fancy work either is the working at the school, for the dishes the girls prepare they afterward join in eating. Very daintily and attractively are the dishes set forth, for each student must take her turn in arranging the table.

A series of afternoon teas has been inaugurated at the school. This, while ostensibly a branch of the cooking and serving classes, is in reality designed as an important factor in the progress of the Indian youth toward social ease and enjoyment. To look their prettiest and act their best in company for an hour or two a week has an incalculable effect upon the manners of the boys and girls, and gives their instructors an opportunity for many a timely hint as to words and actions, while the young people are unconsciously growing into civilized thoughts and ways through the subtle influence of friendly intercourse and pleasure. In fact, the Indian maiden is a merry creature and takes easily to fun, contrary as that is to popular opinion.

Next to the cooking school come the sewing lessons. The girls, under the direction of a competent instructor, cut, baste, fit and sew their own garments and those for the younger children. Two rooms are fitted up for this work. In one are plain deal tables, furnished with rolls of cloth, large cutting shears, tape measures and patterns. In the other are rows of sewing machines and chairs. The girls soon become very deft in fashioning garments and are especially skillful in using the machine

The power of dress in civilizing is fully appreciated in the Carlisle School. Everything is done to foster a pride in personal appearance, and to the efforts made the girls quickly respond, developing a commendable interest in their apparel. In the clothes worn as well as in the food cooked and eaten and in all the usages and customs of the school, conformity to the ways of the Anglo-Saxon is sought, that the Indian may no longer feel that she is a thing apart. That she is an American, part and parcel of the American people, is continually, in practice and precept, impressed upon her.

Very different in the appearance of the well-clothed, self-respecting students in the assembly-room to-day from those who entered cringed in shawls and blankets, distrustful and unmanageable to discipline, in 1879 the first year of the school. The severest punishment that can be meted out to a rebellious Indian girl is to doom her for a day or two to wear her old time garb.

The girls are taught all the proper steps in washing, the proper soaps to use, the wisdom of boiling or not boiling the suds, squeezings and rinsing necessary, the art of bluing and the virtues of soap and air. Not the kind of work, but the way it is done, is a matter taught at Carlisle.

In the handling of the heavy clothes washing machines are used, and the bigger boys help in this turning and lifting. The small boys are detailed to turn the mangles through which towels and bed and table linen run.

Ironing may be drudgery when performed alone, but it becomes a pleasure when done in a cool light room, surrounded by a dozen other merry maidens. When study and work hours are ended the girls are encouraged to amuse themselves in helpful, healthy ways. The reading room is well patronized. Newspapers and magazines are largely used as helps in class instruction.

In the Laundry.

WOULD YOU RATHER LOVE OR BE LOVED?

WE are told that if two people who marry are to be really happy together, equal and mutual love must exist between them. The truth of this assertion is obvious. Marriage indeed only becomes the proper and ideal state when men or women join their lives to one whom they truly love, and who as truly loves them in return.

Without doubt, deep and sincere mutual love characterizes most marriages. Even in these practical and prosaic days the majority of men and women recognize the value of true love, and what an influence it has upon the happiness of married life. But Cupid's eyes are extremely capricious, and the consequence is that often two people meet and marry whose love is of unequal proportions.

Hence the question, to love or to be loved, which brings greater happiness? Is it better for a woman to marry a man who has honestly given her his whole love, but for whom she has not that same feeling of affection? Or should she marry a man whom she passionately loves, but who, she is well aware, has little more than lukewarm love for herself? It is a question which confronts hundreds of women almost every day, and it is one which they find it extremely difficult to decide.

Shall she marry the one whose tenderness comes in the moments of doubt, which come even to the happiest lovers, merely a response to her own? Or shall she choose rather to give her life to the other man, whose love seems so broad and vast, so deep and tender, that sometimes it actually reminds her of what she feels herself, though not for him?

Doubtless a woman in such circumstances feels that should she marry the latter, she will never forget her love for the other man, and consequently be dishonorable in thought to the one she had married. And if she marries the man whose affection is not equal to her own, there is the fear that marriage would not increase the strength of his love, and, in fact might diminish it and thus the happiness of her whole life would be destroyed.

And should it so happen that she is possessed of a little money, she is prone to imagine he can give that or is more concerned about her having a good time, about herself. On the other hand she knows full well that the other man loves her for herself alone. But, and her reflection is not for him. Well might she shrink before the serious task of choosing between the most loved and the most loving one.

"Marry neither" would probably be the advice of some people to a girl placed in such a position. Such advice, however, if followed out, would only have the effect of making three people miserable for life whereas there are excellent possibilities of two being made exceedingly happy.

In choosing between the most loved and the most loving man, the woman who wishes to marry will, in nine cases out of ten, find greatest happiness in accepting the latter, always providing that she has some liking and affection for him. She should be most careful, however, not to allow him to marry her under any false impression. That is to say, she should explain the exact state of her feelings towards him, and that it is on account of his great love for her that she is quite content to trust her future life and happiness to his hands.

When this is done the man's love for the woman he marries will invariably make him determined to continually win the true affection of his wife. And it is equal to that which he has for her. Kindness, tenderness and fidelity will be the three guides to his conduct, and it will indeed be a stubborn heart which is not touched and won by such a man.

A girl need not explain to accept the man she loves, that her own affection is bestowed upon another. The former will intuitively understand this, and make up his mind that if love shall be the index of endeavor on his part to supplant the misplaced love with affection for himself.

It is just possible, of course, that the girl who marries the best loved man would by her devotion, constancy and tenderness, strengthen his love until it was as great as her own. But the risk is very great. There would always be doubt in her mind. Even when he was with her, and in his most devoted and tender moods, she would probably find herself watching his varying expressions, and wondering whether some one of the many thoughts she cannot fathom was not being given to another woman.

$1,320.00 IN CASH PRIZES

AND MORE THAN 18,000 OTHER Valuable Gifts to American Babies

(INCLUDING CHILDREN UP TO FIVE YEARS OF AGE).

We will spend $50,000.00 pushing the circulation of THE AMERICAN QUEEN, and the greater part of this big sum of money will go for beautiful and valuable prizes for American babies.

It costs nothing to enter the contest. The only condition being that you subscribe for THE AMERICAN QUEEN for one year and a valuable prize is guaranteed to every baby entered in the contest.

This is the most liberal offer ever made by any American magazine. It is made for the purpose of adding eighteen or twenty thousand subscribers to our list within the next few months.

Moreover, to further induce subscriptions, we will cut the price of our subscription in half, and for 25 cents will send to your address THE AMERICAN QUEEN for one year and

A Magnificent GIBSON DRAWING Absolutely Free!

THE American Queen has decided to greatly increase its attractiveness and value to its readers by publishing pictures of hundreds or thousands of the most attractive American babies and children up to five years of age

We Want to Include Your Baby.

We want all photographs and written description of attractive babies—one of you have no photograph to send, your name and address will be entered in the Contest at least one of the written information called for on the entry blank printed below.

The Contest.

Guess Will Be a Contest of Attractiveness.

The first prize may or may not be won by the prettiest and healthiest baby

A good many different qualities go to make up attractiveness and no one can tell what babies will be in the prize winners until after the committee of competent judges make their decision.

YOUR baby will have just as good a chance as any other baby to win the first prize and we guarantee some prize if you will enter the Contest.

Many of the most attractive babies will get two or three prizes each

ALL of the photographs of the most attractive babies will be beautifully engraved and printed in The American Queen and will be half and full pages.

The lucky baby who wins the first prize will have a comfortable sum of $500.00 with which to begin life

It will go a long way toward paying for his education a little later on.

Prizes.

The prizes are outlined in the centre of this advertisement, but we cannot very well, in such small space, give any adequate idea of the beauty of the silver gifts. In selecting our prizes we have avoided everything cheap and trashy. On the contrary, we have selected pieces of silver which are not only beautiful but very durable. We want subscribers who are going to renew their subscriptions year after year, and therefore we are giving as prizes pieces of silverware which will last for a lifetime.

You may take our word for the value of the fifty sets of silver which will be given to babies standing next to those who win the big cash prizes.

American Queen Baby Editor,
125 East 23d Street,
New York City:

Nineteen Hundred Attractive Babies Are Going to Receive One or More of These Valuable Gifts.

ENTRY BLANK.

Date. . . . . .

I am attaching a brief description of my baby

Full name of child .....

Age.....*Sex*.....*Birth place*..... .....

Address.....

Present weight.....*Present height* .....

N. Y. Amer. **Attach this blank to description of your baby.**

A Special Prize.

A special prize of a beautiful silver cup will be given to every baby whose picture is reproduced in The American Queen As all of the most attractive photographs will be reproduced, your baby will have a excellent chance of winning two prizes

THE PRIZES.

1st	Prize to the most attractive baby in America.....	$500.00
2d	Prize to the baby standing next in attractiveness.....	100.00
3d	" " " "	50.00
4th	" " " "	40.00
5th	" " " "	30.00
6th	" " " "	25.00
7th	" " " "	24.00
8th	" " " "	23.00
9th	" " " "	22.00
10th	" " " "	21.00
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22d	" " " "	9.00
23d	" " " "	8.00
24th	" " " "	7.00
25th	" " " "	6.00
26th	" " " "	5.00
27th	" " " "	4.00
28th	" " " "	3.00
29th	" " " "	2.00
30th	" " " "	1.00
31st	" " " "	1.00

50 prizes to the 50 babies standing next in attractiveness—Beautiful silver knife, fork and spoon, in handsome white silk-lined case.

100 prizes to the 100 babies standing next in attractiveness—Beautiful silver baby spoon.

500 prizes to the 500 babies standing next in attractiveness—Beautiful silver baby pusher.

1,000 prizes to the 1,000 babies standing next in attractiveness—Beautiful silver napkin ring.

The Famous Gibson Picture

Every baby that fails to win one of the most beautiful prizes will be handed a beautiful reproduction of this famous drawing, entitled "The American Queen," by Charles Dana Gibson

Charles Dana Gibson is the most famous pen and ink artist in the world

His drawings bring higher prices than the drawings of any other artist. The original of this one cost $1,000.00

From the drawing he has made as we have had an engraving made and have reproduced it in miniature in this piece of art work is almost enough to fill a paper by itself. The picture is 11 inches long. This picture framed, is attractive enough to be the most conspicuous object in your home. As a matter of fact it does hang in many homes in some of the most aristocratic houses in America

THE AMERICAN QUEEN,
Dept. B,
125 EAST 23d STREET,
NEW YORK.

The American Queen.

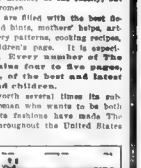
The American Queen is an old and famous monthly magazine devoted to the interests of the American Home.

It is of interest to every member of the family, but is intended especially for women

Each month its columns are filled with the best fiction, illustrations, household hints, mothers' helps, articles on the toilet, embroidery patterns, cooking recipes, advice to housekeepers, children's page. It is especially noted for its fashions. Every number of The American Queen contains four to five pages, beautifully illustrated, of the best and latest fashions for women and children.

This feature alone is worth several times its subscription price to every woman who wants to be both stylish and economical. Its fashions have made The American Queen famous throughout the United States and Canada.

The regular price of The American Queen is 50 cents a year, and it is worth a great deal more than 50 cents. Surely, then, you will not miss this opportunity to obtain a whole year—twelve months for 25 cents—just half price.



If there is no baby in your home, hand this advertisement to a home which has one, and in order to secure The American Queen for yourself, send 25 cents, writing your name and address on the subscription blank printed below, and you will receive The American Queen for a year, and in addition the magnificent Gibson picture absolutely free.

If you wish your baby to enter the Contest, fill out, sign the blank on the left side of this advertisement and mail it with 25 cents in silver to-day. If you have a photograph already, send it at the same time. If you are going to have a photograph taken, send the blank and 25 cents to-day and send the photograph as soon as convenient. If not convenient to send the photograph at all, write a good description of your baby (not more than 100 words) and send it in at once, with the 25 cents for a year's subscription to our magazine.

In sending the photograph, be sure to write the full name and address on the back of the photograph.

It is not sufficient to write it on the envelope or wrapper containing the photograph, as we shall have many photographs in each mail and each one must be plainly marked.

The American Queen,
125 East 23d Street,
New York City:

SUBSCRIPTION BLANK.

Date.....

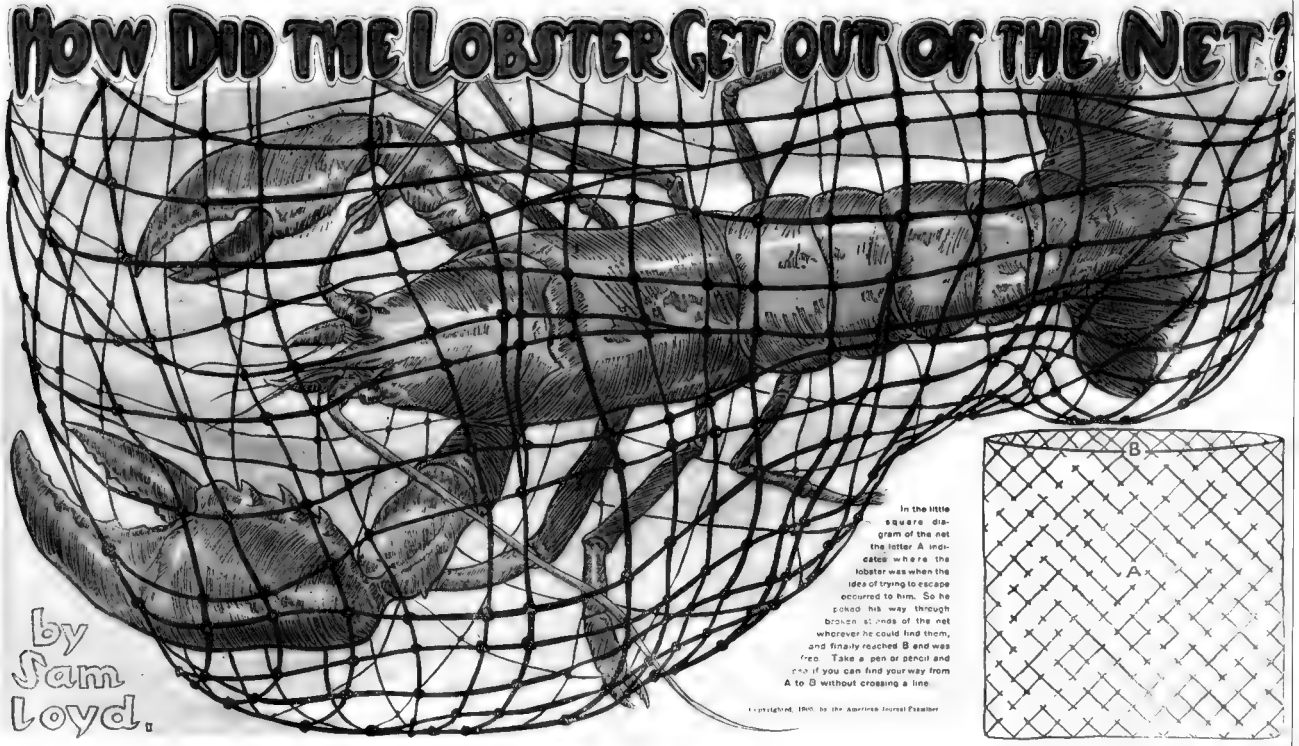
Dear Sir—I enclose 25 cents (silver or money order or 12 two-cent stamps) for which send me The American Queen for one year. I am to receive free the 13x20 inch reproduction of Gibson's famous "American Queen" drawing.

Full name.....

Address .....

N. Y. Amer.

HOW DID THE LOBSTER GET OUT OF THE NET?



by Sam Loyd.

In the little square diagram of the net the letter A indicates where the lobster was when the idea of trying to escape occurred to him. So he poked his way through broken strands of the net wherever he could find them, and finally reached B and was free. Take a pen or pencil and see if you can find your way from A to B without crossing a line.

Copyrighted, 1905, by the American Journal Examiner

MISS DOLLY GOES SKATING

Can you Find her Skates?

FREE

TALKING MACHINE

A $30.00 Talking Machine has never been given away free, as some claim, but if you send us your name and address we will send you free and trust you with 30 of our fast-selling jewelry novelties. Here is an honest advertisement. No beating around the bush; we make an offer in plain English to give away a Grand Talking Machine for selling only 30 of our latest up-to-date jewelry novelties at 10c. each. We are determined to introduce our new style jewelry in every house, and in order to do so we need good agents and are willing to pay them handsomely. Don't send any money, we trust you. Order today and we will send you the 30 jewelry novelties by return mail postpaid. When sold send us the $3.00 and we will ship you the Talking Machine at once. No charge for boxing, packing, etc. All we ask is that you show it to your friends. If you are unable to sell our goods we take them back and give you a premium for those sold. Costs you nothing to try. Write at once.

Gold and Silver Mfg. Co.,

DEPT. 18. 165 West 23d St., N. Y. City.

Gold Watch and Chain

or Full Jointed Genuine

Bisque Doll

NINE TIMES LARGER THAN THIS PICTURE

18 SIZE WIND and STEM SET. NEW 1906 THIN Model Watch with a fine American movement, size 16, of solid 14 karat gold-filled case, guaranteed by the American Watch Case Co. for 25 years. Has 7 jewels, genuine Montana sapphire and ruby jewels, long winder and solid bezel. Beautifully engraved, dust and moisture proof, screw back and screw bezel. Has the new pendant set, with long stem. Every watch is FULLY TESTED, REGULATED and GUARANTEED to run and keep perfect time. We keep it in repair free of charge for five years.

Our Doll is not a cheap affair, with stuffed body and china head, but is GENUINE BISQUE. She turns her head, goes to sleep and moves her arms and legs. She has large expressive eyes, pearly teeth, beautiful complexion and long silky curls. Dolly is handsomely dressed from head to foot in real silk of the most delicate colors, such as pink, blue, yellow, etc. She wears an imported Hat, Shoes and Stockings and Trimmed Underclothing.

DO NOT SEND ANY MONEY, but WRITE US for our Lucky Star Award Plan. We will trust you at the rate of $1.00 each week. When sold send us the money $11.20 and select your premium.

Girls' Doll Company

10-12-14 ROY ST., ATTLEBORO, MASS.

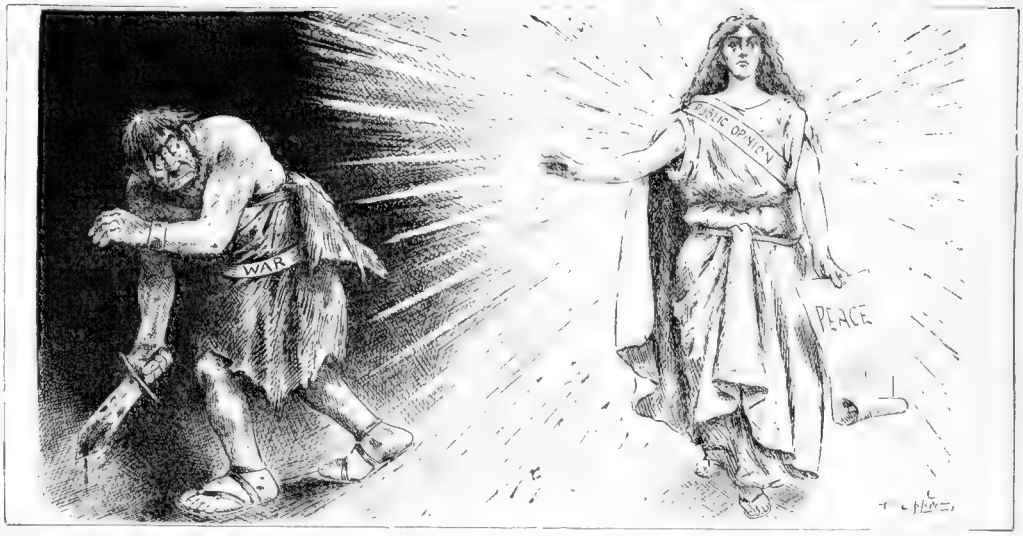
POLITICS & ART

EDITORIAL SECTION

SCIENCE · LITERATURE ·

BOSTON AMERICAN, SUNDAY, JANUARY 29, 1905.

WAR ITSELF WILL BRING PEACE



The War for Liberty, Bound in the End to Win Everywhere, Will Remove War of All Kinds from the Face of the Earth.

TWO kinds of war interest the people to-day—the war of Nations in the Far East and the war for liberty against tyranny in city streets of Russia.

One is a hideous, aimless war—butchery based on despotic power on both sides—the Czar and the Mikado sending men in hundreds of thousands to be slaughtered, while they stay at home distributing medals and titles.

The war for liberty in Russia is war of another kind. It is a dreadful war, too—more horrible than any war of trained, well-armed men.

The war of liberty is a war of the unarmed against Gatling guns, of women and children against Cossacks on horseback, of the cold, hungry and desperate against well-fed professional murderers.

Strange to say, the weak will win in the Russian civil war. Right is on their side, long oppression, wrongs treasured up, push them on. They may lose this fight, and the next. They may be killed so fast this time as to make the survivors lose heart.

But they will keep coming back. New births will fill the places of the dead. New men of courage will come up to fight instead of those that are killed now. The Russian army of liberty will win its battle in the long run, for that army is REALLY THE RUSSIAN PEOPLE. A few hundreds of thousands will be armed by the Czar to fight their brothers. But many of those will desert the Czar and fight for their own kind. The faithful murderers of the Czar must fall before the tens of millions of desperately determined men and women against them, for the latter will fight on forever.

* * *

The world prays for peace and the establishment of a peace conference is usually the signal for an outbreak of fighting. Yet the man is foolish who takes a pessimistic or anything but the MOST HOPEFUL view of our progress toward civilization. In these days it is calculated that we have a war about every thirty years—even among the more civilized races. The theory is that a new war comes when a lot of young men arise—men that can't remember the realities of the last war—and that think a fight would be pleasant. But a war once in thirty years—brutal as that sounds—is very much better than the old style, when A PEACE ONCE IN THIRTY YEARS was considered remarkable. They used formerly to talk of "the long peace," as though peace were abnormal. Wars of thirty and a hundred years duration, ended only by national exhaustion, were the sport of old kings.

That has been improved.

Even this war in the East and this civil war in Russia are encouraging to those that pray for peace.

It was the Japanese war that brought on—or rather hastened—the inevitable war for liberty in Russia. The folly of the Czar, the defeats of that incompetent boaster, gave the opportunity to his people. They have begun fighting, and their victory—which is the absolutely certain final result—will mean a great step toward the permanent peace that must be achieved before real human progress can begin.

The first result of the people's victory would be the ending of the stupid Japanese war. Russia would devote herself to providing for those at home instead of trying to rob those abroad—and getting beaten in the process. The peoples that have suffered slavery—Poles, Finns and others—would be set free, or, better, made equal brothers in a great Russian confederation—a sort of European United States devoted to peace and the interests of the people. The real ability of the Russian people would manage Russia. The men of courage, heart and genius that have spent their lives hitherto in Siberia or the prisons would hereafter manage public affairs, and the drunken gang of archdukes—with their feeble, incompetent, cowardly little cousin, the Czar—would go to live permanently near the Monte Carlo gambling house, their natural abode.

It is much to be desired that all Americans should understand clearly the plight of the Russian people, IN ORDER THAT ALL MAY SYMPATHIZE WITH THEM.

Sooner or later the people of Russia will establish in some corner of the empire a people's government.

IT WOULD BE A GREAT SHAME IF THIS NATION, WHICH FOUGHT AGAINST A TYRANNY MILD COMPARED WITH THAT OF RUSSIA, SHOULD NOT BE THE FIRST TO ACKNOWLEDGE AND RECOGNIZE THE NEW GOVERNMENT.

This nation should eagerly watch for a chance to extend a helping hand to the brave patriots of Russia, for victory of the revolutionists there means one more civilized country on the earth.

An incident recently at a railroad station in Poland gives an idea of what the people under the Czar must endure.

The usual Grand Duke, believing himself the representative of Divine authority, authorized to own or kill anybody—wanted news of a train. The train despatcher, a better man than any Grand Duke, and sober into the bargain—could not give the information instantly. He was violently abused, and raised his hand to ward off the blow that was to follow the abuse.

Instantly an officer in the Grand Duke's suite cut the man down with his sword. As he lay dead on the platform the Grand Duke calmly thanked his friend, the officer, "For killing a dog," as he put it, and that was the end of the incident. No questions asked, no investigation. The mere name of the Grand Duke was sufficient to prevent that.

It was simply one more "dog killed" not worth bothering about.

Such "dogs" are killed every day in Russia, and they have been killed daily for long years—the national memory has kept track of them. They have been killed by thousands lately, but the killing is going to stop.

* * *

The treatment of the peasants in the country has been infinitely worse than that of the workmen in the towns.

It makes the heart sick even to think of the brutalities inflicted on the poor serfs—when they were "freed."

These unfortunate, ignorant men had been sold with the land for ages. The title to land included always "so much land and so many souls."

The moment they were freed they were ordered off the land upon which they were born. They did not go—COULD not go. Where could they go to?

When they tried to resist, "necessary measures" were taken.

At first one man in every ten was ordered whipped—not the ordinary whipping such as we think of here, when it occurs to us occasionally that we need Russian methods—but REAL WHIPPING. At the end of each lash there was a nail or metal bullet. The man beaten could not possibly stand or walk for a long time afterward. His wife and children had to carry him to his hovel.

The whipping of one in ten did not suffice. Then they whipped one in FIVE, and then at last THEY WHIPPED BRUTALLY AND SAVAGELY EVERY SINGLE MAN that failed to take his family and go adrift. It was the vengeance of the landowners and the serf's first emancipation into "Freedom."

With "Freedom" came the privilege of paying taxes. Do you know HOW they collect taxes from the Russian peasant when he can't pay?

THEY TIE HIM UP AND LASH HIM UNTIL SOMEONE PAYS FOR HIM.

That rule was modified the other day in honor of the birth of the Czar's heir. But it is not MODIFICATION that the people want.

They will not be satisfied until they RULE THEMSELVES. The years have done their work even with the dull, brutalized peasant.

The new baby Czar will not live to send men to Siberia or against Gatling guns.

He will have to accept as much money as will keep him in idleness or in drunkenness, if he chooses, as long as he may live—and go away while the Russian PEOPLE work out their own salvation. In their struggle—which makes for peace, bloody as it is—they will have the sympathy of every good man and woman in the world.

TWO LEADERS WOULD BE BETTER THAN ONE-HALF A LEADER

BUT THERE'S A BETTER SUGGESTION THAN THAT WHICH JOHN SHARP WILLIAMS OFFERS THE DEMOCRACY

MR. JOHN SHARP WILLIAMS decided at the last moment to change his mind and not resign his leadership of the Democratic minority on the floor of the House.

Democrats will hope that he may succeed in future more strikingly than in the past as a leader.

They will not, however, accept his diagnosis of the situation, nor his view of what ails the Democratic representation in the House of Representatives.

Mr. Williams suggested to the New York Sun:

"That it would probably be for its own good if the Democratic membership of the House should introduce a dual system of leadership, so as to assure itself that whichever way the Democrats voted upon a proposition it would be in line with at least one of the leaders."

This was sarcasm, probably. It was intended, it is said, to express Mr. Williams's annoyance that some Democrats in Congress had failed to take his dictation in matters of Democratic policy.

There will be some sympathy for Mr. Williams, undoubtedly, because of the fact that he has failed to unite the Democratic minority, or actually to lead them.

Certainly a party should give all possible faith and encouragement to its leader, as long as it retains him.

On the other hand, the leader permits himself to be elected on the understanding that he knows how to lead, and that he means to represent honestly those who place their confidence in him.

Sympathy for Mr. Williams, and a share in the sorrow which led him first to say he was going to resign and then to change his mind when he found that his resignation would be accepted, was all right.

But with the sympathy there should go a study of the Democratic situation, and of the work that Mr. Williams has done—or, rather, that he has not done.

Mr. John Sharp Williams has had some amusing hours on the floor of the House since the Democrats made him leader. And people in the galleries have had some amusing hours observing him—they had such hours also in St. Louis.

But after all to be amusing is not all of a leader's duty. A leader should lead and in SOME DEFINITE DIRECTION.

The natural direction for a Democratic leader, it would seem, would be toward Democratic principles, not in the direction dictated by railroad management.

* * *

As a matter of fact, the Democratic party in questions of leadership has found itself lately in rather a sad plight.

It chose in the national fight a leader overwhelmingly defeated at election, and doomed to defeat in advance.

It has had in the House as Democratic leader a man whose impression upon the country has been such that the Democratic membership in the national body has been cut down with unprecedented swiftness.

If a Democrat wants to praise any Democratic action—he has to praise ROOSEVELT. There is nobody else in authority doing anything.

If the Democrats want anything done, they have got to hope that ROOSEVELT will do it, or ask him to do it.

It doesn't enter their minds to appeal to the Democratic leadership, as the party stands now. President Roosevelt, fortunately for the country, is doing, in part at least, what the Democrats do not do. He is doing what the Democrats showed they didn't MEAN to do when they nominated Parker. He is doing what the Democrats show they didn't mean to do by the attitude of their leader on the floor of the House.

The principles of the Democratic party have been dumped on Roosevelt's doorstep, like a foundling. Luckily, he is giving the foundling fairly decent care.

Democrats in the nation sit helplessly by watching Roosevelt making a good struggle to do the things that the people want. The railroads apparently own the Democratic leadership, and won't let that leadership take any part in the fight against railroad extortion. And the leadership doesn't try very hard to take any part in the fight.

The Democratic party, when it assembled in convention at St. Louis, supposed that IT was the party against the Trusts, the party that wanted to curb railroad monopoly, the party of the people.

It is a little puzzled now to understand the situation. The Trusts, with the railroads at their head, evidently consider that the Democratic party—so far as its leadership represents it—IS THEIRS. They don't worry about that at all. They are only bothering about the Republican President, ROOSEVELT—the man that represents the so-called TRUST PARTY.

The Trust managers are able to go to their bosom friends in the Republican party and say to them: "If you [illegible] to fight Roosevelt YOU WILL HAVE THE LEADERS OF THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY WITH YOU—THEY ARE WITH US."

And the Democratic party, as led on the floor of the House, justifies this statement.

* * *

Mr. Williams is wrong in his idea that the Democratic party wants two leaders. Two leaders would not work well together. They would be better, of course, than HALF a leader, or no leader at all.

What the Democratic party wants, and what it has got to have if it is not to die out as an absolute joke, is a real leader on the floor of the House and a real leader for the National ticket in 1908.

What IS a real leader?

He is a man sober in thoughts and habits, really Democratic, ambitious to represent honestly, energetically and persistently the will of the Democratic party—NOT TO EXPLOIT HIS PERSONAL CONCEITS.

The Democratic party wants a leader of this kind pretty badly. It had better get one or go out of business.

No considerable body of people—as was shown in the vote last Fall—is going to stick to a party that has a well-meaning, Wall-street-controlled figurehead for a national leader, and a bright little snappy friend of the railroads for a Congressional leader.

The Democratic party had better try to become Democratic in its leadership as well as in its rank and file or there won't be any Democratic party.

A body can't live very long with a dead head on its shoulders.

Why Hang Mrs. Rogers? By Mrs. William Blickensderfer

And they which heard it, being convicted by their own conscience, went out one by one, beginning at the eldest, even unto the last: and Jesus was left alone, and the woman standing in the midst.
—John, viii, 9.

MRS. MARY ROGERS.

THIS is a story of sin and suffering unspeakable. A story of things that may not be glossed over. Of a soul foredoomed and a civilized people's acquiescence. Of facts gleaned by toilsome effort and wounds probed and laid bare for the eyes of the Christian world.

On the slope of a sheltering hillside, in the yellow "tenant cabin" of the rich Quackenbush estate, near Petersburgh, N. Y., there is today a woman with five children. A gaunt and hollow-eyed woman, stooping under a terrible shadow. Outside, above the cabin on the hillside, stands a tall evergreen, and against the cold blue sky its branches have the strange semblance of a crucifix.

The woman in the cabin cannot always speak coherently; she stops as if to collect her wandering thoughts, she lifts her hand to her head, for at times the dull pain grows sharper there. She remembers that the children must have food and clothing and be sent to the village school. Beyond this a great cloud darkens over her.

Twenty-one years ago, this woman who had only a helpless mother—already worn to anguish by the fear of an insane son's condition—to look after her, found herself in a most miserable situation. Soon to become a mother, the father of her child refused to care for her or to provide even the meanest shelter. He had never given her a dollar, as she had gone on working as a domestic servant and had given him her wages for his support. He was nominally a host. His mother had been a gypsy and the blood was strong. Its vagrant, so strong that his only joy in life was in stealing out at dead of night with his employer's best horses for a reckless drive across the country.

This usually resulted in his dismissal. But the poor girl loved him. From the first moment he learned of the child's coming a murderous hatred seemed to possess him for the unborn one.

"You must get rid of it," he said, "if you don't I will strangle it myself."

With this ultimatum he departed for a town across the State line. The name of this town was Bennington, Vermont.

Drawn and haggard-faced, this tall, gaunt servant girl continued at her work. Often she hated life, sometimes she hated her Maker. Ever the thought of murder was in her bosom; murder of the child, murder of the man she loved, self-murder. The thought of destroying life possessed her absolutely.

In his office one morning the physician who, in treating her family, had shown them kindness was startled by her abrupt entrance with a threat to kill him. He soothed and calmed her with pity in his heart for her physical condition. Desperation was on her. If she returned to her mother's home the father of the child would desert her, for she would no longer have wages to give him. So she toiled on, though the days slipped by and the hour drew nearer. Her soul was seared with a single word—the name Bennington. Over there he led the life of his kind. Some Christian asking him if he had made a little home for the child, he gave his gypsy laugh and cried out, "Homes were no good, he liked his freedom."

The tall, gaunt girl dragged herself heavily about her task. One day she fell down like an exhausted horse, and was taken to her mother's. There he followed her, and again there was but one word between them—Kill—Kill! Sometimes the thought was very strong within her. There was no other strength for counter-balance; there was no strength of family support, of education, of knowledge, of right and wrong. Nothing but infatuation for the man.

The terrible [illegible] of first motherhood came on her. Wild with fear she ran to an inner room, where he sprang in after with a profane cry, and would have harmed her, but others rushed to her rescue. Then the child came into the world!

Mothers with little arms around your necks—mothers who cradle precious little heads upon your bosoms—pity this woman and pity the child she bore that cruel day.

The baby born with this dowry of criminal instinct had no easy time. From the hour of its birth a shameful fate pursued it. The bedclothes were found packed over its little purple face. Laudanum was poured in its milk and a charitable doctor labored hours to save it. The air it breathed was full of the poisonous desire to destroy life.

While it was still an infant the father disappeared. It was rumored that he had shot a man and then killed himself. The mother took another mate. This was a decent man, but he fell a victim to drink. Other children began to come to a home dark with this new misery.

Women who labor for the holy cause of Temperance, pity this woman with her helpless children! Often there was not food or fuel in the wretched cabin. Always there were strife, reproaches, altercations, insane threats to kill.

When the undesired, the hapless one, was about three years old the trouble long menacing the old grandmother had its culmination. Patrick, the son who had been queer at times, went violently insane. After gashing his own throat and—with the strange tenacity of life of the insane recovering, he was promptly committed to the Poughkeepsie Asylum. The record of his commitment lies before me. It was signed by Judge Forsman.

Later on, under the quieting influence of the place he was considered "improved" and released, only again to commit some outrageous act. In such horrible poverty, intemperance and misery the girl grew up—in actions so like her uncle Patrick that the poor grandmother would frequently say in trembling tones: "I am afraid for Mary. I am afraid of her going the same way as Patsy."

For a brief time she attended school. She could read and write a little. Then she went out to service. She was under the age that now restricts child-labor, but her large body made her appear older than she was. Ladies who employed her tell me she was willing, but dull at times with the dullness of a mind that worked with odd lapses. Knowing the unhappy history of her family, her uncle in the asylum, her mother's saintly questioned, her father's attempted crime, they made allowance.

She had been working out as servant for a long time when, at the age of fifteen and a half years, a man proposed to marry her. He was good-natured and he showed her what she had never known before—human affection. He was more than twice her age, but if he died she would have his life insurance of Five Hundred Dollars. And he liked her! And that affection, which might have proved the salvation which by all the immutable laws of the Universe was never to be her portion on this earth, became her doom.

She turned to it—it shone upon her with its new, strange light—and blinded her. And she put her hand in his and with a laugh set forth to meet his doom. The man was Marcus Rogers.

The first place Marcus Rogers took his wife to spend a few days was a house whose occupants are not well spoken of by the good people of the neighborhood. It was here that she was made acquainted with what is specifically known as "immorality." She was not yet sixteen. From this house they went over the State line, and at Shaftsbury, Vt., found abiding place in a tenant cabin on a farm which was managed by Rogers's uncle, Alfred Philpott. In this place they lived one year.

One happy year set face to face with twenty years of toil and loveless misery. The summed-up history of one woman's life.

In the sunshine of affection, with food and drink sufficient, with an interest in the garden she dug, the vegetables she raised, the husband she waited on, even learning to lather and shave his face and to dress a wound upon his back, Mary Rogers was a good woman.

"Kind-hearted, laughing and thoughtless," writes a lady who lived near her. "Very devoted to her husband." At the end of this year Marcus Rogers's health gave out. It was known after his death that Bright's disease would soon have killed him. Their earnings on the farm had gone for his doctor's bills, and they were deeply in debt. They were obliged to go and live with his aunt, Mrs. Rudd.

All through the town of Bennington you find the relations by blood and marriage of Marcus Rogers. One can hardly imagine a jury drawn in Bennington that did not include some one of them. The Philpotts, the "Rudds by the dozen," the Harrises, the Armstrongs, the Warrens, the Kingsleys, the Mosses. And all of these people were kind in their turn to the couple—for a time. Marcus Rogers did not earn a man's wages and the best arrangements they could make were for his wife to do housework for his and her own board. The relatives would not have been human if they had not despised such a couple.

It has been claimed that Marcus Rogers always provided his wife with a good home. I have been unable to find a day of her married life when she was not toiling to keep shelter over his head more than over her own. So necessary was her continual labor that when her baby was still very young she must leave it in a chair alone while she worked. Happily this baby went early to its death.

Left thus for a moment it fell and struck its head. The doctor said it was better dead, it would have been an idiot. So even a child's love was denied the woman. From relative to relative the homeless couple wandered, here treated kindly, there with contempt. Here encouraged, there frowned upon.

It is claimed that the gypsy blood of her father and grandmother made a wanderer of the woman. But it was Marcus Rogers himself who, after a month's hard struggle in the employ of Henry Breese, decided that the amount tendered him in final settlement was too little and that "his relatives wouldn't let him go on working for such wages."

In the January sunshine upon the valleys within the mountain I can see, as in the flicker of a moving picture, the figure of a homeless woman, with toil-hardened hands and with heart deadened by adversity. I see her in the open hoeing potatoes; I see her in the house dressing the wound on his back, day after day I see her tending the man. I see her hungry and cold, dragging herself on foot across the country to her mother's poor home, already filled with misery. I see the man following her and I see ten persons crowded into a little "gatehouse" of a farm.

I see the couple making their way back to Bennington on the earnings of her young sister who has driven some one's cows morning and evening for days to get the money. I see the man going again to his relatives and the woman to work out. I see him forever hanging about the kitchen door and I see her handing out her wages, as her mother did before her to the gypsy-blooded father. I see a heritage of ignorance, of insanity and of crime.

I see a day when, friendless and shelterless, she drifts under the roof where evil unspeakable awaits her. I see men, cruel and conscienceless, impelling an irresponsible creature toward the brink of the abyss. I see her tottering there. The next is darkness.

Strange that the people of Bennington should not have suspected the mental unbalance that so often is veiled by a semblance of cunning. The cunning of the insane mother who coaxes her children to eat the poisoned candy, or sends them out to play with loving kisses, while she prepares herself for death. Strange that they did not recognize this inherited unbalance, heightened by the fact that she was to become a mother.

Strange that they did not remember how she went about proclaiming him "lost," the very next day so that they should ring the fire alarm, whereas a sane criminal would have waited, knowing how much less likelihood there was of discovery of the crime after a few days. Strange that long months after the intelligent people who packed the court room at the trial should not have noted the inconsistencies of the miserable Perham's uncorroborated testimony.

The night was very dark, and yet he saw the twitching of the man's face, from his post behind a tree. Strange that the youth, too weak-minded to be held guilty of killing a man for a sum of money, should be capable of giving testimony on which a human life depended. Strange that the woman's cry of "God knows what story that Perham has told" should be twisted into "My God, Perham has told the whole story!"

Strange that the truth of barbarous parentage, of murderous pre-natal influence, of neglect, of debasing intemperance, of inherited insanity should have been wilfully suppressed.

Strangest of all that the parrot-like accomplishments exhibited by the woman, after two years and a half of kindest instruction in prison, should be taken to indicate an intelligence that never was her portion, and by all laws of nature and of science could never be her portion, though she was taught and tended for half a century!

(Mrs.) William Blickensderfer

Why the Execution of Women Is Uncivilized and Unjust

By HELEN M. BENT, Vice-President of the National Legislative League.

OUR country is about to receive a great shock to its boasted civilization, in that the Commonwealths of Vermont and Pennsylvania are about to besmear their escutcheons with the blood of a woman.

In each case twelve men in the jury box and one man on the bench have convicted a woman, Mary Rogers in Vermont and Kate Edwards in Pennsylvania, of murder in the first degree and have sentenced these unfortunate wretches to be hanged.

If the Constitution and the laws of Vermont and Pennsylvania placed their women exactly on the same legal and political plane as they have placed their men, the meting out to their women the extremity of the law would not provoke the widespread criticism that these two unjust sentences have incurred.

The Constitutions of these two States class women among idiots, the insane and infants in nearly everything which would give them the opportunity of coming in contact with the majesty of the law.

Men sit on the various juries, elect men to office, hold office, make the laws, enforce the laws, act on boards of directors, are the heads of institutions, etc—all of which functions give them the opportunity of coming in direct contact with the machinery of the law.

Such functions, therefore, serve as deterrents to breaking the law, and may properly be considered deterrent influences against the commission of crime.

Women, on the other hand, are prohibited by the laws and the Constitutions of these States from taking any part whatsoever in the various functions in the machinery of government, and are put in the class known as the mentally deficient. By this prohibition and classification, the woman does not get the benefit of the crime-deterring influences as does the man.

One of these condemned women has stated that in all her past life she had not been taught as much as she had since her [illegible] of us dare assert that these two women might not have been useful members of our body politic had their environment been such as to foster a wholesome respect for the machinery of the law?

HELEN M. BENT.

Is it, then, just and equitable to inflict upon woman the extreme penalty of the law, with which she is prohibited from coming in contact excepting as she is dragged into court to be tried and convicted? To a fair and unbiased mind it certainly seems atrocious.

Furthermore, as woman in these two States suffers the disadvantages of being classed with the mentally incompetent, should she not, in common justice, also reap the advantages of such a classification? Do we hang the idiot, the insane, the infant? If men want to hang women, then, for pity's sake, give women the benefit of the crime-deterring influences. Give them the opportunity of broadening their lives by coming in contact with civic duties in the same manner as men are allowed to do this.

The lives of Mary Rogers and Kate Edwards were by circumstances and environment narrowed down to that of worse than the household drudge. They were both cursed with degenerates for husbands. No one except a wife can fully comprehend what another wife has to suffer at the hands of a degenerate husband.

These women were tried and condemned by men. These men saw only the crime and could comprehend nothing of the long days and nights of suffering which led up to the crime.

The time must surely come when a woman shall truly be tried by "a jury of her peers," and not by men. Humanitarianism as well as justice demands this, not only that justice may be done to the accused, but also that the twelve women in the jury box may have the benefit of the deterrent influences of coming in contact with the incomprehensiveness of the law.

To class them with idiots and punish them like men is illogical, anomalous and an act unworthy of intelligent American men of the Twentieth Century. So long as women are restricted by law more than men, so long must they be protected by law more than men.

Woman's anomalous status in the various States of the Union is probably the most conspicuous example of unsound logic in the development of the political history of our country. A judge in Massachusetts only last year handed down a decision that a woman born in this country was not a citizen of this country, because her husband was not born here, and a few months later the Federal Government allows Mrs. Maybrick to enter our port like an American citizen.

Our ancestors revolted against "taxation without representation," and as soon as they were allowed to make their own laws they taxed their women without giving them representation.

Thus the story of bad logic comes down to the present day, and we behold two Commonwealths about to hang two beings who, by the Constitutions of those States, are told they have no more mentality than an idiot or an insane person.

In common justice, give these poor wretches life imprisonment. Do not sully our Twentieth Century civilization by hanging them.

HELEN M. BENT.

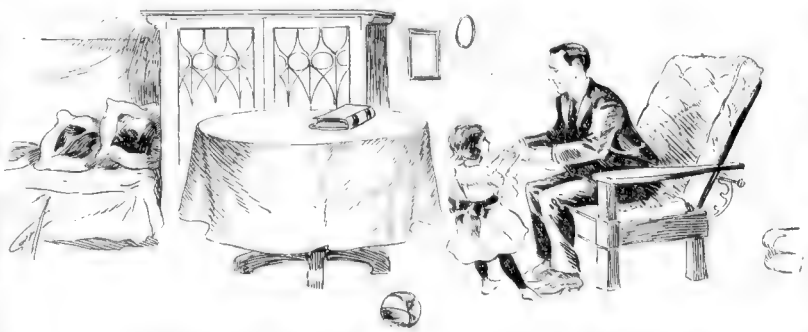
Insanity in the Family of Mrs. Rogers

Name of Mary Rogers's mother....Josephine Callahan
Name of Mary Rogers's father.....Charles Bennett
Name of Mary Rogers's insane uncle...Patrick Dwyer
Name of asylum where Dwyer was committed....
Hudson River State Hospital, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.
Date of Dwyer's first commitment.....April 20, 1886

By Ella Wheeler Wilcox

Kindly Advice to Girls Against Infatuation for Stage Heroes

"The professional life of a stage favorite is no more the profession of the kiss than is the life of any other woman."



Letters asking for such advice as this are received by Mrs. Wilcox daily.

"WHITE" proves a troublesome color in the feminine wardrobe. Read the sad story of a young girl who finds her life ruined through her warm sense of appreciation of the histrionic powers of a popular actor.

To resist with a firm hand the spell of a youthful fascination is a severe test of character, and to argue with a young girl who is madly infatuated with the unattainable is simply dreaming of possible results. Yet a word of common sense is sometimes a word of rescue.

It is well for you, young Miss, to realize that the subject upon your wax-like heart is one of that is mainly on the stage, to realize that the most successful actors are married men with homes and families.

The profession of the actor is not like the profession of law or medicine. Actors rarely, but there are exceptions, have hopes that lead to fame.

When he signs as Romeo or Hamlet, he

[illegible]

Actors receive letters daily [illegible]

[illegible] to advance toward acquaintance [illegible] him if he [illegible] to the highest esteem, and if he [illegible] or [illegible] he must accept the [illegible] she has invited.

[illegible] which [illegible] and [illegible] a cultured, clean home, a loyal, loving wife, and see [illegible] in the manly man. To the deeper mind of fact, without ideals, all these worth-while things [illegible] after a few years on the stage [illegible] destroys his moral nature in self-indulgence.

Whichever type of man an actor is, he is not one to care for and value the romantic regard of the girl who throws [illegible] and good sense to the winds in order to make her [illegible].

Go to the [illegible] creation, my dear young Miss, but take [illegible] an actor, artist, and do not [illegible]

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

By Dorothy Dix

Modern Girls Easier to Win Than Old-Fashioned Ones For Several Interesting Reasons

Copyright 1905 by [illegible]

IS the modern girl more easily won than the old-fashioned one?

Can a man [illegible] New York [illegible] woman of eighteen would be [illegible] have gotten in eighteen months with the old-fashioned girl?

[illegible] modern mother, who has brought up her daughter along the most advanced lines [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

ATTRACTIONS AT LOCAL PLAYHOUSES THIS WEEK

[illegible] "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch."
[illegible] "The Hidden Marriage."
COLONIAL.—Lulu Glaser in "A Madcap Princess."
[illegible]
[illegible]
GRAND OPERA.—Joe Welch in "Cohen's Luck."
HOLLIS.—Ethel Barrymore in "Sunday."
HOWARD.—[illegible]
[illegible]
LYCEUM.—Vaudeville Burlesques.
MAJESTIC.—Waight Lorimer in "The Shepherd King."
[illegible]
PARK.—[illegible]
[illegible] "The Lion."

Ethel Barrymore in "Sunday" and "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" the Principal New Features.

[illegible]

FINE LIST OF ATTRACTIONS FOR BOSTON THEATREGOERS

[illegible] at the local playhouses [illegible] the coming week.

Hollis Street Theatre.

[illegible]

Boston Theatre.

[illegible]

Globe Theatre.

"The Burgomaster."

[illegible]

Keith's Theatre.

[illegible]

Majestic Theatre.

[illegible]

Tremont Theatre.

James K. Hackett begins [illegible]

Colonial Theatre.

[illegible]

Grand Opera House.

This week's attraction at [illegible] comedy drama by Lee Arthur. Joe Welch, the popular impersonator of Hebrew characters, will be seen in the [illegible]

Castle Square Theatre.

At the [illegible] filled "The Ten Strike."

Music Hall.

[illegible]

Park Theatre.

[illegible] he will play to crowded [illegible] afternoon commencing [illegible]

Howard Athenaeum.

[illegible] best company, and the performance is as [illegible] preceding or it is enjoyable.

Bowdoin Square Theatre.

[illegible] "Madcap Princess" [illegible]

The Yiddish Plays.

[illegible] Yiddish company [illegible] performance of the famous Russian Jewish comedy [illegible] this afternoon [illegible] "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch." The [illegible] Yiddish [illegible] historic opera, by Professor Hertz.

Columbia Music Hall.

[illegible] with John H. Wills as the [illegible]

Lyceum Theatre.

[illegible] organization [illegible] week, will [illegible] at the Lyceum [illegible] the company [illegible] the [illegible] evening [illegible] will be [illegible] Lewis [illegible] Lewis.

Palace Theatre.

[illegible] company [illegible] week. Two [illegible] Miss [illegible] Mr. [illegible] Mr. [illegible] Howard, a [illegible]

Austin & Stone's Museum.

[illegible] week [illegible] Nelson [illegible] Miss [illegible] Mr. [illegible] Mr. [illegible] Mr.

SOCIETY

Midwinter Season for Boston Society Proves Interesting—What Is to Happen During Coming Week.

Art Exhibition, Cotillion Club Dance and Dog Show Trio of Interesting Events for Providence Set.

Miss Marian Lawrence

MISS MARIAN LAWRENCE, BISHOP LAWRENCE'S ELDEST DAUGHTER.

DOINGS OF BOSTONIANS TOLD IN PARAGRAPHS

MIDWINTER SEASON GAY ON NORTH SHORE

WORCESTER PEOPLE TO HAVE SMART WEDDING

SPRINGFIELD PLANS FOR ITS CHARITY BALL

MANY LIVELY PARTIES FOR PORTLAND PEOPLE

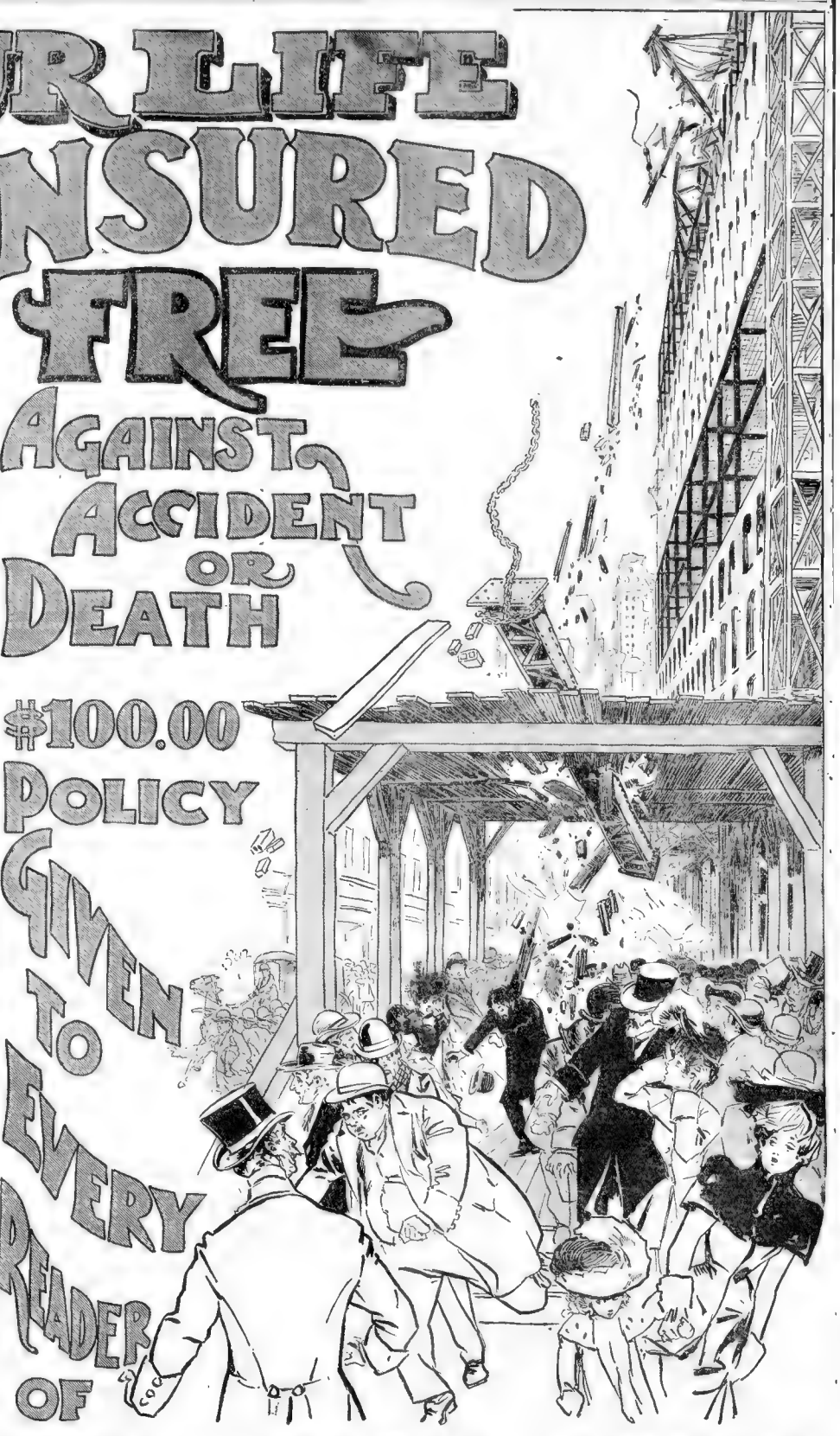
Subscription Dance for Cambridge Social Union

Italy Honored by the Women's Charity Club

Chief Social Events of This Week in Boston

De Fahm-Dana Wedding Smart Cambridge Event

YOUR LIFE $100. INSURED FREE AGAINST ACCIDENT OR DEATH



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How to Get Your Free Insurance Policy.

Only ten cents a year—if you buy this paper every Sunday.

Remember you pay ten cents ONCE to register your name. After that you are insured for an entire year, paying nothing further, providing you buy the Sunday paper every Sunday.

Cut out this Coupon, fill it out carefully in ink, giving your full name AND AGE, and mail with ten cents (or ten cents worth of stamps), FOR REGISTRATION FEE and POSTAGE, to this newspaper addressed:—

FREE INSURANCE POLICY,
HEARST'S SUNDAY NEWSPAPERS,
P. O. BOX 1641, NEW YORK CITY.

THE SUNDAY AMERICAN-JOURNAL-EXAMINER
Insurance Registration Bureau Application.

Be sure you answer all the questions on this line, and don't omit your AGE.

Insured's Signature.

AGE....

Post Office Address of Insured (Street, Number, Town & State)

Beneficiary (Person to Whom Death Benefit Shall Be Paid.)

Post Office Address of Beneficiary.

Relationship of Beneficiary to Insured.

Only One Policy Issued to a Person.
Persons under 16 or over 65 years will not be Insured.

Of course those who HAVE ALREADY SENT in their 10 cents and the registration blank do NOT have to send in any more money nor fill out the registration blank again; the above registration blank is printed again to-day FOR NEW APPLICANTS ONLY.

If you have NOT already sent in your application all you have to do is to mail the above application blank, with 10 cents to this newspaper (send it to the address given above) and we will mail you a special United States Casualty Company Policy for $100.00.

The policy is for one year, and you are not required to send in any more money. But you must save the following FREE COUPON every Sunday, which keeps you insured for the week.

READ this coupon, then cut it out and keep it until next Sunday:

KEEP THIS COUPON AT HOME UNTIL NEXT SUNDAY.

Sunday American—Journal—Examiner

FREE COUPON.

$100.00 Insurance.

Sunday, Jan. 29, 1905.

If you are registered KEEP this coupon and in case of accidental injury this week, mail THIS coupon with statement of the accident and NUMBER OF YOUR POLICY to the United States Casualty Company, 141 Broadway, New York City.

Save this Coupon, which keeps you insured for this week; next Sunday's Coupon for next week. A new Coupon each week. Keep this Coupon until next Sunday.

Conditions of the Policy.

THE UNITED STATES CASUALTY COMPANY OF NEW YORK, provided the Insured shall have in his possession the free insurance coupon taken from one of the Hearst Sunday Newspapers (the New York Sunday American and Journal, or the Boston American, or the Chicago American, or the San Francisco Examiner, or the Los Angeles Examiner, or Das Morgen Journal), bearing date of the Sunday next preceding the day of the accident, WILL PAY

ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS

If the Insured sustains a bodily injury effected exclusively by external and violent and accidental means which shall cause the DEATH of the Insured; and provided such injury occurs:

(1) While [illegible] as a passenger in a railroad car or steamboat or public [illegible]

(2) While [illegible] as a passenger in a passenger elevator, or

(3) While [illegible] as a passenger in a conveyance drawn by one or more [illegible]

(4) Be [illegible] by such a conveyance, or

(5) While [illegible] House or Inn or hotel or theater, and the Insured is [illegible] suffocated by smoke (but not a fireman, police [illegible]

(6) While [illegible] in a private automobile, if not the hired chauffeur

Should such accident NOT cause the death of the Insured, but be the cause of any one of the following disablements, the United States Casualty Company will pay for:

LOSS OF BOTH HANDS (by actual and complete severance at or above the wrists)..... $50.00

LOSS OF BOTH FEET (by actual and complete severance at or above the ankles)..... $50.00

LOSS OF BOTH EYES (by actual and total and permanent loss of sight)..... $50.00

And subject to the usual conditions of insurance policies.

REMEMBER—

No person shall hold more than one policy; and persons under 16 or over 65 years of age shall not be insured.

If you send your ten cents in STAMPS (instead of money) BE CAREFUL not to stick them to the registration blank, just drop them in loose and dry into the letter.

The Divine Powers of Love and Silence

By Maurice Maeterlinck

MAURICE MAETERLINCK

Married to Mystery

The Boston American's Romance of Present Day Life in Boston

Chapter LIII.—Continued

"I TRIED to find the boy's parents but I failed utterly. My wife had visited some gypsies a few years before, one of them [illegible] had been taken ill, and she [illegible] spoken three of her own [illegible] from some of the [illegible] I fancied that he had been [illegible] the gypsies. Her, however, [illegible] and I could not [illegible] We named little Basil, as I [illegible] like a[illegible] child.

Chapter LIII.

The Secrets of the Sealed Rooms.

[illegible] mark on the child's wrist I [illegible] was the indeed of the [illegible] My wife had [illegible] I had time to [illegible] Fleetwood [illegible] the same [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

Poetic Muse Brings Fame to Cambridge

"I with brass toed boots was crowned."

"Left for a young lady whose table happened to be sitting to while eating his lunch"

"O, pickled pigs' feet!"

Mr. McCara's Muse

New Lustre Added to Its Laurels by Hugh A. McCara.

By J. Frank Davis.

In a reflected light Boston is to become really famous at last, for fame has come to Cambridge. The city beyond the Charles, heretofore known to men because [illegible] university, and a Washington elm, and sundry ancient and revered landmarks, has a more modern claim to honor, for out of the town where one Longfellow once constructed rhymes has come a poet.

His name is Hugh A. McCara, and his whole book [illegible] The volume is in many ways unique, and its contents, once read, are sure to be long-lived.

Hugh A. McCara is a young man, as in fact, good [illegible] and looks as a freshman. [illegible] intelligent looking, broad [illegible] unscratched man with [illegible] from his forehead. In fact, [illegible] George Ade has described [illegible] the barber would do [illegible] Yet he does not look a [illegible] Nor would one imagine from [illegible] that [illegible] could [illegible] the gamut of human emotion and [illegible] as to have gathered within [illegible] vast range of subjects and genres [illegible].

There are 124 poems in the volume. Why he should not have closed off one more and made it a round number is not explained in any line. It is not because of a lack of ability. His verses [illegible] and not always, as shown by the title of one of them, as follows: "Verses written extemporaneously on being presented with a flower by a young lady friend, the color being pink, which

"Verses written extemporaneously to a young lady who shared with me a pickle she was eating"

is the emblem of affection." And if he could extemporize thus when the young lady presented him with the pink, why not when the printer informed him that his collection lacked one of being a hundred and a quarter?

But, alas! The ways of genius are strange, and there is no record. When the story of his life and first book is told to wondering children in the far-off years, perhaps it will be known that he really did write the odd verse and that it was crowded out by the exigencies of paper and ink.

No hypocrite is Hugh A. McCara. James Whitcomb Riley may call his poems lines," and Rudyard Kipling label his metrical writings "verses," in a desire to be contradicted by an admiring public. Not so this newer poet. Blazoned across the front cover, in letters of shining gold, is the word "poems." Here is a man who scorns deceit.

In gentle verse he confesses to his readers the source of his power. The title of the lines is "there was born to me a sweetheart," and it is on the twentieth page. These are three of the six stanzas: *There was born to me a sweetheart,*

Ere the dawn of life began;
Ere the sun, the moon, the planets,
Ere the mighty plan.

There was born to me a sweetheart,
Ere the world was made to be;
Ere the sea, the land, the heavens,
Ere eternity.

There was born to me a sweetheart,
Ere the birth of Time;
Ere the universe was fashioned,
Ere the rise of rhyme.

"Without money or employment in the frozen North."

book, handsomely bound in teal brown cloth, with nice gilt letters on the cover, is from the Powell Press, Cambridge. There are 158 pages between its boards, pages teeming with deep thought and happy conception. Its publication marks an era in the history of poetic art. Milton, Shakespeare, Byron & Tennyson never

"The evening spent in Cambridge Park"

Bleak Minnesota I gave me crossed,
Till noon we had to stay,
But North Dakota we were bound
To reach at close of day.

And "When the Dear Land of Evangeline [illegible] bears this caption

The following verses were written while the author was without money or employment in the frozen North," they are as broad geographically as they are in subject.

Childhood on a farm, manhood at his daily toil, contemplation of Nature all are limned in glowing words upon the canvas of the poet's work. Throughout the history as we gain it from his poems runs an undercurrent, sometimes of tragedy, anon of [illegible] again of simple philosophy and [illegible] introspection.

What could be more grimly tragic than this verse from "She Died a Drunkard's Broken Hearted Wife"?

But her cries for mercy weakened,
As with silence her life he threatened,
Till by one she lay a corpse upon the floor;
In his mad and raging fever
There he drank her glass beside her,
As she lay a ghastly sight upon the floor.

And where is the verse with more intrinsic jollity and mirth than this from "It Certainly Did":

Both our wheels were shook up, so we started to walk.
And 'twas off to a bicycle shop we did go;
We were laughing and talking, enjoying our walking,
When it flashed to my mind that her name I must know.

"Both our wheels were shook up." Here is another proof of this new author's versatility. Why should there be limitations of grammar and spelling to genius? The same care free disregard for the conventional that hamper commoner writer appears in many of the 124 poems, as in the third line of this excerpt from "A Fool and His Money Soon Parts":

When a great big-hearted fellow with the boys,
Shares his friendship and expects a little fun,
He don't judge them not at all by their noise,
For he thinks a lasting friendship has begun.

Back into our childhood's days we are carried by some of the poems in Mr. McCara's delightful little book. How we all remember those of us who were boys before the eighties how we treasured our first pair of high boots. Mr. McCara immortalized all by six verses on "My First Pair of Knee Boots," closing with this delicious bit of memory:

Then the door was quickly opened,
And the first thing met my gaze
Was a pair of long legged red tops,
Which my mind did much amaze.

Then upon my feet I pulled them,
Winks and nods were passed around,
So-med just like a coronation,
With brass-toed boots was crowned.

Is it not exquisite? Some poets would have explained how it came about that they were crowned with boots. Not so this new luminary in the Sea of Song. It is this surprisingness that adds to the enjoyment of his work.

Temperance, nature, time and eternity, sentiment and love, adventure, ambition —these are all subjects touched upon by him in the same masterly and original manner. Now be it all serious. Some things of life, that only the poet can appreciate and laud, receive their meed at his hands. There is his ode to "A Doughnut," on page 42. It is worthy of perpetuation in its entirety:

A friend to me you've often been,
Delicious little doughnut,
When first your circling form I seen,
I do confess I knew not.

At ten o'clock, and oft at four,
A welcome treat you were;
Then wetsith their lacquers I far more
Such food as thee prefer.

A look would make the wise presume
You had no end at all;
Your circling form meets to make room
To cheat us with the hole.

Here is the acme of versification! Who but a master would think of rhyming "all" with "hole" or "doughnut" with "know not"? There has been nothing like this since that remarkable ode to his lady love by the young man of Horror City, Oklahoma, when, in describing their meeting, he cried

She was the best I ever see,
At first she from me shrunk,
But then she winked her eye at me,
And I, too, also wunk.

It is a striking tribute to the author's versatility that on the very next page appears, in blank verse, another ode: "O Pickled Pigs Feet" beginning thus:

O pickled pigs' feet,
Rubinsteeve members of the filthy swine,
Dud not the devil enter thee by law drune,
And cause a herd to plunge into the sea,
And let the man tormented in the tombs go free?

It will not surprise Mr. McCara's readers to know that he has visited doctors in his day. He would have done well, it seems, to have made it clear whether the doughnuts at ten and four or the pigs' feet were responsible. However that may be, his experiences were painful, for in a poem that begins, "Sitting in a doctor's [illegible] and grand," he says

To bring us back the health that we so dearly lost;
And we must humbly agree to pay the cost
And thus you are the ball so kept on constant motion
Until the spark of life is quenched by some rank lotion

History, as well as travel and adventure is comprised in a new poet's work. There is a poem 'A Free and Mighty Land," which begins

From the stately heights of Arlington
I look on every side

that makes clear to the reader the grasp the author has upon the historical facts of his country's progress. Is not this admirable arrangement of the date and [illegible] at perhaps some little expense of metre—a most admirable eccentricity of genius?

Thus Boston I have seen from here,
Her fortress and her strength;
And back to when the Pilgrims came (1620)
My mind is turned at length.

Turning the pages of this wonder book of poetic art, the reader may follow the friendships of the writer. Here are "Verses Written to a Lady Friend"; here "I Dreamed She Was With Me Again; written by request" (by whom not stated); here "Verses Written to Miss ——, of Cambridge" (name not given); and an even half dozen "In Memoriams," with the names and dates of death of the deceased, all in the inimitable style and metre of Mr. McCara.

Passing friendships come in for their recognition. There is one, especially, "The Following Lines Were Written Christmas Day by the Author While on Duty as Watchman and Left for a Young Lady Whose Table He Happened to Be Sitting To While Eating His Lunch." Is not this delicacy of treatment? The coarse and vulgar, the barbarian, might have said: "Lines to a Waitress," or something like that, with the resultant possibility of [illegible] jury to the young woman's feelings. Not so Mr. McCara. "A young lady whose table he happened to be sitting to while eating his lunch." There is the touch of true refinement. And the verses that follow are as good as the title.

Another friendship is immortalized in "Verses Written Extemporaneously to a Young Lady Who Shared With Me a Pickle She Was Eating." Would that space might allow the repetition of these and other lines that are worthy, but the columns of a newspaper are after all but transitory happenstance, and such verse as this will live without it.

There are many more in the 124 poems that might—and should—be quoted, for the added happiness of the race. There is "O Josephine Sarah, Come Back, If You Please," and "O Icy Hearted Woman," and "Sweet Summer Is Here," and "True Happiness Alone Shall Dwell Where Virtue's Feet Have Trod," and scores of others.

But space, like the poet's flight, has its limitations, and this review of his work just in its first edition cannot spread world wide, as it should, the record of his place of genius. It is to be firmly hoped that the world will take Hugh A. McCara poet, at the valuation his "Lovely nymph poetic art" has assigned him he merits. This and the hardships and mishaps of other and lesser poets in his mind, anticipates a possible lack of appreciation at first, is indicated in his poem, "The Philosophy of Time," with which this writing may well conclude. It shows a calm willingness to accept his fate, firm in the consciousness of post mortem recognition, that speaks well for his prowess on of soul.

I've been thinking, often thinking,
In my moments while alone,
Would those rhymes I've spun so freely
Help me when I'm dead to grow;
Or are all the people wasting
Till my locks are white as snow?
Are they waiting till I'm buried
Their kind words to bestow?
When I'm dead one year I fancy
They will say: "McCara's gone;
He has written some good verses
And was never justice shown."
Perhaps ten years may glide as smoothly
O, what changes they will bring!
They will say: "Where is he lying?"
As they start my praise to sing.
Perhaps some twenty years may vanish
When some other hard like me
May sit down, unseen, unthought of,
O, he's living yet, you see!
Words of praise to him that sleepeth,
For past troubles can't atone;
Burns, when living, oft went hungry,
But when dead he got a stone.

Here is the serene philosophy of true genius, strong in the conviction of its own eventual triumph. But, ah, the pathos of those closing lines

The Duty of American Women

By Mrs. John A. Logan.

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The women of this country have been foremost in good works. They have led in all movements for the extension of education, morality and religion, for the suppression of vice and the prevention of cruelty to children, extending their efforts to the protection of the beasts of the field. They have carried on crusades against intemperance and have accomplished wonders along all lines for the betterment of mankind and the advancement of civilization. They have battled nobly for their rights, and have gained extension of privileges and protection under the law which was formerly denied them. Much good has come from their heroic work.

Unfortunately many women have taken advantage of these enlarged liberties and benefactions, and instead of endeavoring to maintain woman's exalted position in our country have defied all laws of propriety, trode upon [illegible] and have dared to do things that [illegible] upon society and womanhood.

It is a source of great regret that many women of the best families, women who have had every opportunity that wealth and position could give, have been frequenters of the race track, pool rooms, casinos, restaurants (popular on account of their high balls and cocktails), and often after the opera or theatre have taken young girls whom they pretend to chaperon to public places for midnight suppers with boon vivants who have no scruples about prolonging orgies until the wee small hours if they are graced by attractive women and girls.

These women are on familiar terms with bookmakers and gamblers, and are seen at the races [illegible] with jockeys and men who indulge in betting. The betting room on favorite horses with all the non-habitues of veterans of the turf. They have identified themselves with a class of society that their noble ancestors considered wholly disreputable and unworthy of recognition, and which in their hearts they know to be demoralizing in every sense of the word. They knew in mingling with such associates that they jostle against male and female debauchees, and yet they persist in lending their influence to such dissipations until bankruptcy or a tragedy occurs that brings their careers to a sudden end.

If they were [illegible] or unsophisticated one could forgive them, but they are neither, and must realize the effect upon girls and women of the humbler folks. The press of the whole country is full of accounts of the fall of women who have been patterned after their sisters of the highest society. They have probably done no worse than their models, but they have not the wealth which to veneer their conduct, and are, therefore, held up to public scorn.

The time has come when the people women of the United States should organize to put down vice among women in high life. They should appeal to the better patriotism of that set to stop their participation in and patronage of vice. Urge them to array themselves on the side of morality and religion for the sake of coming generations. [illegible] them to [illegible] demoralizing and unholy things. Beg them to refrain from receiving or associating with men and women of questionable reputation.

Sir Isaac Scott as black [illegible] person as in answer. There is no reason why persons whose lives and characters are doubtful should be received because they are great wealth. Because of [illegible] great geniuses. Their immorality may overshadow their genius. The fact that they may be wonderfully gifted makes their influence all the more dangerous. The good and pure coming in contact with fascinating people are always more or less impressed, and should, therefore, be all the more carefully guarded. The artist who is known to be wanting in character should not be brought into the home circle and feted and admired.

A standard of morality should be established in our country whose laws should be intolerable, and every person should be required to live up to them or suffer the consequences. They should be unrecognized, no matter what their talents or their wealth. Because of [illegible] integrity and [illegible] uprightness of character should be the only passport required for admission to the inner circles of society.

In this day of loose morals money has all too much power in opening the doors of the [illegible] social system of what is known as the best society. Some of the most gifted persons in the United States have spent recognition from the professional leaders of society, [illegible] vulgarity is overwhelmed with artificial

Thus we are drifting away from the way which moral worth should exercise, and unless there is a halt and a change in the influences will sap the very foundation of our social relations. It is useless to preach against vice if we go on recognizing the vicious.

It is folly to condemn crime if we continue our sentimentalism toward criminals. The true women of the nation can do more to bring about reformation than all other forces combined, and it is to be hoped that they will begin their work earnestly with the New Year, and that they can soon enlist all women in the holy cause of trying to better mankind, and thereby fit the mission which God intended women should perform.

MRS. JOHN A. LOGAN.

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How Sickness Starts In The Inside Nerves

Most forms of sickness start with the *inside* nerves. Indigestion, sour stomach, heartburn, dyspepsia—weak kidneys, backache, Bright's Disease—Liver irregularities—Heart irregularities—Bowel irregularities—all of these ailments, and the ailments which they, in turn, bring on, are due directly to derangements of certain nerve centers.

Understand first that we have two entirely separate nerve systems. When we walk, or talk, or act, we call into play a certain set of nerves—nerves which obey our conscious commands. That is why the arm can be raised, or the mouth opened, or the eye shut, at the slightest desire. That is why your fingers can delicately pick up a pin one moment, and hold a heavy hammer the next.

But these are not the nerves we are to consider here.

There is another set of nerves which control and govern and actuate the heart and the stomach, the kidneys and the liver and all of the vital functions. You cannot control these nerves. By no supreme effort of mind can you make your heart stop or start—nor can you even make it vary by a single beat a minute. And so with the stomach and the liver and the kidneys and the bowels—they are automatic—they do their work at a certain set speed whether you are awake or asleep—whether you will it or not.

It is on these *inside* nerves that life and health depends. So long as these nerves perform their proper duties we are well and strong. When they fail, we know it by the inevitable symptoms—stomach, heart, liver, kidney troubles. And these troubles have no other origin, ever, than in these same nerves. For the stomach, the heart, the liver, the kidneys, have no power of their own, no self control. They owe their every impulse to the inside nerves. The nerves are the masters. The organs their slaves.

But the most interesting part about the inside nerves is the bond of sympathy which exists between all centers and branches of this great automatic system.

The center, which, for instance, controls the stomach, is known to science as the "solar plexus." The heart center is called the "cardiac plexus." The kidney center, the "renal plexus." Yet it is well known fact that in prize fights, a solar plexus blow instantly stops *the heart*, although its usual operations concern only the stomach. Why? Because of the bond of sympathy between the various branches. That is the reason the inside nerves are sometimes called the "sympathetic" nerves.

This explains why stomach trouble often develops into heart trouble—why indigestion brings on nervousness—why diseases become complicated. It explains, too, why ordinary medical treatments are wrong—why medicine so frequently fails.

For ordinary remedies are designed to treat the organ, not the nerve. When I first studied medicine, the whole foundation of what I was taught was—

For nervousness, give bromides.

For weak kidneys, give diuretics.

For a weak stomach, give pepsin and [illegible]

For a weak heart, give stimulants.

To deaden pain, give a narcotic.

And so on.

Don't you, who do not know medicine at all, see that this is wrong? That it is mere patchwork? That while the suffering organ is enjoying its temporary relief, the nerve that is really sick may be getting worse and worse? Does this not explain to you why relapse so frequently follows a supposed cure? Does this not account for the uncertainties of medicine?

More than thirty years ago this thought came to me:

"If life and health depend upon perfect heart action, upon proper stomach digestion, upon perfect kidney filtering, why does not life itself depend upon these life governing power nerves—these inside nerves

My Free Dollar Offer

Any sick one who has not tried my remedy may have a Full Dollar's Worth Free. I ask no deposit, no reference, no security. There is nothing to pay, either now or later. I will send you an order on your druggist which he will accept in full payment for a regular, standard size Dollar bottle. And he will send the bill to me. C. I. Shoop, M. D.

I realized, too, that all ailments which result from one cause may, of course, be cured by one remedy. I resolved not to doctor the organs but to treat the one nerve system which operates them all.

For those who treat only the symptoms need a different remedy for each. Such treatments are only palliative; the results do not last. And so you can never doctor disease of the stomach, heart, liver or kidneys, until the inside nerve power is restored. When that is done, Nature removes the symptoms. There is no need of doctoring them.

My remedy—now known by Druggists everywhere, as Dr. Shoop's Restorative—is the result of a quarter century of endeavor along this very line. It does not dose the organ or deaden the pain—but it does go at once to the nerve—the inside nerve—the power nerve—and builds it up and strengthens it and makes it well.

There is no mystery—no miracle. I can explain my treatment to you as easily as I can tell you why cold freezes water and why heat melts ice. Nor do I claim a discovery. For every detail of my treatment is based on truths so fundamental that none can deny them. And every ingredient of my medicines is old as the hills it grows on. I simply applied the truths and combined the ingredients into a remedy that is practically certain.

But my years of patient experiment will avail you nothing if you do not accept my offer. For the kind reasons and even belief will not cure. Only the remedy can do that.

In eighty thousand communities—in more than a million homes—Dr. Shoop's Restorative is known. There are those all around you—your friends and neighbors, perhaps—whose suffering it has relieved. There is not a physician anywhere who dares tell you I am wrong in the new medical principles on which I apply. Your own common sense will tell you to treat not the ailing organ, but the nerve that controls it. And for six sole years my remedy has stood the severest test a medicine was ever put to—I have said "if it fails it costs you nothing"—and I have never failed where there was a possible chance for it to succeed.

But this mountain of evidence is of no avail to those who shut their eyes and doze away in doubt. For doubt is harder to overcome than disease. I cannot cure those who lack the faith to try.

So now I have made this offer. I disregard the evidence. I lay aside the fact that mine is the largest medical practice in the world, and come to you as a stranger. I ask you to believe not one word that I say till you have proven it for yourself. I offer to give you outright a full dollar's worth of Dr. Shoop's Restorative. No one else has ever tried so hard to remove every possible excuse for doubt. It is the utmost my unbounded confidence can suggest. It is open and frank and fair—it is the supreme test of my limitless belief.

I have made my offer that stranger to my remedy may know. It is not intended for or open to those who have used my remedy. They need no further evidence. But to those who have not heard, or hearing, may have received or doubted, I say "simply write and ask." I will send you an order on your druggist which he will accept as gladly as he would accept a dollar. He will hand you from his shelves a standard sized bottle of my prescription, and he will send the bill to me.

Will you accept this opportunity to learn at my expense and decide how to be rid forever of all forms of illness which are caused by inside nerve weakness—to be rid not only of the trouble, but of the very cause which produced it? Write today.

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Book 2 on the Heart
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THINK MAN ARRESTED IS HOCH.

Suspect Captured in Philadelphia Answers Description of H. H. Holmes's Partner.

SAID TO HAVE MARRIED 19 AND KILLED 6 WIVES

News From Philadelphia Climax of Day of Startling Developments.

SEARCH IN BOSTON FOR THE ALLEGED BLUEBEARD

Desertions and Stealing of Money Declared to Be Part of Incredible Career.

By Boston American Leased Wire.

Chicago, Jan. 28. [illegible] Philadelphia have arrested [illegible] believed to be [illegible] close [illegible] the alleged [illegible] murderer. [illegible] police have been [illegible] for [illegible] murder [illegible] by wire to Philadelphia [illegible] found to [illegible] The arrest [illegible] climax of a day of [illegible] and at [illegible]

In the early part of the day [illegible] maintained that [illegible] was still in [illegible] and it was [illegible] for Shipp [illegible]

An hour after hour passed [illegible] from Shipp the [illegible] became visible [illegible] assistant [illegible] left [illegible] a dozen [illegible] ordered a third [illegible] supplies of [illegible] of Holmes's victims, raising the total to twenty-two.

DETECTIVES ON THE LOOKOUT FOR HOCH IN BOSTON

The clearest [illegible] Chief Watts [illegible] detail [illegible] Yesterday and [illegible] attention to incoming trains and all outgoing trains, for distant Hoch, the alleged Chicago bluebeard who is suspected of poisoning at least one of his numerous wives. [illegible]

Accordingly [illegible] eyes of the police [illegible] the [illegible] north and [illegible] assumed [illegible] for Hoch [illegible] from [illegible] a big [illegible] after [illegible]

A sharp [illegible] watched [illegible] nobody was found who [illegible] Hoch answering [illegible] description with which the [illegible] have been working [illegible] Identification [illegible] Austria, and [illegible] rather [illegible]

Said to Be 'Edward Hatch'

One of the [illegible] case is the assertion of the Chicago police that Hoch is no other than the Edward Hatch, whom H. H. Holmes, the notorious murderer, declared was [illegible] in the perpetration of the [illegible] tied the country in 1894.

The arrest of Hoch [illegible] by the Boston police [illegible] an eagerness to help [illegible] the capture of the man believed to have been the pupil of Holmes. That Hoch was the janitor of the "Holmes Castle" in Chicago, where Holmes carried [illegible] sale kidneys in the dead [illegible] man McKinney was known [illegible] and who has [illegible] Hoch [illegible] married [illegible]

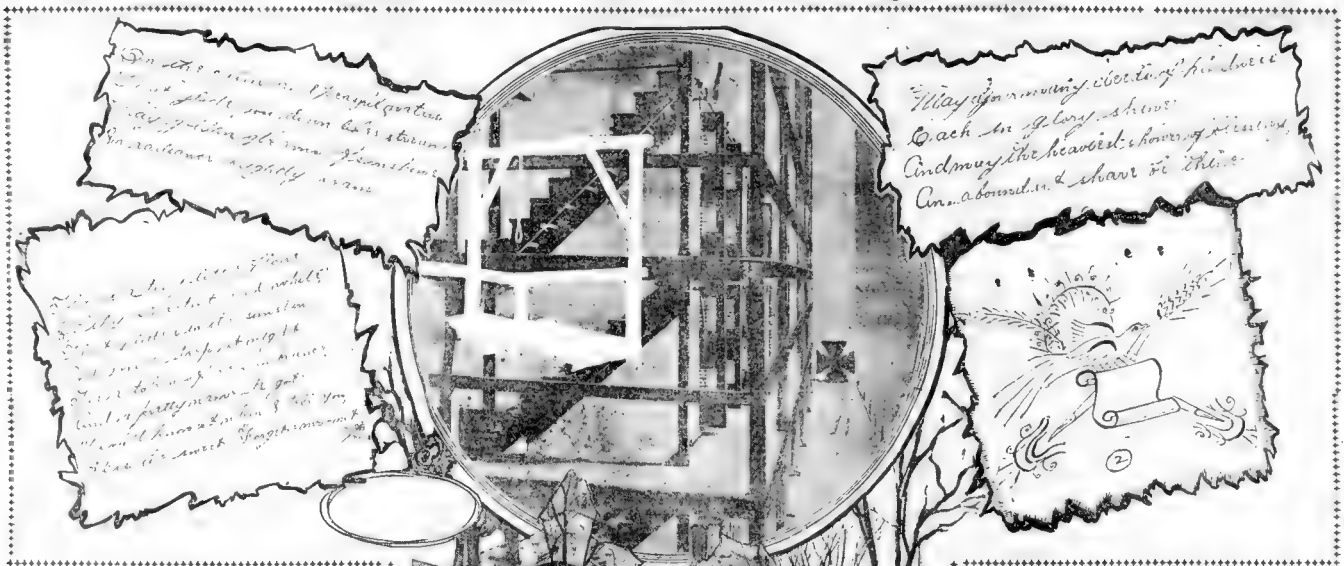
Hoch has had [illegible] years [illegible] the [illegible] Boston [illegible] he has [illegible] with the [illegible] dealers who [illegible] declare he [illegible]

Hoch of Ingratiating Manner.

The man for whom the police [illegible] cities are on the lookout possesses a [illegible] ingratiating manner. He [illegible] him a favorite with both [illegible] ages. He [illegible] age, he [illegible] manner of the world [illegible] self with [illegible] of [illegible] was not without [illegible] when [illegible] young [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

The wonderful [illegible] with which [illegible] attempt [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] ing [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

LOVELL TO HANG MRS. ROGERS WITHOUT QUALM, HE DECLARES



In the central picture is shown the cell tier where Mary Rogers is confined, the cross marking her cell. At the sides are facsimiles of her penmanship, and below is the State Prison.

Taking Place of Sheriff Peck, Who is Ill, He Will End Life of Doomed Woman.

Continued from Preceding Page.

rope must be oiled at one end so that [illegible] and [illegible] can be [illegible] will stand a test.

Has Bought New Rope.

"I [illegible] bought a new half-inch Manilla rope, 22 feet long which will be used at next Friday's execution. This kindly heart

MRS. ROGERS'S CRIME MOST ATROCIOUS

In all the annals of New England there is no record of more cruel and cold-blooded than the killing of Mary E. Rogers for which Mrs. A. [illegible] is doomed to be hanged next [illegible].

In all the [illegible] of crime [illegible] been [illegible] with [illegible] was committed.

But slew her [illegible] and [illegible] premeditation [illegible]

[illegible] Lovell [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

RAILROADS DEFY INTERSTATE BOARD.

Case Against the Armour Car Company to Be Re-opened by the Commission—Company Refused to Obey Mandate

COPY OF AGREEMENT NOW IN EVIDENCE

Pere Marquette Railroad Is Said to Be Responsible, and Is Now Within Reach of the Commissioners' Jurisdiction

Washington Jan 28 The case against the Armour Car Company and the Pere Marquette railroad to be reopened by the Interstate Commerce Commission. **This is a most important development, which follows fast and hard on the startling news from the Interstate Commerce Commission yesterday when S. M. Ferguson, a witness, quietly put in as an exhibit an exact copy of agreements entered into between high officials of the Armour Company and the Pere Marquette road.**

The statement is made at the Senate today that although the Interstate Commerce Commission decided this case against the private car line and the Pere Marquette railroad and denounced the private car charges as excessive, ordering both lines to desist, the companies have not desisted.

One of the agents of the Pere Marquette line is in Washington, and from him the statement comes that the Interstate Commerce Commission's attention has been called to the dereliction of the companies. So far as can be learned there has been no satisfactory reply to the committee from the Armours or the car line and men who are pushing the case asserted at the Senate today that the commission will at once reopen the case

There has been some question as to whether the law applies to the private car line, but **the contract has been now exposed whereby practically the Pere Marquette railroad is responsible and in that way the jurisdiction of the Interstate Commerce Commission and its laws is complete.**

The case will be one of great importance for this reason. It has been repeatedly stated by such Senators as Dolliver that the Interstate Commerce Commission does not avail itself of all its legal remedies. Here is a case in which the Interstate Commerce Commission found not only excessive but extortionate rates charged by the private lines. The Interstate Commerce Commission said as to the railroad a prior case due to its decision and the railroad stood upon their fingers at the commission.

It appears now that given by F. M. Ferguson and the Pere Marquette [illegible] continued before the commission on interstate commerce and the question will be asked the members of the committee who have been attacking the commission to point out the law whereby the commission can force the Armours and the Pere Marquette to obey the mandates of the commission.

TEXAS CATTLEMEN ADD THEIR PLAINT OF DISCRIMINATION

Washington, D. C. Jan 28. Contending facts that discriminations as against shippers in different localities are still in vogue with the railroads of the southwest were given to the Senate Interstate Commerce committee today by S. H. Cowan representing the Texas Cattle Raisers Association and Murdo Mackenzie, a large cattle raiser.

"The paid a rate of 70½ cents per hundred for hay, partly from Texas to Kansas City," said Mr. McKenzie, "and got in Colorado for the same distance [illegible] cents per hundred.

"The cost of hauling a car from Texas is no greater than that [illegible]

"The excellence of the service of the Southwestern Traffic Association and soon ended [illegible] discrimination generally. The railroad men told us they would look into the matter and would be glad to find out that the rate from Colorado had been raised to 20 cents."

S. H. Cowan, attorney for the cattlemen, gave the committee a report showing that the railroad situation of the Southwest particularly and of the country generally. "Rates have been advanced an average of 8½ cents a 100 pounds in four years. Attorney Cowan said. "The railroads assert that the cost of operation has increased 31 per cent, they [illegible] up rates very justly by a proportion that it costs more to handle the traffic."

PRESTON SHOWS COMMERCE DECLINE AT PORT OF BOSTON

Washington, Jan. 28.—At the afternoon session Edgar H. Peyton, secretary of the Boston chamber of commerce, testified as to the decline of Boston's foreign trade and replied to the Boston chamber of commerce.

Mr. Preston said the Boston Chamber of Commerce was responsible for the existing rate and that many of their members were terminal in Boston. The witness referred to showed that the shipments of Boston had declined from 5 to 10 per cent of shipments to Baltimore from the same points, and from Boston to Philadelphia per cent, while Baltimore's increase was 1 per cent, and Philadelphia from 5 7-10 to 10 2-10 per cent.

Mr. Preston stated that he had received from a number of large grain shippers in the West a statement that all of them had contributed the information that they would not ship through Boston because the haul by rail route regardless of the low rate to get shipped to Boston. He stated that the sailings from Boston to Europe had declined from 396 sailings in 1850 to 178 in 1904.

As to provisions, Mr. Preston said, because of climatic conditions and faster service the shipments to Boston had not fallen off as much as other products. Regarding the cost of operating steamers to Boston as compared with Philadelphia and Baltimore Mr. Preston said that while the cost of getting the steamers to the latter ports was higher, their saving of stevedoring and dock expenses was much greater than the additional cost, due to cost of labor.

Before the hearing adjourned, and to permit counsel for New York to leave, the Commission announced that argument would be heard on March 14.

TINY GIRL FLEES FROM CZAR'S RULE TO LIBERTY

Lydi Amankoski, alone, comes from Finland with refugees, and is now awaiting word from aunt

All Alone Pretty 10-Year-Old Lydi Amankoski Comes Over Ocean En Route to Wisconsin.

From far away Finland, to the people live in turmoil because of the [illegible] of the czar, came to the United States a tiny 10-year-old girl, who is now under the protection of [illegible] and stripes.

The tiny immigrant is one of a great number of Finnish refugees who [illegible] here on the Finnish steerage [illegible] ordered very quiet by the officers [illegible] communicated with at Ellis Island [illegible] destination.

Lydia Amankoski is of Wasa, Finland. She cannot talk a word of English, and but she is as bright as any little American girl of her age, and she sings blithely and sweetly the pretty folk songs of her native land.

Favorite On the Ship.

On the way over Lydi was a great favorite and made many friends with the [illegible] Not afraid.

[illegible] through an interpreter to a BOSTON AMERICAN reporter. "I shall soon be [illegible] I shall soon leave on a train and see my aunt."

On her coat was attached a tag, bearing

BAILEY DISCOUNTS DARWIN THEORY

In his lecture in the Colonial Theatre on evolution yesterday Professor L. H. Bailey of the College of Agriculture, Cornell University, said, in regard to the [illegible] theory of human origin

"Perhaps man and the monkey came off the same stem and may be represented by the two branches of Y, but I prefer to think that the human branch is a little longer than the monkey branch.

He said that every naturalist is an evolutionist.

"Evolution is to emancipate religion," he said, "for even theology must be scientific and cannot afford to seem to fear the truth."

BENJAMIN C. DEAN AT REST IN MT. AUBURN

Benjamin C. Dean, banker and former Representative in the Legislature from Brookline, was buried yesterday from St. Paul's Episcopal Church, Brookline. The body was placed in a vault in Mt. Auburn cemetery. The services were attended by many members of the Legislature and [illegible] business men and bankers.

WANTS "L" TO RUN INTO DORCHESTER

Joseph F. O'Connell, of Dorchester, urged the aqueduct commission, appointed to consider the advisability of extending the elevated railroad structure into [illegible] The suggestion was taken [illegible]

The [illegible] yesterday on grade crossing elimination [illegible] Dorchester, for the [illegible] and Neponset [illegible] Mayor [illegible] Mattapan [illegible] Mayor [illegible] Mattapan [illegible] Mayor [illegible] Mattapan

POLICE SEEK ALLEGED WIFE SLAYER ON BOSTON DOCKS

BELIEVE JOHANN HOCH IS HERE FOR ESCAPE.

Continued from Page 29.

...the Hoch ...ed of being ...and a ...

...married five women in Chicago ...1901 and 1903 under different names. He bewailed them all in differ... parts of the city. ...ter the wedding ...ney was missed. ...Hoch made a plausible ...pology and produced a physician's ...ificate and the bereaved husband ...

...will see the same ones that were employed ...e Holmes to examine arrest.

Deaths Were Mysterious.

...cumstances, the physicians were satisfied ...hat death was due to natural causes, ...ither of some of the women were sure that ...y knew the circumstances ...long ...relatives ...ed to ...

...It is said that Hoch is an expert chemist. ...ese powders have been examined by ...hysicians, and the analysis revealed ...hat of causing the one sure to stick, down ...

Took $750 From Wife.

...ness, Ill., was mar... ...Hoch in the summer of 1903. Mrs. ... ...ter for marriage with Hoch ... Aurora, Ill., was deserted by him ... ...ast $750 that she intrusted to him after ...ey had been married. He gave the name ... ...Hoch. ...

...ter obtained a ... ...ervice and returned to Chicago, where she ... now ...

...ed in 1903 married Miss Martha Herr... ...f Chicago, and within three months ... ...illegally lived with Mrs. Hoch. ...

...Mrs. Martha Herefeld Hoch lived with ... ...ome at 2000 Hartwell avenue, Chicago, ...ad died. She has remained silent, though, ...ut one of her letters to Hoch, which ... ...in Mrs. Herefeld's possession, she ... ...Never send a penny to the police ... ...ey will get it themselves. Destroy ... ...Herefeld.

...Mrs. Herefeld ... ...Miss Burchmore were duped by this ... ...ed Mrs. Sweet, whom she had ... ...Hoch as Mr. Hoch as that ... ...wedding. Mrs. Sweet baked the wedding ... ...Miss Herefeld was married to the ...

Sent Woman's ...

...about red that she had $1,800 in ... ...something. Mrs. Sumner con... ...pated, and the telling her that the con... ...was about to fail and need her to with... ...draw. She did and on the same day her ... ...ank in his name, and ... ...a safe, he said that he would ...

...He had other business to attend to ... ...that afternoon, he said, and told them to ... ...what time he would ... ...steps from four o'clock till late at night ...

Meet Through Matrimonial Agency.

...I think Mrs. Herefeld's ... ...Hoch, or whatever his name ... ...matrimonial agency. ... ...Hoch, of Chicago, ...ow months after the death ... ...Sweet, whom he ... ...house by the Pier. ... ...of St. Paul's Church ...

To Exhume Body in St. Louis.

...being ... ...exhumed in St. Louis to-day ... ...Mrs. Meta Becker, who married Hoch under the name ... ...of Schulz and who died under mysterious ...

...Pursuant to a ... ...of No. 2,951 ... ...Broadway, St. Louis, a deputy ... ...Miss Becker before Hoch ... ...ied. ... ...Hoch's ... ...pictures on the ... ...ing Hoch's ... ...Becker ... ...Hoch ... ...Hoch ... ...Hoch

FAMILY OF CHARLES L. TUCKER TRYING TO FACE THE FUTURE BRAVELY

CONFIDENT BOY WILL GET A NEW TRIAL.

Continued from Page 29.

Pictures of the Girl Wife

"Like a Dreadful Dream."

Accounted for Money.

One Suggestion.

Protested His Innocence.

Photographed by Boston American Staff Photographer

Mother of Charles L. Tucker, convicted of the murder of Mabel Page, and view of his room, in the Auburndale home, which she had in readiness for him, expecting that he would be acquitted by the jury.

MISS RUTH BAILEY BREAKS RECORD IN BASKETBALL.

SMOOT'S FATE NOW IN HANDS OF COMMITTEE.

200 LIVES IN PERIL FROM INCENDIARY

TUCKER, IN JAIL, IN HOPEFUL MOOD

To Allow All Time Needed.

Tucker Gets Many Letters.

Who Owned the Pin.

MABEL WALKER HAS AGAIN DISAPPEARED

Testimony Disregarded?

WHAT EVIDENCE CONVICTED TUCKER

By Clement L. Pollock.

Feeling of Public.

Was There No Doubt?

Where Tucker Was.

WOMAN SHEDS LIGHT ON STEVENSON MYSTERY.

Miss Heath, of Manchester, N. H., Engaged to Salesman Who Died in Providence, Leaving Unclaimed Estate of $10,000

BISHOP TALBOT TO MAKE STATEMENT TO EXPLAIN.

Visit to New York, Friends Say, for Purpose of Making Clear Attitude of Dr. Irving, His Opponent, in Church.

By Boston American Leased Wire.

DO YOU GET UP WITH A LAME BACK?

Have You Rheumatism, Kidney, Liver or Bladder Trouble?

To Prove What Swamp-Root, the Great Kidney, Liver and Bladder Remedy, will do for YOU, all our Readers May Have a Sample Bottle Sent Free by Mail.

Pain in the back is nature's warning of kidney trouble, loss of flesh, sallow complexion, sick headache, dizziness, nervousness, irregular heart-beating, rheumatism, bloat-Root, and the address, Binghamton, N. Y., on every bottle.

DODGE MYSTERY DRAWS NOTED MEN IN NET.

Former Supreme Court Justice and Two Famous Lawyers Are Arrested—Detective and a Principal Are Indicted.

STARTLING MOVE IN THE DIVORCE TANGLE.

Still More Sensational and Far-reaching Developments Are Predicted in the Near Future. More Arrests Are Expected.

By Boston American Leased Wire.

[illegible]

Dodge Already Indicted.

[illegible]

Amendment Was Annulled.

[illegible]

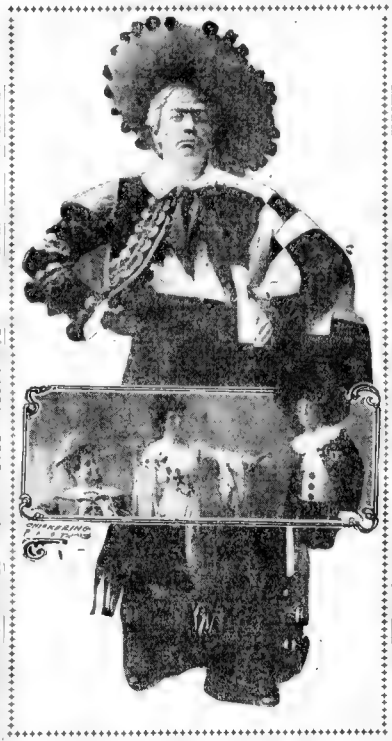
Morse Not Indicted.

[illegible]

Said Morse Paid Lawyers.

[illegible]

BANK OFFICERS TO SHINE AS STARS IN "THE FILIBUSTER"



A scene from "The Filibuster," to be given by Bank officers, with Frank W. Lawler as a professional revolutionist.

Extravaganza to Be Given Next Month Pronounced Better Than Any Preceding.

The members of the Bank Officers' Association are looking forward to the great success that they have every reason to expect at their entertainment to be given at the Lenox Theatre on the evening of February 16. The play, which was written by John D. Wilson, and the music by Wm. J. Lange, composer of the Ben Hur Opera, and the Passion Play of Paris. The play is a comedy and is said to be brimful with humor, and the committee has selected a full company with a professional director to stage the production. The cast is as follows:

[illegible]

BANK PRESIDENT IS ARRESTED ON THE WAY TO BOSTON.

William H. Hunt of Chicago Pan-American Concern Is Charged With Embezzlement and Is Held in $5,000 Bail.

On his way to Boston, where he hoped to obtain loans enough to tide over the difficulties of his banking concern, Will[illegible]

[illegible]

COCKRELL'S SLAYER GETS LIFE SENTENCE

Lexington, Ky., Jan. 28.—In the trial of William Britton, for the murder of James Cockrell, in Breathitt county [illegible] day returned a verdict [illegible] punishment at life imprisonment.

SURGEON SHOT BY AMERICAN TROOPS

Manila, Jan. 28.—Mr. O'Neil, widow of Dr. J. O'Neil, the surgeon reported killed by Insurgents at Sta. Ana, near Manila, on [illegible] who was in the office together with her husband, received a letter from [illegible] to the effect that while the surgeon was [illegible] he was accidentally shot by one of his own men.

SURE HER HUSBAND HAS MET WITH FOUL PLAY.

Wife of Henry Bodreau, of Lynn, Who Is Missing, Says He Certainly Would Have Written Her if He Were Alive.

Lynn, Jan. 28.—If no [illegible] alive I know he would write to me. He has [illegible]

[illegible] Mrs. Henry Bodreau, of No. [illegible] Boulevard street, this city, who has not seen her husband since Friday, January 20, made this statement to a reporter for the Boston Sunday American.

[illegible] her husband to return, the distracted woman who has been left penniless is [illegible] Lynn [illegible] Bodreau [illegible] Lynn [illegible] Bodreau [illegible] Lynn [illegible] Bodreau

ROOSEVELT CONGRATULATES FATHER OF 12 AS THE "NO RACE SUICIDE" CHAMPION

Pierre Michaud and Family of Salem. Rear row, left to right—Laura, aged 16, Pierre, Jr. 23, Emil 22, Arthur 21, Alcide 17, Emma 19. Second row (centre)—Joseph 14. Front row—Aime 10, Albert 2, Pierre, Sr., 46, Delia 9, Mrs. Pierre 45 Baby Romeo 2, Eva 12.

PRESIDENT SENT A NOTE AND PICTURE TO SALEM MAN.

Pierre Michaud Had Presented Photograph of Himself, Wife and Children—Mr. Roosevelt Shows His Appreciation

Salem, Jan. 28.—Pierre Michaud of Peabody is in receipt of a letter from President Roosevelt congratulating him on his success in bringing up a large family.

John D. Hall, [illegible] Senate, at the present on a visit to Washington. Before he left Salem he met Mr. Michaud who presented to him a large photograph of his wife and twelve children. Mr. Michaud stated that he would present the picture to President Roosevelt while Mr. Michaud was in Washington. Before he did, and while in Salem, he had a picture of the President made and in addition to the photograph he had received by Mr. Michaud before leaving Washington.

Mr. Michaud is the father of seven boys and five girls, and is employed at the Peabody leather factory. He is a native of Canada, and has lived in Peabody for many years. He is a member of the Roman Catholic church, which will be represented in the near future by a new edifice in Peabody.

SILKEN BANNER FOR BATTLESHIP MAINE.

Portland, Me., Jan. 28.—The last stitch in a silken banner to be presented to the battleship Maine by the Portland Council, Daughters of the American Revolution, arrived at Augusta [illegible] early today.

The presentation exercises on the battleship included a welcome to the crew extended by Mayor James P. Baxter, origin of the gift related by Mrs. W. P. Vreeland of Biddeford, the passing of the banner to the D. A. R. by Mrs. F. W. Neck of Portland, chairman of the committee delegated for the preparation of the banner and arrangement for the event, the presentation to the ship by Mrs. A. A. Kendall of Portland, and acceptance by Captain Hutchins.

SCHOONERS FROZEN IN BAY OF ISLANDS

Gloucester, Jan. 28.—Fleetly [illegible] in the ice at Bay of Islands, N. F., the schooners Annie Pinker, of Boston, Hattie M. Graham and Jessie H. Goss, of this port, where they will be obliged to remain until Spring. Aboard these craft are some thirty men who will be obliged to brave the rigors of the remainder of the Newfoundland Winter.

The vessels and their cargoes are valued at about $80,000, and the freezing up means a serious loss to the owners, who have to pay the wages of the crews and salaries to the extent of at least $50 per day to each vessel.

No long as the schooners are well stocked with provisions there is but little danger for the icebound men.

$65,000 FIRE IN CITY OF MONTREAL

Montreal, Jan. 28.—The fire which started in the premises of the Singer Sewing Machine Company and spread to those of Kilgour, Rimer & Co., Limited, and Messrs. Mathewson & Co., Limited, has been extinguished. The loss is $65,000.

PRIESTS QUIT NICARAGUA.

Managua, Jan. 28.—The government has decreed that the Jesuit priests and sisters of charity of Nicaragua must leave the country within [illegible] days. The decree has caused much excitement throughout the republic.

FRANK CROKER LEFT $400,000

New York, Jan. 28.—According to [illegible] by the President of the Irish-American Trust Company, of which Frank Croker, brother of Richard Croker, was killed in an automobile accident in Florida, left an estate of upwards of $400,000.

DEATH IN YUKON BLIZZARD.

Whitehorse, Man., Jan. 28.—A terrible blizzard in the Yukon has swept the country around Dawson City. In [illegible] the snow is piled in drifts twenty feet high. Mines and prospects are snowed under, [illegible] and all travel has been stopped.

SHOPLIFTER FINED; TWO ARRESTS MADE

Two alleged shoplifters were taken [illegible] Court yesterday morning. [illegible] charged with stealing [illegible] from the store of Jordan, Marsh & Co., was fined $5 by Judge Sullivan in the Municipal Court. Mary [illegible], who was charged with [illegible] from a department store, was also fined $5 by Judge Sullivan.

VATICAN AND KING TO BE RECONCILED

Rome, Jan. 28.—A complete reconciliation between the Vatican and the Italian royal family is soon to be an accomplished fact. The way has been paved by the recent visit of the Duke and Duchess of Genoa to Pope Pius X., when a Prince of the House of Savoy entered the Apostolic Palace for the first time since the fall of the temporal power of the Popes.

The reconciliation of Catholic families between the Vatican and the Italian royal family is soon to be an accomplished fact. The way has been paved by the recent visit of the Duke and Duchess of Genoa to Pope Pius X., when a Prince of the House of Savoy entered the Apostolic Palace for the first time since the fall of the temporal power of the Popes.

CHADWICK BANKER, INDICTED, MAY DIE

Cleveland, Jan. 28.—The eighth [illegible] Chadwick case [illegible] with the Interstate Bank, who was indicted by the county grand jury [illegible] was found dead in bed at his home [illegible] Death was due to heart failure.

This is the fifth [illegible] indictments. The [illegible] Chadwick case [illegible] Interstate Bank [illegible] Cleveland [illegible] Chadwick [illegible] Chadwick [illegible] Chadwick

...HAM IN ...IGHT TO ...COVER.

Market Prices Forced by Bulls, Who Discount Fears of Further Dis-...brance From Russia.

...L HIGHER PRICES ARE NOW PREDICTED

The Bank Statement, New Corporations, and Easy Money Market Aids In, ...fessions Is Bu...

THERE IS NOTHING TO BUY BUT STOCKS.

New York, Jan. 28—Admitting that stocks are high, what is the public going to do...

...operate ...for less cash than it would require for int... and ...

...

...

KEITH'S

WEEK OF JAN. 30, 1905:
Doors Open at 1 P. M. Performance Continuous Until 10:30 P. M.

GREATEST VAUDEVILLE SHOW OF THE WINTER

First Time in More Than a Year of the World's Most Sensational Vaudeville Act, the

TOOZOONIN

ARAB ACROBATS

Whirlwind Tumblers, Human Pyramid Builders and Posturers.

Engagement Positively Limited to a Single Week.

The Spook Minstrels

Unquestionably the Season's Big Novelty and the Greatest Hit in Years.
Do Not Miss It. For One Week Only.

Geo. Wood — First Time in Two Years.

R. J. Jose — Positively Last Week.

MR. AND MRS. Edward Esmonde — First Time in Five Years.

TOM SIREN Brown and Nevarro — First Time in Two Years.

Hathaway and Walton — First Time This Season

Al Fields — First Time in a Year.

Chris Greene — First Time Here.

Siberian Hounds — First Time Here

Brothers Scott — First Time Here.

Shungopavi — First Time Here.

Barrett and Belle — First Time Here.

Reed and Shaw — First Time This Season.

The Biograph — Cannot Be Seen Elsewhere.

Prices 25c 35c 50c

Majestic Theatre

Evenings at 7:45.
Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2.
Seats Selling Two Weeks in Advance.

Souvenir Silver Loving Cups Will Be Given to Each Lady Present Tomorrow Night In Celebration of the 75th Performance In Boston.

Odd Fellows' Night Wednesday Evening Feb. 1

9th Week of Wright Lorimer And His Own Company in The Shepherd King

Two "Pop" Concerts Today at 2:30 Tonight at

Ireland's Own

Box Office Open from 10 A

ALL STAR VAUDEVILLE MUSIC HALL

TWICE DAILY 2 & 8 P. M.
EVERY SEAT RESERVED. Tel. O
MATINEES, 25c. and 50c. EVENINGS, 25c. 35c

TWO.

RUSSIA

FIRST APPEARANCE IN FOUR

STUA — "THE MALE P — Direct from Triumphant Tours of Exhibiting $10,000 Worth of In

IN 3 DAY BATTLE

DEAD

Barney Fagan & Henrietta Byron — Famous Minstrel Dane Versatile Protean

E OF WAR AT HEIGHT

The Incor Steel

For Amusement News &

BO

LAWRENCE, McCAF

AN AMERICAN PHOTOGRAPHER AT THE CUNARD WHARF, EAST BOSTON.

HIGH RIVED ON THE IVERNIA, WHO HAVE FLED FROM THE CZAR'S TYRANNY

GLOBE

EVENINGS 25-50-75-1.00
BARGAIN MAT. WED. . . . 25-50
POP. MAT. SAT. 25-50-75

TOMORROW NIGHT—TWO WEEKS ONLY
FIRST TIME HERE AT POPULAR PRICES...
W. P. Cullen's Production of the Musical Comedy Triumph
SPECIALLY AUGMENTED ORCHESTRA
PIXLEY AND LUDER'S MASTERPIECE

BURGOMASTER

OSCAR L. FIGMAN as the BURGOMASTER
COMPANY OF 65
NO RAISE IN PRICES FOR THIS SPECIAL ATTRACTION

TONIGHT GRAND CONCERT
Benefit Emergency Hospital
25-50 Ticket Office Open Sun. 2 P. M.

Biggest and Best Entertainment in Town Tonight
MAUDE ELLIOT LEWIS & CO
SEVEN GRUNATORS
HARRY BROWN
MISS TILTAN SHAW. WILLIAM J. RYAN.
Foster-BALL & DORIS-Babe 4 RIALTOS.
SISTERS YOUNG. GLOBOSCOPE.

HOLLIS ST. THEATRE

ISAAC B. RICH, Proprietor and Manager

To-Morrow Night Evenings at 8 Only Matinee Saturday at 2
CHARLES FROHMAN PRESENTS

ETHEL BARRYMORE

IN HER GREATEST SUCCESS,

"SUNDAY"

By Thomas Recveard

SEATS ON SALE FOR THE ENGAGEMENT.

TO-MOR

M

lo Police Can Depart- ne Promoter Chief Watts

...GE BOSTON SUNDAY ... Mot of Police Tay ... ecked by Boston ... charge ... Appeared ... the judge of ... in the test of Bank ... ...

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MR. AND MRS. **Edward Esmonde** — First Time in Five Years.

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Hathaway and Walton — First Time This Season

Al Fields — First Time In a Year.

Chris Greene — First Time Here.

Siberian Hounds — First Time Here

Brothers Scott — First Time Here.

Shungopavi — First Time Here.

Barrett and Belle — First Time Here.

Reed and Shaw — First Time This Season.

The Biograph — Cannot Be Seen Elsewhere.

Prices 25c 35c 50c

Box Seats $1.00. Reserved Seats, 75c. Front Row Balcony, 50c. Can be secured two weeks in advance.

The Henry F. Miller Piano.

GLOBE

EVENINGS . 25-50-75-1.00
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POP. MAT. SAT. . 25-50-75

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MISS LILLIAN SHAW. WILLIAM J. HYNN.

Foster-BALL & DORIS-Babe

4 HALTONS.

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Tomorrow Night

75th Performance

Odd Fellows' Night Wednesday Evening Feb. 1

9th Week

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in the

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For Amusement News &

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MUSIC HALL

TWICE DAILY 2 & 8 P. M.

EVERY SEAT RESERVED. To

MATINEES, 25c and 50c. EVENINGS, 25c 35c

FIRST APPEARANCE IN FOUR

STUA

THE MALE

Barney Fagan & Henrietta Byron

Famous Minstrel Lan

Yesterday's Program

The Inc

Steel

Charge Customers

R. H. WHITE COMPANY

Free Embroidery Lessons

For this week at least we will continue to give free instructions in the latest embroidery stitch, called Hardanger Work, when materials are purchased here Every day from 10 to 12.

Days More to Inventory--Only Two Days More to Reduce Stocks

ans that we must cut prices almost to the giving-away point to accomplish the result we're after, so we have prepared
o days Monday and Tuesday—what we believe to be, quality, quantity and desirability of the goods considered,

ralleled List of Bargains We Have Ever Published

ole Advertisement Can Be Bought in Largest Possible Quantities at Wholesale Price We Have Made for This Great Final Two Days' Stock-Reduction Sale

Prices Still Tumbling on the Women's, Misses' and Girls' Coats, Suits and Skirts

Than the Cost of the Cloth

th up to $10.00 Reduced to $1.98 — 1.98

$6.75, Worth Double — 6.75

8.50 and $20.00 to $10.00 — 10.00

Skirts Marked to $8.98—Now — 2.98

Coats Marked to $10.98—Now — 6.98

Dresses

$10.00 to $15.00, Now — 2.05

$15 to $20.00, Now — 2.95

1.49

rds

1.00

1.65

98c

45c

nce

98

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5c

9c

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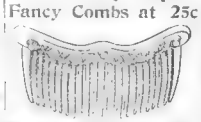
In Jewelry Dept.

Fancy Combs at 25c



25c

Drummers' Samples Belt Buckles— 50c

American Nickel Dollar Watch — 59c

Men's 14-Karat Solid Gold Watches — 17.50

22.50

Fancy Cluster Rings— 10.50

Toilet Goods

Rose Extract, 2 ounces 25c.

2 ounces for 25c

A Drummer's Sample Line of Half Brushes— 79c

Pure Olive Oil Castile Soap— 19c

Pure White Castile Soap— 3 cakes for 25c

Rubber Sponges— 5c 10c 15c 20c 25c

Trunk & Bag Dept.

A Manufr's Stock of Boston Bags At About Half Price.

Genuine Alligator Boston Bags—

2.75

Also odd lots of Trunks, Bags and Dress Suit Cases at the same big discount.

Optical Dept.

Rimless Eye Glasses—With nickel spectacle case 25c

Cord and case free.

In China Dept.

Truth Is Often Stranger Than Fiction

Toilet Sets at Half

3.50

Roast Beef Sets— 4.25

Chocolate Sets— 5.00

China Wall Plaques— 1.00

Cups and Saucers— 10c

Decorated English Ware—

12c
25c
42c
42c
88c
50c
22c
6c
8c
12c
9c

Cups and Saucers— 15c

German Covered Beer Steins—

75c each
1.00 each

Salad Sets— 1.10

Salad and Berry Bowls— 50c

1.20

Lamp Dept.

Hall Grade Lamps for the parlor, sitting room, library and den. One Hundred sample lamps, Miller make, none better, at half price and less, in old brass, old copper, Venetian bronze and wrought iron finish Value $7.50 to $10.00 each, marked down to only.. 3.98

Japanese Paper Lamp Shades—

25c size for	15c	1.75
40c size for	1.00	2.00
75c size for	1.25	2.25
1.00 size for	1.50	2.50

In Kitchen Dept.

10 and 12-quart White Enamel Kettle, with half Value Tops 1.00 1.10

Wood Ash, short and long handles 65c, 75c, 85c

Green Corn Flue Brooms .19c

Tea & Wash Towel Rack. Value 12c at 8c

Galvanized Iron Chamber Pails, large size, No. 4. Worth 50c, at 39c

Galvanized Iron Wash Tubs, with Wringer Attachments, 75c, 80c, 1.00

Galvanized Iron Ash Cans, with A-shaped rim, prevent can denting Worth 3.50, for 2.49

D-Arm Wall Towel Rack. The best for the purpose on the market. Made of hard wood. Can use one or more arms, and when not in use can be shut up so it only takes very little room. Worth 1.00, 59c

100 Dunlap's Steel Chopping Knives, worth 10c, at 7c

FREE COFFEE

A new Java and Mocha Coffee, a fine, beautiful flavor, 25c full body, 30c per lb. With each lb. of Java we give free 1 lb. of 30c Coffee. We also carry a complete line of Lipton, Tetley's and Salada Teas in all grades.

BOSTON AMERICAN
PART TWO.
SUNDAY

HEARST'S
BOSTON AMERICAN
AND NEW YORK JOURNAL.
BOSTON, SUNDAY, JANUARY 29, 1905.

NEW YORK JOURNAL
PART TWO.
SUNDAY

MUTINY, REVOLT AND RIOT RIFE IN RUSSIA

485, in Terror of Czar, Are

REFUGEES HERE

Tell of Horrors of Revolt

JAPS AND RUSSIANS IN 3 DAY BATTLE

4,000 DEAD

HARDEST STRUGGLE OF WAR AT HEIGHT

PHOTOGRAPHED TO-DAY BY A BOSTON AMERICAN PHOTOGRAPHER AT THE CUNARD WHARF, EAST BOSTON.

SOME OF THE 500 RUSSIAN REFUGEES WHO ARRIVED ON THE IVERNIA, WHO HAVE FLED FROM THE CZAR'S TYRANNY

Deserting Soldiers, Women and Children Blazed the Way Here With Bribes.

Fleeing from the reign of terror that they are convinced is imminent in Russia following the spies of the cities and bribing their way with bribes that seemed to be eagerly accepted, the largest company of refugees that ever reached this country arrived yesterday from the Czar's distressed domain landed on the Cunarder Ivernia in East Boston.

No American who for the first time traveled in foreign lands ever greeted the waving flag of his country upon his return with greater manifestations of delight than did the men and women from the dominions of the Emperor as the big steamer rounded her dock.

That a revolution to which Count Witte, the late envoy to the United States, and other prominent men in the empire have given their approval is in the making is known to the entire foreign country, but little

GATHERING ARMS.

The people, instead of being cowed according to the story told by the refugees from the Russian army and the loyal native subjects, who fled for their lives to this country, are busy gathering arms and ammunition and obtaining dynamite and other high explosives with which to crush the power that has terrorized them for years.

So far as the Japanese war is concerned, Russia is already whipped, a soldier who has been to the front declared. "The Czar's worst trouble is not in Manchuria—it is at home, the deserting soldier said.

The Ivernia took 400 Russian and Finnish refugees. Many of them were deserters from the Russian army and experienced many difficulties in getting over the German and Swedish borders and dodging Russian spies at the railroad stations along the route of the German railroads.

DESERTERS' FAMILIES.

With the soldiers were wives, children and sweethearts who had suffered hardships with the men in long marches through the bitter cold in their efforts to cast the despotism of the Czar behind them for ever.

The chief cause for the men deserting Russian army is that the Government is ordered to compel them to re-enlist after their give years term of service was up. Some are striking workmen who, knowing that the revolution was to take place, escaped that they might not have to take part in the revolution. Others complain of the Czar's government in its arrests in every part of the land given them was not in favor of those.

The Finns say that the heavy taxes levied upon them by the Czar to keep him at war with Japan in progress is their cause for leaving Finland.

When this large army of refugees was leaving Russian soil the revolution was nearing its crisis. Public meetings were being held denouncing the Czar, letters were being circulated urging them to take part in the march to the capital. The most [illegible] Russia to join the [illegible] the Czar" was the watchword of the march.

RUSSIA IS DOOMED.

Sergeant Lazarus Hurellitz, of the twenty sixth division of the 126th Regiment of Infantry, a deserter who has been to the front, said:

Russia is doomed and I believe she is bearing her end as a great nation," said the sergeant to a reporter for the BOSTON SUNDAY AMERICAN. "I have served four years in the Russian army and that is enough for me. I am [illegible] and I will work in America.

LEFT TO ESCAPE ARMY.

Among the refugees are about a hundred young Russians who have left their homes that they may escape service in the army. Maurice Katz, nearly twenty two years of age, the age at which all men must enter the service, was jubilant because he had reached the United States.

"If our country was like this one we would be willing to serve in the army," he said. "The Russian soldier fights because he has to, not because he loves the Czar. The best part of my life would be thrown away if I was forced to [illegible] years with big establishments in Kansas City.

President Richard Ernst, Vice President Robert F. Schelling and formed Director Eugene P. Georger have given bonds for their appearance next Tuesday to answer to charges of neglect of duty in permitting Mr. Appleyard to borrow $650 from [illegible] without knowing what it was alleged were worthless notes. They were indicted by the Grand Jury.

President Schelling's brother, Albert Schelling, a lawyer, was attacked in the street by an angry depositor, who mistook him for the president of the bank. The lawyer was struck several times in the face.

A warrant has been sworn out charging Dan R. McGlory, an hotel manager, with the assault. Alarmed by the attack, the other officials of the bank are going about the city attended by able bodied guards to protect them.

APPLEYARD IS NOT AFRAID, SAYS COUNSEL.

Report That Buffalo Police Have Asked Boston Department to Arrest the Promoter Is Denied by Chief Watts

[illegible] to the BOSTON SUNDAY AMERICAN from Chief of Police Watts, of Buffalo, N. Y., [illegible] Boston police have been asked to arrest Frederick W. Appleyard, [illegible] Bank [illegible] Mr. Appleyard will not be [illegible] Mr. Appleyard, said Chief Inspector Watts, of the Detective Bureau.

"No request has been made to arrest Mr. Appleyard," said Chief Inspector Watts, of the Detective Bureau.

In the meantime Mr. Appleyard has been at his office on State street, has had consultation with his counsel and spent the night at his home in Brookline. Since the trouble with the Buffalo bank started he has had nothing to say, leaving explanations to his counsel.

New proceedings were started against former directors of the Buffalo bank when Lawyer Killeen, counsel for a bonding company, asked that warrants be issued for John F. Diehl and Jacob Dold. Lawyer Killeen charges the former directors with neglect of duty. Dold is a prominent meat [illegible] with big establishments in Kansas City.

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GERALDINE FARRAR NOTES UPRISING IN WARSAW.

Sweet Voiced Singer of Melrose Writes to Her Friend of Military Activity and Unrest in the Capital of Poland

In the midst of her triumphs in Russian [illegible] Geraldine Farrar, [illegible] Melrose, has found time to write to her friends [illegible] Warsaw. [illegible] Miss Farrar [illegible] Bank [illegible] Warsaw [illegible] Miss Farrar [illegible] Warsaw [illegible] Miss Farrar [illegible] Warsaw [illegible] Miss Farrar

"DEATH TO CZAR" IN BOSTON PARADE BROKEN UP BY POLICE

PRINCESS VICTORIA of COBURG

THE GRAND DUCHESS SERGE.

THE DOWAGER EMPRESS.

THE GRAND DUCHESS VLADIMIR

THE GRAND DUCHESS CONSTANTINE

This Half-Dozen Pictures Show the Most Distinguished of Sixty or More Grand Duchesses of the Russian Empire, Whose Lives Would Be in Peril in an Uprising of the People Such as Now Seems Imminent.

Interfered When Friends of Russian Revolution Stopped to Hear Speeches—Emmons Approves.

EMMONS BACKS OFFICER.

EXAGGERATED, SAYS TREPOFF TO DAVITT

By Michael Davitt.

Special Cable to Boston American.

STRIKING PERSONALITY.

NO POLITICS, HE SAYS.

HAD NO INFORMATION.

GOPON AT LIBERTY, HE URGES PEACE

By Robert Crozier Long.

Official translator to Polieedonestzoff Head of the Holy Synod.

Special Cable to Sunday American.

MOBS RIOTING IN THREE CITIES; MANY KILLED

RUSSIANS REPORT THE TAKING OF VILLAGES FROM JAPS

TROOPS FIRED INTO PALACE OF THE CZAR

Special Cable to Sunday American.

TREPOFF IS READY TO CRUSH THE REVOLUTION

One Home in Five

Has Someone Cured by Liquozone. Won't You Try It—Free?

We judge from our records that one home in five, the country over, has some one whom Liquozone has cured. Some have been cured of little ills; some know that their lives have been saved by it.

These homes are scattered everywhere. Your neighbors and friends live in some of them. If you will only ask about Liquozone there are plenty to tell you about it. It is wrong to stay sick with a germ disease while millions know that Liquozone can cure it.

And any sick one, anywhere, may try it at our expense. We will gladly buy the first bottle—a 50c bottle—and give it to any sick one free. You don't need to rely on those who were cured by it. You may test it, without a penny of cost, for yourself.

Won't you—for your own sake—do one or the other? Won't you let your friends tell you how it cured them, and how it certainly kills all germs in you? Or, won't you let us buy you a bottle and see what it does for you?

What Liquozone Is.

Liquozone is a product which in the past two years has sprung into world-wide use in the treatment of germ diseases. It is now used by the sick of nine nations; by physicians and hospitals everywhere. It is constantly used in millions of homes in America.

The virtues of Liquozone are derived solely from gas, made in large part by certain vegetation producers. No drugs, no alcohol—nothing but this gas enters into it. The process of making takes 14 days, and requires immense apparatus. At the end of two weeks we get one cubic inch of Liquozone for each 1,320 cubic inches of gas used. The attainment of this product has, for more than 20 years been the constant subject of scientific and chemical research.

The main result is, to get into a liquid, and thus into the blood, a powerful, yet harmless germicide. And the product is so helpful—so good for you under any condition—that even a well person feels its instant benefit.

We Paid $100,000.

For the American rights to Liquozone, and the rights in other countries have sold for proportionate sums. We mention this fact to indicate the value of Liquozone—the value to you. Men have never before paid such a price for any discovery used in the cure of sickness.

We need not tell you that we proved Liquozone well before buying it. For years it was tested through physicians and hospitals, in this country and others. It was employed in every stage of every germ disease; in all the most difficult cases obtainable, with thousands of sick ones, considered incurable, we proved that it did what medicine could not do. Then and then only, did we pay the price.

Since then we have spent nearly $2,000,000 to make Liquozone known. We have bought the first bottle and given it free to every sick one we learned of. These people told others, and the others told others. The result is that Liquozone is now more widely employed than any medicine ever was. And no one can doubt what it is doing more for sick humanity than all the drugs in use combined.

How Liquozone Cures

The greatest value of Liquozone lies in the fact that it kills germs in the body without killing the tissues, too. And no man knows another way to do it. Any drug that kills germs is a poison, and it cannot be taken internally. For that reason, medicine is almost helpless in any germ disease.

Liquozone is a germicide so certain that we publish on every bottle an offer of $1,000 for a disease germ the product cannot kill. Yet it is not cumbersome, but of wonderful benefit—better than anything else in the world for you. No one is so well that he cannot be helped by it.

The reason is that germs are vegetables; and Liquozone—like an excess of oxygen—is deadly to vegetal matter. To the human body Liquozone is exhilarating, vitalizing, purifying—the most needful, the most helpful thing possible. But to germs it is certain destruction; and these facts are true of nothing else in existence.

Germ Diseases.

These are the known germ diseases; all due to germs or to the poisons which germs create. These are the diseases to which medicine does not apply, for drugs cannot kill inside germs.

All that medicine can do for these troubles is to act as a tonic, aiding Nature to overcome the germs. But those results are indirect and uncertain, depending on the patient's condition. A cure is always doubtful when drugs are used, and some of these diseases medicine never cures.

Liquozone alone can destroy the cause of these troubles. It goes wherever the blood goes, so that no germ can escape it. The results are almost inevitable.

Diseases which have resisted medicine for years yield at once to Liquozone. "Incurable" diseases are cured by it. In any stage of any disease in this list the results are so certain that we will gladly send to any patient who asks it an absolute guaranty.

Asthma, Anæmia, Bronchitis, Boils, Blood Poisoning, Cancer, Catarrh, Colds, Consumption, Dandruff, Diphtheria, Dyspepsia, Eczema, Erysipelas, Fevers, Goitre, Gout, Grippe, Hay Fever—Influenza, Indigestion, Kidney Troubles, Leucorrhœa, Liver Troubles, Malaria, Neuralgia, Nervousness, Ovarian Troubles, Pneumonia, Piles, Rheumatism, Ringworm, Scrofula, Skin Diseases, Throat Troubles, Tuberculosis, Tumors, Ulcers, Uterine Troubles, Women's Diseases.

All diseases of the lungs with fevers—all from mild and catarrhal to the deadly consumptive ones—are cured by Liquozone.

In nervous debility Liquozone acts as a vitalizer, accomplishing what no other can do.

50c. Bottle Free.

If you need Liquozone, and have never used it, please send us the coupon below. We will then send you an order on a local druggist for a full-sized bottle—a 50c bottle—and will pay the druggist ourselves for it. This applies only to the first bottle, of course—to those who have never used it.

The acceptance of this offer places you under no obligations. We simply wish to convince you; to let the product itself show you what it can do. Then you can judge by results as to whether you wish to continue.

This offer itself should convince you that Liquozone does as we claim. We would certainly not buy a bottle and give it to you, if there was any doubt of results. You want these results; you want to be well and to keep well. Then be fair enough to yourself to accept our offer to-day. Let us show you, at our expense, what this wonderful product means to you.

Liquozone costs 50c and $1.

CUT OUT THIS COUPON

for this offer may not appear again. Fill in the blanks, and mail to The Liquozone Company, 457-463 Wabash Ave., Chicago.

My disease is . . . . .

I have never tried Liquozone, but if you will supply me a 50c bottle free I will take it.

. . . . . .

. . . . . .

. . . . . .

Write plainly

Are physician or druggist not yet using Liquozone will be gladly supplied for a test.

TRUE'S ELIXIR

$1.00 WEAK MEN CURED

Our Vertical-Nodal Treatment is certain and permanent Cure for Nervousness, Nervous Weakness, Impotency, Nightly Emissions, Blood-Loss, Bladder, Prostatic and Sexual Diseases. Sole Treatment, $1.00. Many recommended Gentlemen's Circular on application. LARGO CHEMICAL CO., Dept. 5, Cincinnati, O.

CHILBLAINS And Foot Irritations

Cured by Cuticura

Soak the feet on retiring in a strong, hot, lather of Cuticura SOAP, and anoint freely with Cuticura Ointment, the great Skin Cure and purest of emollients. Bandage lightly in old, soft cotton or linen. For itching, burning, and scaly eczema, rashes, inflammation, and chafing of the feet or hands, for redness, roughness, cracks, and fissures, with brittle, shapeless nails, this treatment is simply wonderful, frequently curing in one night.

Sold throughout the world. Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Props., Boston. "How to Cure for Torture and Poor," mailed free.

If Livers Go Wrong

set them right—it's simply and easily done. Without pain, without trouble, without nauseating, in fact it's only in the beneficial effects that you notice you have taken

Beechams Pills

Sold Everywhere. In boxes 10c. and 25c.

CHICHESTER'S PILLS

Original and Only Genuine.

A safe, reliable, English female regulator. Ask your Druggist for Chichester's English Diamond Brand Pills in Red and Gold metallic boxes, sealed with blue ribbon. Take no other. Refuse Dangerous Substitutions and Imitations. At your Druggists, or send 4c. in stamps for particulars, testimonials and "Relief for Ladies," in letter, by return mail. 10,000 Testimonials. Sold by all Druggists everywhere. Chichester Chemical Co. 2834 Madison Square, PHILA., Pa.

DUBLIN SEUMAS MacMANUS TELLS OF MATTERS IN IRELAND LONDON EARL FITZWILLIAM HAS FAILED IN TREASURE HUNT ROME QUEEN TO CLIMB MOUNT TO DEDICATE A LIBRARY PARIS

ITALY LENIENT WITH KING PETER.

Gives Him the Order of the Annunciation, While the Fates Show Him Alexander's Death Mask in New Servian Stamp

By Seumas MacManus.

Special Cable to Sunday American.

Copyright, 1905, by the Hearst Newspapers.

Dublin, Jan 28. The Italian government has decorated King Peter of Servia with the order of the Annunciation. This will probably constitute a free pass for him when his namesake at Heaven's gate requests his credentials. If you are a king, many little peccadilloes are overlooked.

If King Peter had been plain Peter, the governments of the earth would have considered the order of the hemp rope too good for him. It is sadly true that a king's crown covers a multitude of sins—in this world anyway.

The new Servian postage stamp, which bore the heads of King Peter and Kara-george side by side, had to be recalled, because, when held upside down the two heads formed the death mask of King Alexander. The Italian Government is more lenient than the Fates.

Sultan's Latest Success.

The enviable Invalid, the Sultan, has been scoring another diplomatic success that does credit to his sublime impudence. Great Britain demanded a delimitation of the Aden Hinterland boundary; and the Sultan, ever willing to oblige, came forward at once with an Irade designating the delimitation, and declaring he can, by increasing her territories by 500 square miles of it, unify.

I forget just now what decoration the British government bestowed upon her diplomat for extending to him our salute and securing such a splendid concession. But I think we that bestride the British Empire might most wonderfully enlighten, I mean immediately after that two Bashi-bozouks quit their slow trot of 40 odd counties in which a man lived and no body ventured forth a foot.

At the same time Jerusalem is incredulous of much of the sultan's power, and that there was a revolutionary rumble in the sleeve of his underskirt.

Pushing English Civilization.

English civilization is just at present being pushed with commendable vigor in the benighted tract of Southern Nigeria—being pushed by a regiment of two hundred blacks under Major Morehouse, and laboriously directed among the natives from the summit of a Maxim Mahogany.

The Times papers say that during the past year very much has been accomplished in the opening up to trade and civilization of the whole vast interior of the territories.

There appears in Spain one deplorable dense who has cannel coal on his mantle-piece by which to read his Bible. English coal for sale says he to be found at the mines. And I suppose it is round the upper portion of the shaft.

The secret of it is for a purely way to bring Christianity effectively to the peasants. Just ear to the perplexedly people—great empire-sound news have gathered the heritage of glories that is hers.

Russian Masses Aroused.

Wherever the sounds of the Russian massacre spread the cry have hitherto been a very effective means of hearing them, issuing my divine right to his faithful people a sheet of sticking plaster named a manifesto. The Russian people have not been reading for 12 months more keenly than ever, and Peter has been compelled to put out a larger consignment of plaster than usual.

But they seem to have lost faith in its miraculous powers. They are a brave people, by the by. Its [illegible] of [illegible] of [illegible] and [illegible] of Heaven to the people that suffer for Christ's sake, and to [illegible] in it they are stood.

For Russia's rulers I have a notion in their numbers, and in autocracy is, at bottom, nothing that if it should now itself it must [illegible] the mammon of unrighteousness.

The Czar [illegible] grants no reforms now, but for [illegible] he [illegible]. And the fear of God is, we know, the beginning of wisdom, and the people's dense trouble look [illegible] in the terrorism of the Little Father elsewhere is apt to be a fearful awakening.

The Righteous Scotch.

It goes with us saying that the land of John Knox is the most righteous on the earth's round, law abiding, Sabbath keeping, prayer meeting. All the world knows this; but none know it better than the Scotch themselves.

The population of Scotland and of Ireland is very nearly equal, yet the last year's statistics of imprisonments [illegible] tell the tale that there were twice as many imprisonments in Scotland in the twelve months as in lawless Ireland. Thank Young God [illegible] Scotch.

Apropos of this subject, the newspapers have been telling how last when Mr. Joe Chamberlain and Mr. Asquith were traveling together recently a member of "unco guid" in Scotland knew and their modesty severely shocked on beholding Mr. Chamberlain dressed with one Jessie Collins without a chaperon.

Prince Eitel Friederich, of Germany, Who is Now Ill with Pneumonia, is at the Right in the Picture. Next to Him at the Right is Princess Albert of Belgium. Between Him and the Crown Prince, His Brother, is Duchess Carl Theodore of Bavaria. On the Other Side of the Crown Prince is Princes Rupert of Bavaria.

PRINCE EITEL FRITZ IS IMPROVING

PRINCE'S PNEUMONIA IS YIELDING TO TREATMENT.

Physicians' Bulletin Says That He Slept Well and Coughed But Little, While His Appetite Is Very Good

Potsdam, Prussia, Jan. 28.—This has been issued by the physicians in attendance upon Prince Eitel Friedrich:

The rest of the Prince was little disturbed during the night. He slept well [illegible] not cough. [illegible] The appetite and [illegible] condition [illegible] of the left lung is to [illegible] Appetite and [illegible] condition satisfactory.

Ambassador Tower, in charge during the absence of Ambassador White, called at the palace and left his card.

President Roosevelt had telegraphed to Count Von Bernstorff, the German ambassador, to express the President's sympathy for the Kaiser and Princess in the illness of Prince Eitel Friedrich, and the President's congratulations [illegible]

QUEEN, AFTER FIRST AUTO RIDE, IS A SCORCHER.

Becomes So Enthusiastic That She Orders Chauffeur to Go at Top Speed All the Time, King Edward Chaffs Her

Special Cable to Sunday American.

Paris, Jan. 28.—Queen Alexandra has at last taken to the automobile. Her Majesty made her first journey in an auto recently when she visited the Duchess of [illegible] at their country [illegible] Duchess [illegible] for [illegible] of the [illegible] Queen [illegible] of the [illegible] Queen [illegible] Appetite and [illegible] special [illegible]

At first Her Majesty didn't like to travel [illegible] but soon [illegible] Presently [illegible] Queen [illegible] Duchess [illegible] Queen [illegible] Duchess [illegible] Queen [illegible] Duchess

AUTOMOBILES THOMAS BREAKS RECORD IN FLORIDA BASEBALL CHAMPS' PLANS FOR SPRING PRACTICE BOWLING HOW THE BIG LEAGUES STAND ATHLETICS

BOWLING RECORDS MAY BE SHATTERED IN BIG MATCHES THIS WEEK

Allston Still Leads in Greater Boston League, but by Small Margin Only.

BY TEN STRIKE.

INSURANCE LEAGUE.
TEAM STANDING AND PIN RECORD.

INDIVIDUAL AVERAGES.

PAPER TRADE LEAGUE.
TEAM STANDING AND PIN RECORD.

GREATER BOSTON LEAGUE.

INDIVIDUAL AVERAGES.

CORPORATION LEAGUE.
TEAM STANDING AND PIN RECORD.

INDIVIDUAL AVERAGES.

NEWSPAPER LEAGUE.
TEAM STANDING AND PIN RECORD.

CITY LEAGUE.
STANDING AND PIN RECORD.

INDIVIDUAL AVERAGES.

BOSTON ELEVATED LEAGUE.
STANDING AND PIN RECORD.

INDIVIDUAL AVERAGES.

SEED TRADE LEAGUE
STANDING AND PIN RECORD.

BOSTON INTERCLUB LEAGUE
TEAM STANDING AND PIN RECORD.

TRANSPORTATION LEAGUE.
TEAM STANDING AND PIN RECORD.

INDIVIDUAL AVERAGES.

MERCANTILE LEAGUE.
TEAM STANDING AND PIN RECORD.

TRUST COMPANY LEAGUE.
TEAM STANDING AND PIN RECORD.

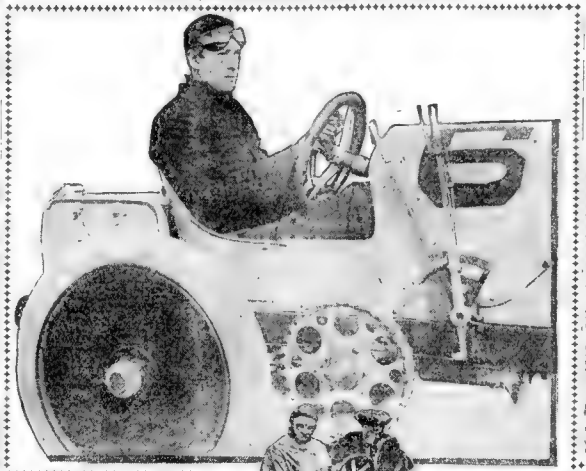
MASS. AMATEUR LEAGUE.
TEAM STANDING AND PIN RECORD.

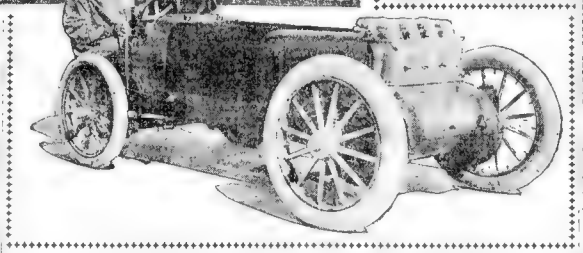
INDIVIDUAL AVERAGES.

COMMERCIAL LEAGUE.
TEAM STANDING AND PIN RECORD.

TWO RECORD BREAKERS AT AUTO RACES

E. R. THOMAS, WHO SENT HIS CAR TEN MILES IN 6m. 31 4-5s.





WALTER CHRISTIE, OF NEW YORK, WHO WON FIFTY-MILE RACE.

EXPERTS THINK FITZ CAN DEFEND TITLE OF MIDDLEWEIGHT CHAMP

Records Fail to Show That Lanky Bob Doesn't Hold the Lead in His Cass Still.

GRAND CIRCUIT MEET.

YALE SEVEN BEATS BROWN.

GRIFF'S FAST MEN GETTING IN LINE

By Boston American Leased Wire.

HOLY CROSS WINS BASKETBALL GAME FROM YALE.

Special to the Boston American.

Love Can't Box Goodwin at Salem Tuesday Night

Apollo A. C. Again Compelled to Postpone Its Show Till Next Week.

AMATEUR CHAMPION BOUTS WILL BE HELD HERE.

DORCHESTER BOYS MADE WORLD'S RECORDS.

NEW YORK RACQUET PLAYERS WIN CUP

LAKESIDES PLAYED POORLY

INTER-COUNTY LEAGUE.
TEAM STANDING AND PIN RECORD.

INDIVIDUAL AVERAGES.

PAPER TRADE BOWLERS.

BOSTON Y. M. C. A. LOST.

READVILLE A. C. FIVE LOST TO HOLY NAME

Special to the Sunday American.

MALDEN HIGH WINS FROM HOLYOKE

COLGATE WHIPS BROWN.

Special to the Sunday American.

LYNN WINS POLO GAME.

Special to the Sunday American.

MEN

IF DISEASED OR IN TROUBLE, CALL ON ME AT ONCE. MY GUARANTEE FOR A PERFECT CURE IS, PAY ME WHEN CURED, YOU TO BE THE JUDGE. I never fail to cure by correspondence any man whose case I accept for treatment. For this reason I have the largest practice and make more cures than any specialist in Boston. FIRST I CURE YOU, THEN YOU PAY ME.

NO CHARGE FOR MEDICINES

I take every case on this condition, and I give a written binding guarantee to cure to stay cured. I diseases of men, by DR. COLLINS' New and Scientific Method. Diseases of the blood and skin, such as Syphilis and Scrofula treated on a basis of cure for life. Nervousness, Lost Manhood, Impotency, Varicocele, Stricture, Blood Poison, Loss of Manhood, Diseases of Youth, Drains or Discharges of all Kinds, Gonorrhea, Gleet and all private and sexual diseases and diseases of men. No detention from business on day I operate. No surgery, no pain, no hospital. I especially invite men who have been disappointed at once elsewhere. I never exploit my patients, I keep all my promises. If I say I can cure you I can and will stay cured. If I say I can't you don't believe me, consult some one else. I have no cure-alls and no remedies that can be sent to stay cured for life. Remember, you need not pay one dollar until cured. Office hours, 9 to 5 and 7 to 8 Sundays, 10 to 1 Medical Institute, 11 Berkeley Street, near Boylston, Boston, Mass. (All Columbus cars stop at Berkeley Park.)

DR. COLLINS

Near Hotel Plaza, off Columbus av.

SANTAL MIDY CAPSULES

For Kidney & Bladder troubles. Cures in 48 Hours URINARY DISCHARGES. Each Capsule bears the name of Midy. Beware of counterfeits.

J. P. [illegible]

Made by its originators, C. I. Hood Co., proprietors Hood's Sarsaparilla, Lowell, Mass.

BLOOD POISON

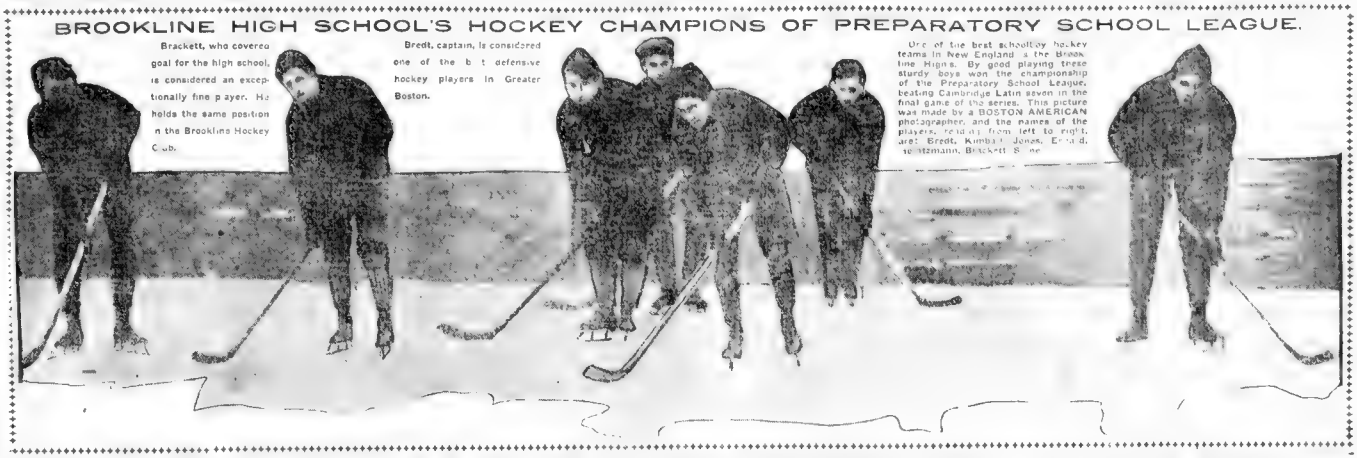
FOR NINETEEN YEARS

we have made the cure of blood poison a specialty. Primary, Secondary or Tertiary Blood Poison Permanently Cured. You can be treated at home under same guaranty. Capital $500,000. If we cannot cure your case, write us how you have taken mercury, iodide of potash and still have aches and pains, Mucous Patches in mouth, Sores, Ulcers, Copper-colored Spots, Pimples, Boils, Falling Hair, Write us about it. We can cure you and guarantee cure. We solicit the most obstinate cases and challenge the world for a case we cannot cure. Absolute proof sent sealed on application. Address with 4c. in stamps for 100-page Book Free.

COOK REMEDY CO.
1775 Masonic Temple, Chicago, Ill.

BOXING HYLAND-NEIL MEET TUESDAY RACING HOW THEY FINISHED AT NEW ORLEANS BASKETBALL HARVARD WINS FROM ANDOVER OTHER SPORTS

BROOKLINE HIGH SCHOOL'S HOCKEY CHAMPIONS OF PREPARATORY SCHOOL LEAGUE.



Brackett, who covered goal for the high school, is considered an exceptionally fine player. He holds the same position in the Brookline Hockey Club.

Bredt, captain, is considered one of the best defensive hockey players in Greater Boston.

One of the best schoolboy hockey teams in New England is the Brookline Highs. By good playing these sturdy boys won the championship of the Preparatory School League, beating Cambridge Latin seven in the final game of the series. This picture was made by a BOSTON AMERICAN photographer, and the names of the players, reading from left to right, are: Bredt, Kimball Jones, Ernald, Hottmann, Brackett, Stone.

SIX CHAMPS WILL BE SENT TO HOT SPRINGS TO GET INTO SHAPE

Other Seventeen Will Go With Collins as Scheduled on Southern Trip and Will Play Reds in Florida.

HYLAND AT HOME IN FIERCE, GRUELLING RING WORK.

Frankie Neil May Have a Tough Time with His Amateur Rival When They Meet in Frisco Tuesday Night

BY W. W. NAUGHTON.

YALE SOPHS WIN HOCKEY GAME AT HARVARD.

Crimson 1907 Team Is Beaten by a Score of Two to One in a Rough House Contest on the Stadium Rink

SPIRITED BRUSHES TO SLEIGHS ON SPEEDWAY.

Minburn Wins Match Race With Max G. in Two Straight Heats -Nelson's Best Too Fast for Field of Speedy Ones

HARVARD FIVE WINS A FAST GAME OVER THE ANDOVER TEAM, 27-19

The Visitors Played All Around the Collegians in the First Half, but Shot Their Baskets Poorly.

COUNTRY CLUB WINS AT CURLING OVER BOSTON TEAM.

LONG SHOTS HOME FIRST AT NEW ORLEANS.

Special to the Sunday American.

SHECKARD WILL BE A CARDINAL

Special to the Sunday American.

Yale Veteran Oarsmen Will Have To Work Hard to Hold Places

Plenty of Fine Material In Sight for Eli's Varsity Crew and Each Candidate Must Show His Worth.

Special to the Sunday American.

ENTRIES FOR NEW ORLEANS

HARVARD FRESHMEN WON CLOSE GAME

CANDIDATES REPORT.

Special to the Sunday American.

LIVELY GAMES EXPECTED.

LAWRENCE BOYS BEATEN.

Special to the Sunday American.

STRIKING BAG AND BOXING GLOVES FREE

THE STRIKING BAG is full size, ... real Pittsburgh style, long, bell-shaped, made of extra quality ... seven-ounce design. Various lessons colored kid leather, firmly ... there. Filled with best curled hair, ... carefully inspected and guaranteed several coats of ... strong kid ... rubber bladder, ... Pure Olive Oil Castile Soap ... for strengthening ... strong ... soft as ... and full of bounce ... stand the hard ... as well and you ... regular price for ... boxing gloves ... to a friend. Write ... giving box and grip to ... The GLOVES to-day.

FRIEND SOAP AND SUPPLY CO., 34-36 Portland Street, Dept. 32, Boston, Mass.

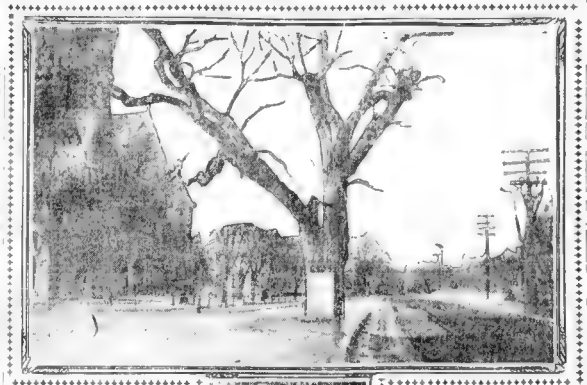
GAS TRUST PUTS ON WITNESSES TO-MORROW.

Walter Adams Will Testify at Resumed Hearing on Petition of 70,000 Citizens of Boston for a Forty-Cent Rate

CASE LIKELY TO BE CLOSED ON TUESDAY

Consolidation Hearing Likely to Be Postponed—Possible Action by the Legislature May Materially Affect It

EFFORTS MADE TO PROLONG LIFE OF THE FAMOUS WASHINGTON ELM



Nation's Most Historical Tree to Be Preserved For Future Generations.

Experts Find Elm In Excellent Condition Considering Its Great Age.

UNDER THIS TREE WASHINGTON FIRST TOOK COMMAND OF THE AMERICAN ARMY, JULY 3rd 1775

AMERICA'S NOTED TREE.

THOMAS BREAKS RECORD AT ORMOND.

Millionaire Autoist Sends His Machine Ten Miles in 6 Minutes 31 4-5 Seconds, Beating Mr. Vanderbilt's Time

BOSTON DRIVER WINS BIG RACE HANDILY

Shanley, in Former Record Breaking Machine, Finishes Second in Main Event, With L. L. Breese a Poor Third

BY A. G. BATCHELDER, EDITOR OF MOTOR.

Special to the Sunday American.

IMMIGRANTS FROM RUSSIA IN RUSH TO AMERICA.

Increase in Two Years Is 57 Per Cent., 15,993 in December, 1904, Against 10,184 for December, 1902

AGED ARCHBISHOP WILLIAMS WILL SOON BE WELL.

Operation for Cataract Right Eye Is Successful and Will Be Followed Soon by One on His Left Eye

Violin And Complete Outfit Given Away Absolutely FREE

We Will Give You Absolutely Free this fine full size Violin and complete outfit, consisting of One Full Size Violin, made of well seasoned Beech Wood, Color is Rich Reddish Brown, Hand Rubbed in Oil, to fine Piano Polish. Trimmings such as pegs, fine Tailpiece, Chin Rest, Nickel Buffy Finish. One Full Size Bow, Two Sets Strings, Big Cake Rosin and Self-Teaching Instruction Book, put up in neat box. We Will Send You This Complete Outfit just as described, 24 pieces in all, together at only 10 Cents Each. These Instruments are Entirely New This Season and the Greatest Sellers ever known. You cannot sell the 24 pieces in half an hour. Just send your name and address and we will send you the 24 pieces by First Mail, Postpaid. When sold send us the money you received for them and we will send you one of these High-Grade Violins and Complete Outfits the very day we receive your remittance to pay you for your trouble. You Need No Money in Advance. We Trust You with the goods until you sell them, and Take Back all you cannot sell. Write Now. Don't Delay. And be the first in your town to have one of these Fine Violins and complete outfits. Costs you nothing to try. Address.

ARLINGTON MFG. CO., 741-748 Unity Bldg., Dept. 710, CHICAGO, ILL.

BABSON SUSTAINS GAS PLANT ORDER

HARVARD JUNIORS TO GIVE DANCE ON MARCH 6.

First of the Kind Given at University for Sixty Years, and Elaborate Preparations

WILL LAY BARE NEW YORK GAS ROBBERY

By Boston American Leased Wire. Lighting companies have made big gains

REHOBOTH AFTER TOWN FARM CHIEF

2 SMALLPOX CASES REPORTED IN BOSTON

The Board of Health reports two cases

Cadillac $950 10 H.P.

CADILLAC $750 RUNABOUT $750 PACKARD ALVAN T. FULLER & NORTHERN 243 Columbus Ave.

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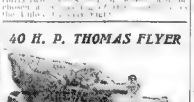
40 H. P. THOMAS FLYER



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C. S. HENSHAW, Agency New England

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STEARNS, $4,000

REED-UNDERHILL, 222 Columbus Ave.

$1350 Rambler $1350

SCARLET TYPE ONE

THOS. B. JEFFERY & CO.

Phone 23 Tremont 143 COLUMBUS AV.

Columbia

1911 P. Price $1,250.

THE CAR THAT INSURES CONFIDENCE

Columbia Motor Vehicle Co., 74 Stanhope St., one block from Copley Sq.

HAVE THEM COME YOUR WAY

By a judicious use of the BOSTON AMERICAN WANT DEPT. you have a guarantee of the largest circulation in New England and quickest results.

Everyone Interested in Motoring

should send a copy of the great January issue of MOTOR—on sale on all news stands. It contains a supplement which is a panorama of the 1905 models of motor cars exhibited in the various Automobile Shows during the present year.

In this supplement pictures of the various new models of standard makes of cars—gasoline, steam, and electric of both foreign and domestic make—with complete specifications of each car. Area in square inches given to each supplement will help you decide what motor car you wish to give particular attention to at the shows, and also what car you want to buy.

Moreover, in the January issue of MOTOR, you will have your last chance to enter MOTOR'S MOTOR CONTEST and to win a $1,000 Winton Motor Car or one of the 499 other valuable prizes.

This supplement is an example of how well MOTOR carries out its policy of supplying the motorist with matter that is timely and instructive. MOTOR takes up the field of motoring in bright, snappy, interesting articles, splendidly illustrated, on motor-car and motor-boat racing, touring here and abroad, the pleasures, the fact, and the fiction of motoring of all kinds—motor-car construction, how to care for motor cars, how to overcome difficulties, etc.

MOTOR is the one publication which is essential to every motor car user and to every one interested in motoring. In order to introduce MOTOR to you, for a limited time, we make

A SPECIAL OFFER

Fill out the coupon below—tear it off—enclose it with a dollar bill in an envelope and send to MOTOR, 1789 Broadway, New York City, and mail to-day to our office. We will then send you MOTOR for 6 months, and a copy free of MOTOR'S HANDBOOK, a book which sets forth comprehensively for the non-technical reader a complete analysis of all types of motor cars. It is a book that is indispensable to the motor-car owner. Up to date in every way up to date. It has only just been completed and is in every way up to date.

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Send me MOTOR for 6 months, for which I enclose herewith $1. According to your special offer, send me a copy, free, of MOTOR-CAR HANDBOOK.

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Address.....

HALF MILLION SALES OF REALTY.

Brokers Well Satisfied With Business of Week, Making Allowance for the Storm, Which Cut Into Operations.

CAMBRIDGE AUCTION REALIZED $550,000

Local real estate brokers and operators are not complaining of lack of business, in fact they regard the sales rolled up the past week as very satisfactory, when it is considered that the heavy storm on Wednesday cut materially into their operations.

No million-dollar transactions were recorded the past week, although the auction sale of the Riverbank court property in Cambridge, amounting to $550,000, may swell the total. The most important urban transaction was the passing of final papers conveying property on Tremont row valued at $429,000. Second to this was the sale of Commercial street real estate assessed on a valuation of nearly $90,000 and the transfer of a South Market street estate valued by the assessors at $44,000.

Building Conditions Improve.

Building operations are upon the up grade, as indicated by the weekly compilation of the F. W. Dodge Company. For the week contracts awarded throughout the New England section amounted to $1,232,000, as compared with a total of $1,034,000 for the corresponding period last year. Since the first of the year the total is $2,988,000, comparing with $3,307,000 for the corresponding period last year.

President William A. Gaston of the Real Estate Exchange has appointed the legislative committee for 1905 as follows: The president and treasurer, ex-officio; Hon. William R. Rice, the Hon. Melvin O. Adams, Joseph B. Russell, Charles W. Whittier and Frederick O. Woodruff.

New members of the exchange recently elected are the Hon. William R. Rice, the Hon. Joshua Bennett Holden of the Charles river dam commission; Eugene T. Red mond, real estate broker; Charles H. Wyzanski and J. Wilder Pollard.

Annual Dinner February 4.

The annual dinner of the Real Estate Exchange will be held February 4, when the speakers will be Hon. William A. Gaston, Lieutenant Governor Curtis Guild, Jr., Henry M. Whitney, president of the Boston Chamber of Commerce, and John Mason Little.

"Boston Up to Date" will be the topic discussed.

Rollins Estate Sold.

Edward T. Harrington & Co. report the sale of the C. A. Rollins estate for the receivers of the Union Trust Company. The property is located in Norwood, on the easterly side of Washington street, near the land of Augusta T. Sanborn. The estate has a frontage of 182 feet on Washington street, runs back about 500 feet, and contains 152,000 square feet, or about four acres. The assessed valuation is $12,000. Upon the premises is a residence valued at $10,000, and also a stable. The purchasers were Frank L. Foley et al. These brokers have also sold the estate situated on Washington street, Dorchester, between Reddy and Ashmont streets, having a frontage of 115 feet on Washington street. The property was sold for William J. Creighton of Lynn, and the price was 75 cents per square foot.

Sale Made in Somerville.

Edward T. Harrington & Co. report the sale of the estate at Nos. 25-27 Josephine avenue, Somerville, consisting of a modern two-apartment house and lot of land containing about 5,500 square feet, all assessed on a valuation of $3,800. The grantee was the Worthwood Savings Bank. The purchaser is Charles A. Gould, of Cambridge, who buys for investment.

Through the same concern Frederick W. Klemm has sold his estate, No. 24 Hawthorne street, Roslindale, consisting of a nine-room house with modern improvements, a large frame stable and 22,000 square feet of land. The price paid is in the neighborhood of $5,200.

Commonwealth Avenue Sale.

The sale of the estate at No. 254 Commonwealth avenue, through the office of J. D. K. Willis, is reported. Phillip S. Rice sold to a party whose name is withheld for the present. The parcel comprises a swell-front four-story brick dwelling, with about 2,988 square feet of land, all assessed on a basis of $35,000.

Simon Rudnick has purchased the investment parcel on Poplar and Chambers street, West End, owned by Sarah E. Stone. Walpole. The brick buildings and 2,000 feet of land are taxed for $4,000.

No. 84a North Bennet street, heretofore owned by the Devonshire Associates, has been sold to Josephine A. Roberts.

J. Sumner Draper has transferred to John H. Fallon the estate No. 31 to 37 Elm street, Brookline, consisting of two double frame houses and 13,183 feet of land. The transfer was effected through the office of Jobst & Hock.

No. 60 Dennis street, Roxbury, has been sold by Mary E. Kirby to Sarah E. Custeo, Valuation, $4,000.

The National Biscuit Company has purchased from Henry W. Lamb and one other 56,172 feet of land and a frame factory building on Albany street, Cambridge.

List of Transactions.

The books of the Real Estate Exchange yesterday contained the following record of transfers:

References: Q, quitclaim; W, warranty; D, deed; M, mortgage; R, release.

CITY PROPERTY.

Morris Wies to Henry Zeman, Compton street, $1, Q.

Sarah E. Stone to Simon Rudnick, Poplar and Chambers streets, $10, W.

Edward T. Harrington et al. to Josephine A. Roberts, near North Grove street, $1, Q.

SOUTH BOSTON.

Robert W. Hastings to Winfred Walsh, Colonial road, $1, Q.

Edward W. Johnson to Mary Gallagher, O street, $1, W.

EAST BOSTON.

Jane K. Skillen et al. to Oswald Amirault, Princeton street, $1, Q.

ROXBURY.

Mary E. Kirby to Sarah Custeo, Dennis and Maryland streets, $1, R.

Mary E. Kirby, estate, to Hugh J. Doherty, Washington street, $4,000, D.

Mary H. Monahan to Agnes A. Davis, Heath street, $1, Q.

Devonshire Associates to Josephine A. Roberts, Hornsby park, R.

DORCHESTER.

Robert E. Cherrington to Fred F. Rhodes, Haven avenue, two lots, $1, Q.

Evelyn G. Pitz estate to Charles W. Seward, Leyland street, $1, R.

Charles W. Seward to Royal B. Wentworth, Leyland street, $1, Q.

Wentworth Realty to Raymond G. Safford, Mountfort street, $1, Q.

Raymond G. Safford to William W. Reed, Mountfort street, $1, Q.

WEST ROXBURY.

William J. Miller, trustee, to Robert T. Cox, Ailsworth street, $1, Q.

BRIGHTON.

Theodore B. Hostyne to George C. Coyle, Hummel, street, $1, W.

Malden Savings Bank, mortgagee, to John P. Holden, Maple avenue and Murdock street, two lots; another piece, $3,000, D.

John P. Holden to Malden Savings Bank, Maple avenue and Murdock street, two lots; another piece $1, Q.

CHELSEA.

James P. Prince, mortgagee, to James P. Prince, Chestnut and Cherry streets, $500, D.

Ida Ansorrig to Abraham Bovarnick, Arlington street, $1, W.

LEGISLATORS OF 1905 WHO HAVE BECOME PROMINENT

PRES. OF THE SENATE
Wm. E. DANA.
BEECHER'S HARD OF BOSTON THE OLD FILLER.
SEN. JOHN PERLEY MURDOCK WHO IS RUNNING FOR GOV. & BOLDING'S NO 16 DEC.
FLOUR
BRAND

Three Prominent Lawmakers of Great and General Court of 1905, Representing Eastern, Middle and Northwestern Parts of State.

Two Senators and House Member Who Represent Busy Type of Lawmakers.

Two Senators and a prominent member of the House are here pictured in characteristic poses. They represent the eastern, middle and northwestern sections of the State, besides representing the busy type of legislator. Mr. Dana is a resident of Newton, and the President of the Senate. He has had three terms in the House and this is his second term in the upper house. His popularity is evidenced in the fact that he was unanimously elected parliamentarian of the Senate this year. He started off with the commendable purpose of expediting business and hopes to establish a record for despatching legislation. A good parliamentarian, he is of a positive disposition and will not stand for dilatory tactics.

Senator John P. Munroe, of Worcester, is familiarly called "Perley." He is supposed to be the best authority on railroads in the State House. Just at present he is suffering from a headache, due to a recent fall on the State House steps. He is an expert telegraph operator and a former newspaper editor. This is his fourth term in the Senate and he was graduated from the House after serving two terms. He has a smile that has been a valuable asset to him in political battles and his genial manner has helped him out of many a close contest for nomination. He is chairman of the Committee on Railroads.

Representative Charles E. Ward, of Rockland, is known as the sniker of the House. He runs a grist mill when not a Solon and is so familiar with the gabolins that come to the legislative hopper as he is with that which comes to his own. Mr. Ward has been given four terms by his constituency, which he knows as a "close-riding district," being composed of small towns and villages. He has the distinction of being the only man that ever had a Speaker of the House ask his consent to absent himself a day or two to the Legislature on the ground that he was a most valuable member.

And to make the request solid Speaker Frothingham promised the First Franklin District that he would make Mr. Ward chairman of the Ways and Means Committee if they would return him. Mr. Ward has leaped into prominence this year by admitting that he erred in voting valuable privileges to the Boston gas companies in the past.

LAUREL WREATH TO SYMPHONY 'CELLO SOLOIST.

Rudolph Krasselt and His Colleagues Showered With Honors at the Thirteenth Concert of Present Season

By Kent Perkins.

It was the Symphony Orchestra's own night at the thirteenth concert of the season in Symphony Hall last night. The hall was crowded, the audience enthusiastic and the programme was of a character to give full scope to the musicians to exhibit the wide variety of their high civilties. All the honors—and the evening was replete with them—went to the orchestra, for, while there was a soloist, he only appeared in one selection, and the laurel wreath that was bestowed on him was added to the organization's rewards, as he was Rudolf Krasselt, the violoncello player, and a member of the orchestra. This was the programme:

The Cornelius overture, bubbling with humor, saturated with passionate melody, and tinged throughout with an "Arabian Nights" spirit, was played with inimitable greefulness and appreciation.

Mr. Krasselt drew from his 'cello in the Volkmann concerto tones of such remarkable sweetness, purity and overpowering tenderness as are rarely heard. That the audience recognized a master and appreciated the ravishing sounds with which he filled the hall was proved by the storm of applause that burst forth when the last accord had been died away. He was recalled a half dozen times and his associates joined heartily in the tribute given to him.

Overture to the opera, "The Barber of Seville" ..... Peter Cornelius
Concerto No. A minor for violoncello and orchestra, op. 33 ..... Goltermann
Rudolph Krasselt.
Symphonic prelude in A minor, No. 5, Op. 11 (first time) ..... Bernard
Fantastic symphony, No. 1, in C major, Op. 14 ..... Berlioz

Cornelius's Symphonic Prelude, heard here for the first time, proved a Symphonic passionate and yearning harmonies, was given with admirable delicacy of shading and splendid fulness of spirit and power.

The astonishing section of Berlioz brought out the extreme capabilities of the orchestra. It has a definite programme explained by the composer and represents a hopeless lover who in despair takes opium to end his misery. The dose is not fatal; it gives the youth only fantastic dreams, through all of which there floats a melody into which his vision of his sweetheart has been transmuted. The work in its five parts, portraying dreams of his loved one, a brilliant ball where she appears, a pastoral scene in which shepherds pipe, the love melody and several thunder storms are mixed together; a dream where the youth thinks he has killed the girl and sees himself guided to the scaffold for it, and finally a Walpurgis night's dream that is a veritable witches' sabbath of harmonic and melodic extravagance.

The many beauties of the piece were fully displayed by the orchestra, and the sensational episodes were rendered with the utmost skill and effectiveness.

At the next concert, next Sunday evening, Eugen d'Albert, the famous pianist and composer, will be the soloist.

NEWLANDS SAYS TAX RAILROAD RECEIPTS.

Control and Simplify Great Systems Under Federal Charters, to Protect Public, Urges the Nevada Senator

"The only way of simplifying the railway systems of the United States is to exercise to the full the interstate commerce power of the Constitution, and to frame national corporations under careful guards as to capitalization, with a fixed rate of taxation and a fixed return upon capital, in which case the increase of business during the future will tend to the betterment of the roads and a reduction in rates."

So said United States Senator Newlands of Nevada at the banquet of the Beacon Society at the Algonquin club, last evening.

Nelson Parker presided at the banquet. In his introductory remarks he stated that the views of Senator Newlands must be regarded as the views entertained by the Senator himself, and that the club is in no way committed to them because of being given at their banquet.

Prominent Men Present.

There were about eighty members of the club in attendance, and prominent among them were former Mayor Thomas N. Hart, George G. Crocker of the Transit Commission, Josiah H. Benton, Jr., Joshua Hoiden, chairman of the Charles River Basin Commission, Curtis Guild, Jr., president of the Boston and Maine Railroad; Edgar Van Etten, Vice President of the New York Central Railroad, Eugene N. Foss, Governor Edgar R. Champlin, former Mayor of Cambridge, Colonel Everett I. Benton, John Shepard, Colonel A. A. Pope and A. Shuman.

Senator Newlands said the railroad system must be unified and simplified by a federal incorporation under a national revision of the Interstate Commerce Commission, all issues of stocks and bonds to prevent watering. "It is more important," he thought, "to prevent the watering of the future than to correct the watering of the past. This can only be accomplished, he said, through national incorporation and control.

Should Ignore State Lines.

"The time has now come to ignore State lines as to the construction, operation and management of the railroads of the country," he continued. "The public interest requires it and the power to accomplish it is to be found in the charter of the federal Constitution which gives Congress jurisdiction over the operation of all interstate and foreign commerce. While the power has never been fully exercised it hangs over without question to Congress. Its exercise involves no contradiction of the reserved powers of the States.

Railroads in Politics.

"Being absolutely under the control of politics, the railroads therefore take a hand in politics, and as they do everything systematically, these present conditions have invited the organization of political machines as a part of every railroad system in the country. Politics is a business with the railroads, and as they naturally possess the lines of least resistance, these often involve an alliance with, or control of, the worst political elements in every community.

"The only way to get them out of politics is to take away their big profits in politics by making taxes a matter of certainty and providing for a fixed and just return upon their capital and by unifying the control of their operations by a body of great character and dignity, such as I believe the Interstate Commerce Commission to be."

MEETING OF REAL ESTATE BROKERS

Worcester, Jan. 28.—The first convention of the Massachusetts real estate brokers and auctioneers will be held in Horticultural Hall here Wednesday, February 15. The meeting has been called by A. L. Walker, of Lounsdater, vice-president of the National Real Estate Association.

A movement along this line is in progress throughout the country, and the New York convention will be held in Syracuse on February 8, two days before the convention in Worcester.

DR. VAN ALLEN AT Y. M. C. A.

"The Truth as it is in Jesus" will be the subject at the meeting to-day of the Young Men's Christian Association, which will be addressed by Rev. Dr. William Van Allen, rector of the Church of the Advent.

Treating Wrong Disease.

Many times women call on their family physicians, suffering, as they imagine, from dyspepsia, another from heart disease, another from liver or kidney disease, another from nervous exhaustion or prostration, another with pain here and there, and in this way they all present symptoms to themselves and their easy-going and indifferent, or over-busy doctor, separate and distinct diseases, for which he, assuming them to be such, prescribes his pills and potions. In reality they are all only symptoms caused by some womb disease. The physician, ignorant of the cause of suffering, encourages this practice until large bills are made. The suffering patient gets no better, but probably worse, by reason of the delay, wrong treatment and consequent complications. A proper medicine like Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, directed to the cause would have entirely removed the disease, thereby dispelling all those distressing symptoms, and instituting comfort instead of prolonged misery. It has been well said that "a disease known is half cured." In cases almost innumerable, after all other medicines had failed to help and doctors had said there was no cure possible, the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, supplemented when necessary by medical advice and counsel of Dr. Pierce, has resulted in a perfect and permanent cure. The genuineness of these cures is attested not only by the entire disappearance of pain, but by a gain of flesh, a clear complexion and a vigorous appetite.

A SCIENTIFIC MEDICINE.—Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a scientific medicine, carefully devised by an experienced and skillful physician, and adapted to woman's delicate system. It is purely vegetable in its composition and perfectly harmless in its effects in any condition of the system, or suitable to alcohol, opium, digitalis or other injurious ingredient.

DR. R. V. PIERCE, Buffalo, N. Y.:

Dear Sir—I was very low, and our home physician said I would never be well until I went to the hospital. Knowing what I did of your medicine I concluded to try it and felt sure it would cure me. To-day I thank God for Dr. Pierce's medicine. I began keeping house the 11th day of April and was just able to crawl about and in three weeks I could do all my own work, laundry and all. I have taken six bottles of Dr. Pierce's medicine and feel real good, but am not going to stop until I am sure I am cured. I tell all my lady friends about Dr. Pierce's wonderful medicine. They say, "how good you are coming Mrs. Taylor," and I answer it is all due to Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription.

Thanking you once more for your kindness, I remain, Very truly yours,
MRS. E. G. TAYLOR,
Spring Arbor, Mass.

Box 91.

An honest dealer will not urge a substitute in place of "Favorite Prescription." There is nothing in the world "just as good," although avaricious druggists will sometimes say so for the sake of the greater profit to be had upon the inferior article. Shun all such.

Every wise and careful housewife recognizes the value of a good home medical book. Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser is the best medical book and the best of its kind. It used to sell for $1.50 per copy. Now a big edition is being given away—FREE. For paper-covered copy, send 21 one-cent stamps to cover mailing only. French cloth binding ten cents extra. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

ASSIST NATURE

a little now and then, with a gentle laxative, or, if need be, with a more searching and cleansing, yet gentle cathartic to remove offending matter from the stomach and bowels, to tone up and invigorate the liver and quicken its tardy action, and you thereby avoid a multitude of dangerous and dire diseases.

Of all known agents to accomplish this purpose, Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are unequaled. Once used they are always in favor. Their secondary effect is to keep the bowels open and regular, thereby curing constipation, as in the case with other pills. Hence, their great popularity with sufferers from habitual constipation, piles and their attendant discomforts and manifold derangements.

The "Pleasant Pellets" are valuable in all cases of biliousness, sick and bilious headache, dizziness, costiveness, or constipation of the bowels, sour stomach, windy belchings, "heartburn," pain and distress after eating, and kindred derangements of the liver, stomach and bowels.

U. S. SENATE HONORS THE MEMORY OF HOAR.

Members of Upper House of Congress Pay High Tribute to the Noble Qualities of the Late Distinguished Statesman

Washington, Jan. 28.—Today's session of the Senate was devoted almost wholly to eulogizing the life, character and public services of the late George Frisbie Hoar of Massachusetts. Senators who had served with the distinguished statesman did with each other, without regard to party, in testifying to his high worth.

Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, who presented resolutions expressing the deep regret of the Senate over the death of his former colleague, said in part:

"Franklin Edward Everett Hale paid tribute in prayer to his friend of years. Senator Lodge eloquently portrayed the life and public services of his late colleague.

"His splendid optimism," said Mr. Lodge, "his lofty faith in his country, his belief in humanity, never failed. They were with him in his boyhood, they were still with him, radiant, vital, to the days when in holy old age he went."

"By Nature a Partisan."

"He was by nature a partisan; he could not hold faithless or false views lightly or indifferently. He loved the great party he had helped to found in that strongest of all ways, with an open-eyed and not a blind affection. He more than once differed from his party; he sometimes opposed it on particular measures; he once, at least, parted with it on a great national issue, but he never would leave it; he never faltered in its support.

"His spirit respected and cherished personal independence more than he and no man more heartily despised those who gave to fulsome, mellow and all unchara'eristic the honored name of independence."

Senator Crane's Tribute.

Senator Crane said: "Senator Hoar had not only a great brain, but a great heart. His sympathies were world-wide and he was recognized as a friend of the oppressed not only in his own country, but through out the world. Injustice and tyranny, wherever found, excited his deepest indignation, and his heart went out to all peoples struggling for liberty and independence.

"Though there is mourning, deep and sincere, but we can even rejoice because of the record he has made. It is without stain. He was one of those who served his State and his country in such a way that better because he has lived in it. We respect because during all of his long life he was true to the highest standards. We are thankful for his virtues, pure and noble life, for it will be an inspiration to all his countrymen during all the years that are to come."

34 HORSES ESCAPE IN ROXBURY FIRE

Thirty-four horses, owned by the Dorchester Express Company, stampeded to the stable on East Lenox street, corner of Norfolk avenue, Roxbury, last night during a fire that destroyed the large portion of the building and stable. The horses were collected by Superintendent Kingston and Foreman of the Dudley street station, and were taken out without one being injured.

Two alarms were sent in, extra apparatus from the city proper. The cause is a mystery. The damage is probably $5,000, to cover

SAVE A BOSTON BOUND CREW FROM DEATH.

Seven Sailors in Dire Peril Taken Off Schooner John G. Schmidt by a Lifeboat From West India Mail Boat

Seven Boston bound and shipwrecked sailors were rescued from death at sea by the Dutch West India mail steamship Prins Maurits and landed in New York, yesterday. They were Captain Schmidt, his mate, the cook and four sailors on the three masted schooner John G. Schmidt, lumber laden and bound from George town, S. C., to this city. The vessel was caught in the great blizzard and waterlogged by the terrific seas which swept her deck after she sprung a leak and sank deep with the sea. The crew lashed themselves to the rigging and nearly perished from cold and exposure.

Their food supply was imperiled sailors were thrown from the rigging, and were so exhausted that they were about to relinquish their holds and fall off into the sea when the steamship hove in sight. The sailors were then cared for, their wet clothing changed and they were warmed.

When a lifeboat from the Prins Maurits reached the sailors' bunk the crew of the Schmidt had to be dragged aboard the craft as they were all well exhausted.

At Providencetown watch is being kept for the schooner Lilla Rose from Parrsboro, N. S., which was sighted twenty miles off Highland Light by the fishermen's life bark on Friday morning. The Lilla Rose had not all her sails on the afternoon she was trying to reach port under bare poles. Superintendent Kempton and Keeper Lewis of the Provincetown Life Saving station have been notified to be on the lookout for the vessel.

Captain Alexander Eretzin, which left this port Sunday last, reached Baltimore after perilous hours off Highland Light. To escape going on the bottom, the anchors dragging on the bottom, Meritt's Chapel, the wrecking tug is trying to float the steamer Georgetown, stranded on Green Point, Nantucket.

FAMOUS EMBEZZLER, CLARENCE MURPHY, IS PAROLED.

Salem Savings Bank Paying Teller, Convicted of $50,000 Crime, Released From the State Prison at Charlestown

Clarence Murphy, of Salem, who was convicted in 1894 for embezzling $50,000 from the Salem Savings bank, of which he was paying teller, has been released from the State Prison at Charlestown on parole.

His original sentence was for a term of from ten to fifteen years. This was later changed by the court to a straight ten years' sentence.

For good behavior the prison commissioners decided to parole him after the unexpired term of one year and four months. He will report to Sergeant Bridges, warden of the State prison, every month until the time of his sentence expires.

Murphy was welcomed on his release by his brother, Frank Murphy, and his sister. Together they took him to the home of Frank Murphy on Bloomfield street, where he greeted his aged mother. Since his release Murphy has remained in quiet retirement, meeting only a few of his old friends.

ABE ATTELL CLEARLY OUTCLASSES MURPHY

New Yorker Given Bad Beating by Rival in Philadelphia.

Special to the Sunday American.

Philadelphia, Jan. 28.—Tommy Murphy, of New York, and Abe Attell, of Chicago, boxed six lively rounds before the National Athletic Club here to-night. The contest went the limit, just as the betting indicated. Attell's wonderful cleverness was a revelation to the New Yorker, who found a different handful to deal with. The latter clearly outclassed Murphy, who seemed unable to do any damage to the body of his opponent, which was very seldom, most of his swings going to the air.

On the other hand, Attell landed hard and often on his opponent's face. In the third round smashed Murphy's nose with a right swing that for a moment brought the blood from the injured member, and Murphy lost ground in keeping out of Attell's delivery. Attell never let up on the New Yorker. He drove him around from the start and would have received the decision had one been rendered on points.

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Are you satisfied with your income? Few men are, and the daily problem is how to increase it. It can be done, and done easily, if you will only add to your equipment by a little conscientious study and thereby make yourself of greater value in your particular line of work. It is the well educated, well informed, well poised man of to-day who enjoys the largest income and makes the greatest success of life.

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now coming off the press, has been brought right down to date, and by a special arrangement with the publishers we are enabled, for a short time, to offer certain sets at 50 per cent. discount. In addition to the great saving thus effected, and to place it within the reach of every ambitious man and woman, we will let you have the complete set of thirty-one volumes right in your own home for $1.00 down and ten cents a day.

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A PRETTY village place, ½ acre land, 4-room house, near Worcester, Mass.; price $250. E. G. BRADSHAW CO., 101 Tremont st.

25 HEAD STOCK kept on this 110-acre dairy farm, Hubbardston, Mass.; 10 acres mowing; 10 acres tillage; 90 acres pasture; large, fine old house; 2 barns; all for $3,500. E. G. BRADSHAW CO., 101 Tremont st.

45 ACRES fine land; a nice 6-room house; new barn; $1,000; wood, shed and hen-house; lots of fruit of all kinds; 200 cords of wood; running water; 1 mile to village of 1,500 people; 2 miles to railroad station; 1 mile to village of 15 to 20 houses; all in A-1 condition. 17 miles out from Worcester on electric road. Price is $1,000. E. G. BRADSHAW CO., 101 Tremont st.

$600 FOR this fine poultry farm of 8 acres with a good 7-room house; two barns; plenty of fruit; 2 miles to electric cars; 5 miles out of Worcester; very easy terms. This is a great bargain. Come quick or you lose it. E. G. BRADSHAW CO., 101 Tremont st.

EXCHANGE OR SELL ON EASY TERMS—A modern 8-room house at Wrentham, 3 minutes to station; 10 minutes to electric cars; 30 minutes to Roxbury; 35 minutes to station and 1 minute to Dedham; fine location. A 7-room house at Framingham; electric car line passes house; prices are in A-1 condition in every way, not one dollar to exchange for cash; will take part cash and part real estate. Price $6,000. H. C. FRENCH.

EXCHANGE—Six hill district, 2 elegant 2 family houses, all leased for $1000 and $800 respectively; steam heat; one contains 2 baths; beautifully finished and finished throughout. FRENCH, will be glad to show you these.

JOHN J. CADIGAN

70 STATE ST.

SOMERVILLE—$4,500 at 4 interest hours to be sold in six months. Other attractive investments.

CAMBRIDGE—$10,000 sq. ft. of land, and several buildings, leased for $25,000. Will be sold for assessed value in order to close an estate.

SOUTH BOSTON—Brick block with stores and apartments, near City Point, paying 11 per cent. on $18,000. Can be bought low, and with $4,000 in cash.

EVERETT—Two 2 family houses, assessed for $8,000, with mortgage of $4,000; will be sold on easy terms. JOHN J. CADIGAN, 70 State st.

150 APPLE TREES.

15,000 FEET of timber on this 70 acre farm; 2 miles from station and village, R. F. D., house, 7 rooms and barn; house 4 cities; 7 miles to Boston; house barn fitted for 10 head; other outbuildings; all fruit; good water; 2 wells; price $1,500; $500 down, balance to suit. Call or address S. S. true, train North Station. C. F. LELAND, 113 Devonshire st.

$200 Secures Sawmill and Farm,

$200 SECURES SAWMILL AND FARM—Large acres, in prosperous community; tidy house and barn, fruit and wood; sawmill with custom and lumber trade; 2 miles to railroad station; good water; wheel, shafting, etc., in need of some repairs; a timber estate. Call or address C. A. BLAKE, Hill, N. H., C. F. LELAND, 113 Devonshire st.

DID YOU EVER stop to consider, instead of paying rent to the landlord, you can own your own home? Nine little new 2-room house, good lot of land, for $250 down, balance $12 monthly. Only Old South Bldg.

2 FAMILY 11-ROOM HOUSE, ½ acre of land, in N. Abington; only $2,000. Old South Bldg., 24 Milk st.

ROXBURY CROSSING—6-flat house, all improvements, all rented, good tenants, choice of lettings; any reasonable offer will be taken. Old South Bldg.

1 FAMILY HOUSE, Dorchester, 10 rooms, up-to-date, desirable neighborhood; $300 down; must go at once. 528 Old South Bldg.

MELROSE—58,178 ft. of land, A1 location, forms to suit. 528 Old South Bldg.

4 BRICK HOUSES, 12 flats, all improvements, rents $144; assessed at $12,800; $800 want offer would trade. 528 Old South Bldg.

FARM WANTED in exchange for other real estate. Room 528, Old South Bldg.

DELAWARE FARMS. The very best bargains in Delaware are described in a free catalogue sent by C. T. W. WILLIAMS, Milford, Delaware.

FOR SALE—A story and half house and 2 acres of land, near a depot, 30 rods of safe track on one side, south of Boston and Albany railroad; 1 mile to boulder, 40 h. p. engine, planers, cutting and splitting saws, round turning lathes, other machinery and all necessary machinery for a saw mill, shingle mill, grist mill, planer and matcher, 2 boilers, 30 horse power; also a story of lumber within 2 miles; price $1,600. FRED L. BUNHAM, Real Estate, Greenfield.

FOR SALE—Square farm, on line of electric; near village, extra good buildings, with stock and tools; price $2,000; terms easy. CHARLES H. CLARK, Ipswich, Mass.

FOR SALE—Good tea business, everything first class, profits large; good reason for selling. Inquire, BYRON CLARK, 452 Main st., Worcester. Monadnock, northeast Oxford, Mass.

F. W. Broad & Co. 28 SCHOOL STREET.

W. MEDWAY, MASS.—House, 10 rooms, good barn, all in fine condition; large lot of land, well and painted; 2 acres land; perfect; fruit of every description; price $3,500. We have several bargains as good, all near investigating.

FRANKLIN, MASS.—First-class house, stable, etc., all improvements; near steam and electric; bargain at $5,000.

MAPLEWOOD—Attractive corner house, 10 rooms, well situated, handy to steam and electric; low price.

ROXBURY—One of the best located houses, 12 rooms, all improvements, fine plastin, high ground, easy access, electric or steam near; first-class in every respect.

ROXBURY—House, 9 rooms, bath, 3,700 feet of land; low price, good location; an ideal home.

ROXBURY—House, 9 rooms, good yard; good condition; step to Blue Hill car; low price, for a few hundred dollars up.

DORCHESTER—House and stable, over 10,000 feet of land, modern improvements, 10 rooms and bath, stable, 3 stalls, investigate.

APARTMENT HOUSES in Dorchester, Roxbury and Milton for sale.

LODGING HOUSES in all parts of city, from a few hundred dollars up.

ARE YOU looking for a provision store in Roxbury? Have one that is doing a good trade, at low price; We have such a one.

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REAL ESTATE BROKER.

SOUTH END—Single house of 10 rooms in good repair; price $4,000; a snap.

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3 FAMILY HOUSE, all conveniences, well rented, for sale very low, a good investment.

BRICK INVESTMENT property, 3 flats and apartments on the thoroughfare near Pleasant st., subway entrance; for sale at a very attractive price.

CORNER 2-FAMILY house in best residential section of city; all modern conveniences; terms; price very low.

WE HAVE for sale several choice investment properties in Roxbury, South End and city.

MONEY TO LOAN on first mortgages at 5½ to 6 per cent.

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73 TREMONT ST., BOSTON.

ALL CLASSES of real estate. Our catalogue describing many estates is now ready; send stamp and address.

BROOKLINE—Fine location; brick house, 12 rooms, modern; very large corner lot; price $20,000; $12,000 can be on mortgage at 4 per cent. ROBERT LAWTON, 73 Tremont st.

WEST NEWTON ST.—Single house, brick, 9 rooms, modern; and best price $9,500; small payment down, or would exchange. ROBERT LAWTON, 73 Tremont st., Room 1, Second floor.

Land Wanted in Trade

FOR SINGLE AND
TWO - FAMILY HOUSES.
Must be free and clear.

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SEND for our Real Estate Advertiser (free), containing the finest list of farms ever presented to the public. FARM AGENCY CO., 256 Washington st.

FOR SALE—House in Needham, nine 8-room house, perfect repair, one acre land, convenient to church, electric cars and depot; 20 minutes to Boston; price $1,700, take $400 down. GILBERT & CO., 350 Old South Bldg.

FOR SALE—In Somerville, near Winter Hill, 2 single houses, 8 rooms each, bath, set tubs, steam and electric cars, assessed $3,500; for quick sale $3,000; $500 down. GILBERT & CO., 350 Old South Bldg.

FOR SALE—In Needham, house 8 rooms and bath, all improvements, one acre land, convenient to electric cars; price $2,500; $500 down. GILBERT & CO., 350 Old South Bldg.

$100 OR A HOUSE LOT FREE

To anyone buying a lot (at the address below) and building a house on it before next May, 1905; this are going fast; come now while they last and get a good lot at a cash price; easy payments, no interest or taxes for 3 years; street grade free to lot buyers; electric cars, city water, sewers, sidewalks and gas; only 6 miles from Massachusetts av. See 2, TOLMAN BUILDING, Roxbury st. and Blue Hill av., take Blue Hill electric car stop in Arlington.

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RESIDENTIAL PROPERTIES.

Winthrop, elegant house, stable, 15,000 ft. land, Dorchester, large list of single and two family houses; Melrose, several fine residences, one to rooms, finished in hard wood, every improvement, fine location, worth $7,500; but taken by mortgagee, price $5,700, cost $9,000; 8 rooms, 3 square and side rooms to let; gentlemen only.

Brighton, living rooms EACH BAY ROOM FOR REGISTRY, 55 Bowdoin st.; people waiting.

BROOKLINE, near Coolidge Corner—Elegant and medium-sized rooms in small family; first-class location; minutes to Park and Beacon sts. 20 Marion st.

BROOKLINE—384 Harvard st.; exceptionally pleasant, sunny room, bathroom floor; also smaller room; very desirable; would make home; convenient. Telephone.

BROOKLINE—Very pleasant, sunny rooms, with board; detached house; piazza; twenty minutes to city; references. 1478 Beacon st. Telephone 853—2.

BROOKLINE—Attractive, well-furnished rooms, with excellent board, in desirable location. Address Box 2, Beacon Post office.

BOYLSTON ST., No. 1096, near Massachusetts ave.—Pleasant rooms, with board; also table board. Telephone.

BROOKLINE—A small family would like to rent a large sunny room on bathroom floor; board with private family; references required. 1 Cypress st.

BRIGHTON—Large well-furnished, sunny corner room, with hot and cold water, in a private family house; 3 minutes to Harvard st. cars; terms reasonable. 7 Harvard st.

BROOKLINE HILLS—No. 2 Wellington Terrace, off Heath st., near Walnut st.—Very pleasant; two large sunny chambers, finely furnished; with board; private family; references.

BOYLSTON ST., No. 1088.—Private family; sunny rooms, well furnished, bathroom floor; near Fenway; convenient to all parts of the city; also table board; telephone connection.

BEACON HILL, No. 77 Pinckney st.—Suite of sunny rooms on bathroom floor; hot water and grate fire; let together or separately; also table board.

BACK BAY, 5 Montfort, corner Beacon st.—A few choice rooms, with private bath; also single; weekly rates, including table board if desired; very convenient accommodations. Telephone Back Bay 1489.

CAMBRIDGE—Four attractive rooms, singly or en suite, in a private family; first-class in every respect; steam heat; electric lights; hot and cold water. Telephone 687—4.

SOMERVILLE—Highland ave., No. 378—Opp. statue of Leif Ericson; a large sunny room, with board; also single rooms; private family; terms reasonable; references required.

CHESTNUT ST., No. 5—Large square front room, sunny side room, to let, with board; excellent table.

CAMBRIDGE—No. 1 Linnaean st., in private family, pleasant rooms, with or without board; very convenient and modern; near steam and electrics.

CAMBRIDGE—No. 32 Lawrence st.—Sunny rooms, adjoining, on second floor; 1154171; also large front room, first floor; private family; house detached; board; reference given and required.

CAMBRIDGE—No. 2 Sacramento st., near Porter sq., sunny, well-heated furnished or unfurnished rooms; private family; board near; light housekeeping privileges if desired.

CAMBRIDGE—No. 2 suite 2—New fur., sq. ft., best bath, private family; $2.50 to respectable man.

EMT HILL, 1 BOXBURY—Private, modern, fine large room, nicely furnished, spacious closet, bath adjoining; also single room; first-class table board; special privileges to right parties; none but those of good references need apply. Call at No. 11 Wyoming st.

HUNTINGTON AV., No. 206—Large sunny room; bay window; continuous hot water; pleasant surroundings; table unexcelled; references required.

HUNTINGTON AV., No. 82, Suite 8—Pleasant, sunny, steam-heated rooms; closet; bath adjoining; fine location, near Copley sq.

HUNTINGTON AV., No. 86—Furnished front room, up one flight; private house, with all conveniences; references required.

HUNTINGTON AV., No. 84—Side room, with board; references required.

HUNTINGTON AV., No. 193, Suite 3—Near Mass. ave. Building—Side room.

HUNTINGTON AV., No. 102—Excellently located (in Back Bay); very attractive front and back rooms; steam heat; sunny to business or professional men; reference exchanged.

HUNTINGTON AV., No. 172—Steam-heated rooms; suites or rooms to permanent parties; continuous hot water; bath on every floor; telephone. Back Bay 1489.

LIGHT HOUSEKEEPING, 3 furnished rooms, for mother or single gent, respectable house, no children; rent reasonable. 83 East Brookline st.

MASSACHUSETTS AV., No. 236—Rooms, 1 or two st.—Private family will rent handsome front room, with or without side room; large house; home-like surroundings; business men and women preferred; terms low.

MARLBORO ST., No. 142—Two connecting rooms, single, with hot and cold water; also front sunny; reference; telephone.

MARLBORO ST., No. 144—Second house from Massachusetts av.—Rooms and board; telephone Back Bay.

MARLBORO ST., No. 4—Sunny square room, with use of bath; also single room; first floor; only $6.000; part cash; easy terms; details and appointment. Special bill of sale. Apply to FULLER & CO., room 774, 184 Devonshire st.

INVESTMENT PROPERTIES.

Six-flat brick house in Dorchester, large brick stable, 15,000 ft. land, all rented, price $12,500, rents $2,500, owner will exchange for small farm near Boston, Geo. Large brick house, Monument Square, nine three-flat houses; price for one or more, assessed $24,500, price $27,000. Will sell separate. Worcester st., single house, Plymouth st., and many other smaller places that can be bought cheap and turned quick in the Spring at good profit.

FRED E. EVERETT, Ames Bldg.

PROPERTIES TO EXCHANGE.

Two family brick house in Dorchester, assessed $17,500, free and clear, for good farm. Fine residence in Dorchester for small farm. Gentleman's 10 acre place with modern buildings, near Lowell, valued $7,500, free and clear, for low priced investment property in city. Free and clear building land in Melrose. Newton, Worcester, Lexington and Newton for investment property. Elegant residence in Dorchester for Boston property. Fine elegant building lots in Dorchester for two or three family houses or apartments; price $9,000 each; customers waiting for small lots.

FRED E. EVERETT, Ames Bldg.

I. P. BERRYMAN

35 Congress St., Room 911.

INVESTMENTS.

DORCHESTER—Block 4 brick apartment houses, 3 stories and basement, modern in every respect, 3 rooms, bath, set tubs, built 1902, rent $2,712; price $40,000; assessed $31,200; equity $9,000. F. P. BERRYMAN.

DORCHESTER—3 brick apt. houses, 3 flats each, built 1902, hot water heat, rented $1,872 per month; price $30,000; assessed $24,000. I. P. BERRYMAN.

NO END—Brick house, 12 rooms and store, for sale, all leased, rent $840 yearly; expenses $425, net $415; price $5,500; assessed $4,000. I. P. BERRYMAN.

BRICK block 4 houses, 12 apartments, set-3 flats each; $12,000; rented $1,420; this is a snap. I. P. BERRYMAN.

ROXBURY—4 apartments, 2 stores, brick, 3 flats each, built 1902, hot water heat, rented $1,872 per month; price $30,000; assessed $24,000. I. P. BERRYMAN.

REAL ESTATE, rented or unimproved, large estates, city home and investment property; call and see me. I. P. BERRYMAN, 35 Congress st.

2 FAMILY HOUSE BY

JAMES V. DEVINE

923 DORCHESTER AVE., DORCHESTER.

2 FAMILY HOUSE on corner of 2 good streets in Dorchester; 6 rooms each; all modern; will have good sunlight in all rooms; 14 rooms, 2 for one family; house is new, having been occupied 7 years, but as good as new, having been occupied by owner; price $5,000; $1,000 down, balance over period of 5 years; this is a chance to get a good piece of property combining a good investment and a home; owner will be interested and will see you. Apply to JAMES V. DEVINE, 923 Dorchester ave., Dorchester.

FARMS, $1 DOWN, $1 WEEK

to area, $100; good soil; plenty of wood; high; healthful; near markets; send for list. Call and build a house for $100; money advanced to build. BARTLETT, 89 Court st.

$100—TEN ACRES for orange grove, at Silver Springs, Florida, popular Winter resort.

HOUSE and lot, Somerville, very desirable and new; $2,000. BARTLETT, 89 Court st.

FARM, 100 acres in New Brunswick, no build-ings; $300. BARTLETT, 89 Court st.

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SHERLOCK HOLMES STUDY OF PAGE TRAGEDY---"A DROP OF BLOOD"

Analysis of Famous Mystery Through Person of Sir Conan Doyle's Famous Detective.

"He Straightened Up and Yawned."

By Jacques Futrelle.

A Study of the Great Weston Mystery Along the Lines of Sherlock Holmes, the Detective Creation of Sir A. Conan Doyle.

Sherlock Holmes sprawled at full length on a couch in his Baker Street rooms when I entered. His head was thrown back, his chin, and he scraped at it aimlessly, thoughtfully, with eyes closed. The weird, melancholy tone of the music told me that he was suffering from another attack of his most heartily hated enemy, ennui. I had not seen him for two weeks, but I knew the symptoms well.

As I entered he opened his eyes, straightened up and yawned prodigiously.

"Hello, Watson," he said. "Glad to see you."

"Hello, Holmes," I replied. "I see you are at your old tricks. Same old blues, I suppose."

"Yes," and he yawned again. "I never seem to enjoy anything except those things which bring unhappiness to others. I don't mean I enjoy these maliciously for their own sake, but it seems that other people's troubles are my one entertainment."

"It's your own fault," I said, as I put down a huge bundle of newspapers on his table and drew a chair up to the cozy fire. "You don't take enough exercise. Holmes. You bibliomate here unless there is something outside which calls for the exercise of your special talents. You ought to go out more, move around with people of the world."

"Oh, I never cared for those things," he said, as I lighted a cigarette. "There I stay in the house day after day when there is no problem for me to solve, and you are always out. To-day, for instance," and he looked me over critically, "you have been to meet the steamer Carinthia. Page's bookkeeper, Miss Marion Lancaster there, escorted her to a cab to her hotel, the Clarendon, in the West End, and later you went to see her on business. Like all American women, she insisted on holding the reins and you let her. You also presented to her a box of candy—it lets your cost you half a sovereign, and then you talked medicine and surgery to her for, I should say, an hour longer than you intended to."

I was accustomed to surprises from Sherlock Holmes. His genius for penetrating the mysteries through which he moved by close observation and deduction was peculiarly his own.

"I suppose you saw us driving?" I asked.

"No," he replied. "I haven't left the room to-day."

"Well, how do you happen to know so much about what I have done?" I demanded.

Sherlock Holmes was positively uncanny at times. One could not help but resent his apparently miraculous knowledge of things which in his own person he could not have learned. Sherlock Holmes laughed as he settled his long, spare limbs and restuffed his pipe with tobacco.

"How do I know so much about it?" he repeated. "It's childish, Watson. I see it, as any one with eyes could see it, but you see it. The last time I saw you about two weeks ago you told me you were going to Exeter, a young American woman who had undertaken the study of medicine and incidentally several important discoveries which led to a correspondence with Professor Winslow here, was coming to England on the steamer Carinthia. I saw by to-day's paper that the steamer had arrived at Liverpool. I knew you would meet her because you said you would. Simple, isn't it?"

"I readily see that much," I replied, "but how did you know she was driving, the hotel she went to, the rest of the incidents of how long I talked to her?"

"A blind man could see that you took her driving," he said. "The speck of mud on your sleeves, where the wheel of a high cart had splashed it, showed that. You sat on the left side, therefore you did not drive, but she did, as the driver always sits on the right. I know that she went to the Clarendon Hotel naturally because with her in a cab—because nearly all American who are here awaken to spend too much money go there, and besides the cigarettes you are smoking are of a particular American brand that can only be obtained in that hotel. You are fond of this kind you usually smoke. I guessed you gave her violets because you wore one in your buttonhole, and everybody knows that I know a violet from a bunch of pinks on the right. I know that she went to the Clarendon Hotel naturally because with her in a cab—because nearly all Americans who are here awaken to spend too much money go there, and besides the cigarettes you are smoking are of a particular American brand that can only be obtained in that hotel. You are fond of this kind you usually smoke. I guessed you gave her violets because you wore one in your buttonhole, and everybody knows that I know a violet from a bunch of pinks on the right. I know that she went to the Clarendon Hotel naturally because you said in your note that you would be back in time for tea at half past six. You probably talked medicine and surgery, and as you being interested in that direction, is that perfectly clear?"

"Well, to a man of your intelligence, I don't always follow you, however."

"And all the time you've been doing this I've been dying for lack of something to do," complained Sherlock Holmes, with a dreary, dreary, I don't know what I should do with myself."

"By the way, you're fond of reading of serious, said, "perhaps you can find something here which will interest you." And he began to unroll the American newspaper. "It's a very strange murder case in America, Boston, Mass., I should have thought the papers containing all the evidence in order that she and I might make some investigations together as to the effects of poisons on the body of a woman."

"What case is it?" he asked, wearily.

"The case of Charles L. Tucker, charged with the murder of Mabel Page, at Weston, near Boston, Mass."

"Ah, I've read something of that," he said. "Rather transparent affair, I should say."

"Well, it certainly isn't transparent to anybody else," I said, "judging from what Miss Lancaster told me and from a brief glimpse at the evidence in the newspapers."

"Let me see," said Holmes, and he picked up one of the papers. He read the evidence, without any apparent interest at first. Then he sat up and I knew that his wonderful analytical brain had been stirred. Page after page he read, occasionally with little starts and exclamations, as some part of the evidence attracted his attention.

"A very interesting case," he said finally. "A pretty problem, Watson," and he rubbed his hands delightedly.

Then he continued reading. When the last had been finished (and I had all the evidence except that of the last three days in this noted trial) he put down the paper.

"Any more?" he asked.

"No," I responded.

He arose and walked back and forth several times. Then touched a messenger call in the room, sat down and wrote a cablegram.

"That's too good to lose," he said. "I'm wiring to Boston for the developments of the last three days and the verdict. I believe, Watson, that I've struck a real mystery."

On the following day Sherlock Holmes received by cable a long message, giving the most important of the developments of the trial toward the finish, and bringing the finding of the Tucker jury—guilty of murder in the first degree. He read the cable through twice, gazed back and forth for a minute or so, and then stopped before me.

"Do you know the case?" he asked.

"Fairly well," I replied. "I have read all you have, except the cable."

He handed that to me, and I read it closely from beginning to end as he paced restlessly.

"What do you think of it?" he asked.

"Well," I said, with some hesitation, "I suppose that the verdict was in accordance with the evidence."

"But doesn't it strike you that the most important points of the whole affair have been totally neglected?" he demanded.

"No," I said, "it seems to me that the points have been pretty fairly covered."

"Covered!" he exclaimed impatiently. "They haven't been touched. One drop of blood—only one—will settle once for all Tucker's guilt or innocence."

I looked at him incredulously.

"It's a cold, relentless fact," gives me a drop of Tucker's blood and I will settle the case in ten minutes. And then the vital question—the vital question—the man with the broken nose. Who is he? He is the motive. Ah, Watson, it's a magnificent opportunity."

"I'm afraid I don't follow you," I said.

"Well, let's see," said Sherlock Holmes, and he paced back and forth. "First the motive. Robbery, says the prosecution. The state proves that Mabel Page's bookkeeper gave her thirty-five dollars; that Mabel Page gave fifteen dollars to her father for his own purposes. That left her twenty dollars. I'm not a mathematician, but I think that is correct. Now Mabel Page's maid saw her with twenty dollars, and prosecution proves this. After the murder thirty-two dollars and some cents were found in Mabel Page's pocket book, exactly the twenty and the fifteen. Therefore if there was robbery, this money was overlooked. Point one against the robbery theory."

"So it was," I said.

"The prosecution shows that two pins were missing from a certain place which they were found. Two pins, Watson, but half a dozen, as shown by a photograph of the cushion. Would a murderer take two pins, possibly the cheapest there, and leave four? If he took any would he take them all? Point two against the robbery theory.

"But one of the pins was found in Tucker's pocket," I pointed out.

"Which," said Sherlock Holmes, "one of them. Two were missing. The one found in his pocket was everywhere, particularly in New England, near Canada, and had on it the head of a Canadian pin that was found, you know. Not only one pin was found, but two pins. Are we to presume that Tucker threw away one pin and kept the other? He might as well saw him with a fig pin, which is the description of the weapon. Mabel Page possibly saw him with a Canadian pin, long before the murder. He did have a Canadian pin in his pocket, point three against the robbery theory.

"I was beginning to see as Sherlock Holmes saw.

"Again, Tucker pawned and sold several of his belongings before the murder, not after the murder, just before his arrest, and in this way raised considerable money. Did he had stolen money why should he pawn a watch and ring a day or two before? Point four against the robbery motive.

"We will assume that the advocates of the robbery theory. What other motive could Tucker have had? Was he infatuated with Mabel Page? Surely not a love affair. She was forty-two, and he is about twenty-five. So far as known he had only seen her once, that time on the day he went to the Page house as Harold Page's guest. There could have been no enmity between them, as the relations of Harold Page and Tucker were amicable. Now what motive is left? No motive to induce Tucker to kill this woman? Certainly nothing save the unthinkable that he is a maniac, which he is not.

Sherlock Holmes stretched his legs out comfortably before the fire, lighted his pipe and, with eyes drawn to a pin-point, went on:

"After the murder no one saw Tucker near the Page house. He walked up and down the street in front, where dozens of people were passing, he would have been seen by some one. According to Tucker, after the murder, left the Page house through a swampy field to East Weston. That is asserted without showing that Tucker went to the Page house. Now, Watson, you have heard me frequently state that when you have eliminated all the elements of the impossible, and then whatever remains, however improbable, must be true. Now, if Tucker left the Page house and went through a swamp, as he says, he would have had mud on his shoes. It is impossible that he should not have had. There was no mud on his shoes. This is established.

"But about the broken knife?" I asked. "The knife is very important."

"It's only real importance is to show that Tucker was under surveillance and he knew it. He had a hunting knife with a single blade. He was frightened. He lacked judgment in most other things, and acted it up. And having broken it up he did not throw away the pieces. He put the broken pieces in his cut pocket, where he knew they would be found in a search he made, and then to further incriminate himself he put in their one of the two stolen pins—one of them, mind you. Tucker is not a fool. He had plenty of opportunity to throw them both away.

"Now let's see if that knife won't eliminate itself. When the knife was found it bore traces of blood—traces so minute that the serum test, the only infallible test for human blood except one of my own, could not be applied. Hence the argument that Tucker's act have cleaned the knife after the murder, carefully scraped away all the blood except the minute particles that were found. But, and right here, Watson, comes one of the most interesting points—three more of the knife, after it had been scoured and scraped clean, stains made by insects which are found in existence in March, the time of the murder. Those stains must have been made the Summer before. The size of the knife, the wounds it made, has nothing to do with the case at all—the knife eliminates itself. The teeth-marked sheath is nothing."

"And the 'J. L. Morton' note?" I asked.

Sherlock Holmes laughed.

"Murderers don't leave samples of their handwriting around scenes of their crimes," he said. "Possibly, probably, it was an address Mabel Page had put in her purse and dropped out with the gloves and other knick-knacks which were found on the floor in front of the bureau. There was no evidence to the contrary."

Sherlock Holmes arose, and look down from his book shelf a standard authority on blood tests.

"Another interesting point in the case is one which you will appreciate better, you are a physician," he said. "That is the blood tests. It is a scientifically established fact that all the blood in the body of any one person is normally alike. Mabel Page was a normal, healthy woman. We will assume, therefore, that her blood corpuscles were alike, the same size. On the knife Watson, the blood corpuscles measured 1-1193 of an inch. The blood from the wounds in Mabel Page's body, made by the same knife, the same size, measured 1-3385 of an inch."

Sherlock Holmes was animated now, with the analytical process which was his life. He spoke excitedly, impatiently, even.

"Having destroyed a structure can you build one to replace it?" I asked. "Who killed Mabel Page?"

"Give me a motive, man, a motive," he said. "No one has shown me a motive. As to how Mabel Page was killed there is no mystery. She was dressing to go out, hurriedly to her, injured a brother, dropped the gloves, possibly the C. L. Morton foot out on the floor beside her bureau. The murder was deliberate. Some one person wrong by that house to kill her, knowing she was alone. This some one came up behind her and clubbed her. It was some one she knew. Why? The very brutality of the crime. She was stabbed in the back, and possibly after a brief struggle—she fainted. Then was when the assassin planted the knife in her heart and hacked her throat. The assassin knew that only her death would protect him then. She knew him. There was no motive of robbery."

Sherlock Holmes was silent for a long time, and finally turned to me:

"Do the facts as I have shown them lead you to a possible theory which will explain the murder?" he asked.

"Frankly I can only see that you have torn down one theory without giving another," I said.

"Watson, Watson, that you did not read the case carefully. Mabel Page was murdered on March 31. Do you recall seeing in the newspapers there any reference to any peculiar happening on March 30, the day before the murder?"

"No," I said.

"Well, briefly, I'll tell you. Mabel Page's sister is Mrs. Freeman, as you have probably learned. A man named Tucker is accused of the murder. Now do you recall anything from the papers there?"

"No," I replied, puzzled.

"Well, on March 30th, a man with a broken nose, remarkable broken nose, Watson, called to see a Mrs. Freeman in Boston—Tucker, understand—and left word that her brother had been badly hurt and was in a hospital, that she should hurry there at once. In the door plate of the house were this Mrs. Freeman lives—she is no relation of the Page family—appears the name Tucker. This Tucker to be no relation of the Charles L. Tucker family."

I was beginning to see the drift of his reasoning.

"On March 31st," he continued, "a person called at the Page home in Weston—Page—Freeman, you follow me?—and left word or said that Mabel Page's brother had been hurt and was in a hospital—the same message had been given the day before to a woman with the same name as Mabel Page's sister. Mabel Page was slain; the peril of the Boston Mrs. Freeman will never be known."

"And you connect these two?" I asked. there was a new point of view.

"It would have been singularly ill only Mrs. Freeman had received a message, possibly intended for Mabel Page's sister," said Holmes. "How much more singular is it that the name Tucker is on the door plate where this wrong Mrs. Freeman lives?"

"You think then that the murderer of Mabel Page was the mysterious man who called on the Boston Mrs. Freeman?" I asked.

"What can I think?" he asked in turn. "Tucker—Freeman. In both cases they are connected. The motive? Frankly I don't know. The man with the message went to one place, then the other. Do you follow me?"

"Perfectly," I said. "But the end."

"Doesn't it all suggest to you the vital questions?" he asked, "the real, vital questions that I mean?"

"Well," I said, puzzled, "it suggests a line of thought which I can hardly express."

"Just two more facts, then you'll see. On the morning of the murder, just after 10 o'clock, before Mabel Page's maid had left her house, a stranger called at the Page home, on some pretext or other. No one in the house had ever seen him before.

"Did that man have a broken nose?

"Hardly," he said in the afternoon immediately following the murder a stranger was on an Auburndale car with blood on his hand—so much blood that he left a stain on the door.

"Did that man have a broken nose?"

For a moment we were both silent. The novelty of the theory startled me.

"And the motive of Cooley?" I finally asked.

"There is one way for Tucker to show definitely whether or not he killed Mabel Page," said Sherlock Holmes. "The blood corpuscles on the knife were not of the same size as the Mabel Page blood corpuscles, a science doesn't lie. It is sworn that Tucker did cut his fingers in a theatre with that knife, and that the blood on the knife and overcoat, admittedly human, was his own blood.

"Are the blood corpuscles on the knife and coat wholly unlike the Mabel Page blood corpuscles, as they are, the same size as Tucker's blood corpuscles? One drop of Tucker's blood will prove it, Watson. It's a strange case."

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Small lot of SILK WAISTS, in sizes 32 to 34, slightly soiled, value $5.00, now.....

1.98

NUN'S VEILING WAISTS, tucked and shirred, black and colors, also Jap Silk Waists, in white and fancy insertions, at.....

1.98

Fine VELVET WAISTS, with large fancy buttons, value $5.00, at.....

2.98

Ladies' Coats in kersey and cheviot, lined throughout with satin, full box back with tassels, value $15.00.....

6.98

WRAPPERS

FLANNELETTE WRAPPERS in new, pretty patterns, braid trimmed yoke and cape, deep flounce, separate fitted lining, sizes 34 to 46, value $1.25,

79c

GREAT DOUBLE SHOE SALE

MANUFACTURER'S BANKRUPT STOCK

Also a RETAIL BANKRUPT STOCK

FROM BEVERLY, MASS.

Consisting of standard quality Men's, Women's, Boys' and Girls' Footwear, together with all Odd and Shopworn Shoes, to be closed out at

ONE-HALF THEIR VALUE

WOMEN'S SHOES. Worth up to $3.00 a pair, for..... **99c**

Counter full of WOMEN'S Fine Kid and Patent Leather BOOTS, BLUCHER and OXFORDS. Bankrupt prices $1.50 to $3.00, our price..... **99c**

WOMEN'S Common Sense, Comfort, Cushion Sole, Vici Kid, THURSTON and Bankrupt price $3.00, our price..... **1.79**

Three counters full of WONDERFUL VALUES in WOMEN'S FINE SHOES, broken sizes, narrow widths, and slaughtered lines and button boots, $2.50 to $3.00 values, at, per pair,

19c, 39c and 49c

A counter full of WOMEN'S and CHILDREN'S SLIPPERS

ODDS and ENDS at 25c per pair.

Broken lots of WOMEN'S FANCY JULIETTS and FELT BOOTS. Bankrupt prices $1.00 to $2.00, our price..... **59c**

WOMEN'S OVER-GAITERS, broken lots. Bankrupt prices 25c, and 50c., our price..... **15c**

MAGNETIC INNER SOLES, quicken the circulation of blood. Bankrupt prices 50c. and $1.00, our price..... **10c**

CHILD'S HAIR INNER SOLES. Bankrupt price 10c., our price..... **5c**

CHILD'S KID LACE SHOES, flexible leather soles, also SOFT SOLE SHOES. Bankrupt prices 25c and 35c., our price..... **10c**

SHOE POLISH. Bankrupt price 10c., our price..... **5c**

MISSES' KID AND BOX CALF SHOES. Bankrupt price $1.50, our price

89c and 99c

CHILD'S SCHOOL SHOES. Bankrupt price $1.00, our price..... **69c**

LITTLE GENTS' SCHOOL SHOES. Bankrupt prices $1.00 and $1.25, our price

59c and 79c

LITTLE GENTS' Satin and Box CALF SHOES. Bankrupt prices $1.50, our price..... **99c**

BOYS' CALF SHOES, double extension soles. Bankrupt prices $1.50, our price..... **99c**

MEN'S SHOES, many sample lots, values from $2.00 and $2.50, our price..... **1.50**

MEN'S Kid and Satin Calf LACE SHOES. Bankrupt price $1.50, our price..... **75c**

MEN'S 8-Buckle OVERSHOES. Bankrupt price $2.50, our price..... **1.50**

MEN'S BUCKLE ARCTIC OVERSHOES. Bankrupt prices $1.50 and $2.00, our price..... **99c**

MEN'S RUBBERS. Bankrupt price 85c., our price..... **50c**

WOMEN'S RUBBERS. Bankrupt price 65c., our price..... **39c**

CHILD'S BUCKLE OVERSHOES. Bankrupt price 85c., our price..... **59c**

CHILDREN'S RUBBERS, also odd lots of WOMEN'S and MEN'S RUBBERS, our price..... **25c**

MISSES' High-Cut OVERSHOES. Bankrupt price $1.50, our price..... **99c**

MONDAY in the GROCERY DEPT.

There Will be a Meeting

of two extremes!

VERY HIGH GRADE LOW PRICE.

—Read the following sample bargains—

2 15c. pkgs. MALTO RICE..... 21c
1 gal. jug PORTO RICO MOLASSES..... 21c
Fancy fresh, only one to a customer.
2 lbs. fine PRUNES..... 23c
1 15c. can RED SALMON..... 10c
HAND PICKED TEA BEANS, pk..... 49c
each BOX SALT..... 2c
2 10c. pkgs. CRIMSON-BRAND CRACKERS..... 15c
Tea, doc. grade, lb..... 25c
Coffee, 25c. grade, lb..... 23c
Mail Orders will be carefully filled and Delivered Free within 10 miles,

Hosiery and Underwear

WOMEN'S WHITE FOOT HOSE, fast black stocking, with mock cotton feet. Were 12½c., now.....

9c

BOYS' HEAVY FLEECE LINED SHIRTS AND DRAWERS, wool fleecing, pearl buttons, double ribbed cuffs, 26 to 34, were 25c. Now

12½c

WOMEN'S RIBBED VESTS, no sleeves, fancy lace trimmed. Were 29c., now.....

19c

DRY GOODS DEPARTMENT

COTTONS, LINENS, BLANKETS, SHEETS AND PILLOW CASES

50 pieces bleached FRUIT OF THE LOOM and LANGDON 76, also the best grade of cotton cloth, regular prices 5c and 12½c. Sale price, per yard..... **5¾c**

10 yards to a customer. No mail orders.

ANTISEPTIC COTTON DIAPER, 10 yards to the piece, done up in sealed packages, one piece to a customer only, at, per piece..... **33c**

1 lot BLEACHED TOWELS, special for Monday only. Each..... **3c**

500 dozen BLEACHED LINEN HUCK TOWELS, size 18x36, regular price 12½c. Sale price, each.. **8c**

BLEACHED HEMSTITCHED TOWELS, size 18x36, worth 15c. Sale price, each..... **10c**

BLEACHED BUREAU SCARFS, size 21x64, regular price 25c. Special for this sale only 19c each.. **19c**

BLEACHED TABLE DAMASK, 58 inches wide, worth 25c. Special for this sale only, per yard.... **19c**

LOOM TABLE DAMASK, 62 inches wide, regular price 50c. Sale price, per yard..... **39c**

MERCERIZED TABLE DAMASK, handsome designs. Special for this sale only, per yard..... **45c**

ALL LINEN BLEACHED DINNER NAPKINS, size 20 inches. Sale price, per dozen..... **98c**

HEMSTITCHED TABLE CLOTHS, size 8x10, worth $2. Sale price, each..... **1.25**

1 lot BLEACHED TWILL CRASH, 10 yards to a customer only, at, per yard..... **3½c**

2 cases FINE FLANNELETTE, good quality. Sale price, per yard..... **4½c**

5c APRON CHECK GINGHAM. Special for this sale only, per yard..... **5c**

2 cases F. S. OUTING. Special for this sale only, per yard..... **6½c**

40-inch UNBLEACHED SHEETING, short lengths. Special for this sale only, per yard..... **5c**

50 pieces bleached FRUIT OF THE LOOM and LANGDON 76, also the best grade of cotton cloth, regular prices 5c and 12½c. Sale price, per yard..... **5¾c**

10 yards to a customer. No mail orders.

Comforters

We have bought a manufacturer's entire line of samples, which will be put on sale at the lowest prices ever offered, from

59c to 2.98

11-4 WHITE and GREY BLANKETS, a fine, heavy, worth 1.75. Sale price, per pair..... **1.25**

11-4 WHITE WOOL BLANKETS, bound with silk. Special for this sale only, per pair..... **1.98**

$4.00 WHITE WOOL BLANKETS, bound with wide silk binding, assorted borders. Special for this sale only, per pair..... **2.98**

1 lot 11-4 GREY WOOL BLANKETS, slightly soiled, worth 7.00 and 8.00 a pair. To close them out, per pair..... **3.50**

2 cases FRINGE CROCHET BED SPREADS, worth 1.39. Sale price, each..... **1.00**

Sheets and Pillow Cases

100 dozen BLEACHED PILLOW CASES, 8 to a customer only, at, each..... **5¾c**

BLEACHED PILLOW CASES, size 42x36 and 45x36, worth 12½c each..... **9c**

BLEACHED SHEETS, FRUIT OF THE LOOM AND LANGDON 76 PILLOW CASES, size 42x36. Each **12½c**

100 dozen BLEACHED SHEETS, large enough for a full size bed, 72x90, worth 50c. Sale price, each..... **29c**

10 yards to a customer only. No mail orders.

LINEN FINISH SHEETS, size 90x90, finished with a 3 and 4 inch hem. Each..... **44c**

2 cases LIGHT SHIRTING PRINTS. Special for Monday only, per yard..... **3½c**

10 yards to a customer. No mail orders.

SOME NEW MUSIC AT 15c

Here is a list of the newest and most popular music of the day, that was published at 50c. and 60c.

15c EACH

Under the Banana Tree. (By the composer of My Mocking Bird. Very popular.
Sing Me Songs of Old Ireland. The latest song by the composer. You're so Welcome as the Flowers in May.
Tommy, A big hit.
Tell Me, Dusky Maid.
At Night. Beautiful high-class ballad.
Lost in the Fog. Popular Burgess Song.
Just for the Sake of Society.
Under the Old Apple Tree.
Alabama.
In the Shade of the Old Apple Tree.
Sing Me the Pines of Vermont.
Only a Rose.
Won't You Fondle Me.
You're so Welcome as the Flowers in May.
Don't Take Me Home.
Can't I Play With You.
Bon Bon Buddy.
Farewell, Nellie Bimo.
Rose Bell.
Sounds Like What Were the Blue.
Meath My Old Home in Tennessee.
All In Fun. Jennie, Dear.
Alexander.
Floating.
Rose Bell.
You Will Come Again.
While the Band Was Playing Dixie.
Dinner Bells.
Mississippi Mamby.
Little Boy Called Taps.
Only a Rose.
Pretty Kate Maloney.

INSTRUMENTAL

What the Pond Lilies Said. Dainty Two-step. March.
Kebla. Intermezzo two-step.
Brown Velvet. March.
Up the Hills. Characteristic March.
Under the Stars and Stripes. March.
Our Leader. March.
Queen of the Forest Waltzes.
Leading Lady. Waltzes.
Dance of the Fairies.
Our Director. March.
Dancing Nymphs. By Theo. Bendix. Excellent teaching piece.
Cupid's Garden. Intermezzo.
Dolphin's Dance. Intermezzo.
Pompeia. Intermezzo.
Ida. Intermezzo.
Bells of Peace. March.
Behind the Flames. Unlisted. Rag-time march.

STANDARD COMPOSITIONS—5c A COPY

Valse Bleu.
Simple Confession.
Dream of Paradise. Three boys.
Two Pekins. Three boys.
Dorothy.
Cavalleria Rusticana.
Leybach's Fifth Nocturne.
Chimes. Two keys.
Over the Waves. Galop.
Orange Blossoms.
Black Mawk. Waltz.
Shepherd Boy.
Under the Double Eagle. March.
Ave Maria.
Mendelssohn's Spring Song.
Silvery Waves.